



Over dit boek

Dit is een digitale kopie van een boek dat al generaties lang op bibliotheekplanken heeft gestaan, maar nu zorgvuldig is gescand door Google. Dat doen we omdat we alle boeken ter wereld online beschikbaar willen maken.

Dit boek is zo oud dat het auteursrecht erop is verlopen, zodat het boek nu deel uitmaakt van het publieke domein. Een boek dat tot het publieke domein behoort, is een boek dat nooit onder het auteursrecht is gevallen, of waarvan de wettelijke auteursrechttermijn is verlopen. Het kan per land verschillen of een boek tot het publieke domein behoort. Boeken in het publieke domein zijn een stem uit het verleden. Ze vormen een bron van geschiedenis, cultuur en kennis die anders moeilijk te verkrijgen zou zijn.

Aantekeningen, opmerkingen en andere kanttekeningen die in het origineel stonden, worden weergegeven in dit bestand, als herinnering aan de lange reis die het boek heeft gemaakt van uitgever naar bibliotheek, en uiteindelijk naar u.

Richtlijnen voor gebruik

Google werkt samen met bibliotheken om materiaal uit het publieke domein te digitaliseren, zodat het voor iedereen beschikbaar wordt. Boeken uit het publieke domein behoren toe aan het publiek; wij bewaren ze alleen. Dit is echter een kostbaar proces. Om deze dienst te kunnen blijven leveren, hebben we maatregelen genomen om misbruik door commerciële partijen te voorkomen, zoals het plaatsen van technische beperkingen op automatisch zoeken.

Verder vragen we u het volgende:

- + *Gebruik de bestanden alleen voor niet-commerciële doeleinden* We hebben Zoeken naar boeken met Google ontworpen voor gebruik door individuen. We vragen u deze bestanden alleen te gebruiken voor persoonlijke en niet-commerciële doeleinden.
- + *Voer geen geautomatiseerde zoekopdrachten uit* Stuur geen geautomatiseerde zoekopdrachten naar het systeem van Google. Als u onderzoek doet naar computervertalingen, optische tekenherkenning of andere wetenschapsgebieden waarbij u toegang nodig heeft tot grote hoeveelheden tekst, kunt u contact met ons opnemen. We raden u aan hiervoor materiaal uit het publieke domein te gebruiken, en kunnen u misschien hiermee van dienst zijn.
- + *Laat de eigendomsverklaring staan* Het “watermerk” van Google dat u onder aan elk bestand ziet, dient om mensen informatie over het project te geven, en ze te helpen extra materiaal te vinden met Zoeken naar boeken met Google. Verwijder dit watermerk niet.
- + *Houd u aan de wet* Wat u ook doet, houd er rekening mee dat u er zelf verantwoordelijk voor bent dat alles wat u doet legaal is. U kunt er niet van uitgaan dat wanneer een werk beschikbaar lijkt te zijn voor het publieke domein in de Verenigde Staten, het ook publiek domein is voor gebruikers in andere landen. Of er nog auteursrecht op een boek rust, verschilt per land. We kunnen u niet vertellen wat u in uw geval met een bepaald boek mag doen. Neem niet zomaar aan dat u een boek overal ter wereld op allerlei manieren kunt gebruiken, wanneer het eenmaal in Zoeken naar boeken met Google staat. De wettelijke aansprakelijkheid voor auteursrechten is behoorlijk streng.

Informatie over Zoeken naar boeken met Google

Het doel van Google is om alle informatie wereldwijd toegankelijk en bruikbaar te maken. Zoeken naar boeken met Google helpt lezers boeken uit allerlei landen te ontdekken, en helpt auteurs en uitgevers om een nieuw leespubliek te bereiken. U kunt de volledige tekst van dit boek doorzoeken op het web via <http://books.google.com>



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

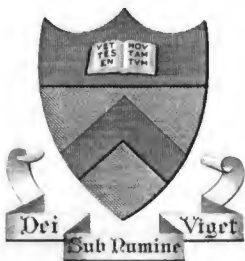
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

02

Library of



Princeton University.

BIOGRAPHIES OF GOOD WOMEN.

1

274

'MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES.'

BIOGRAPHIES OF GOOD WOMEN,

**CHIEFLY BY CONTRIBUTORS TO
'THE MONTHLY PACKET.'**

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

L. M. Yonge.

. SECOND SERIES.

**LONDON:
J. AND C. MOZLEY, 6, PATERNOSTER ROW;
MASTERS AND SON, 78, NEW BOND STREET.
1865.**

CONTENTS.

	Page
VITTORIA COLONNA	1
By Ellen Millington.	
MARGARET MORE	36
By F. C. D.	
MADAME DUPLESSIS MORNAY	67
By E. T.	
LA MERE ANGELIQUE	105
By M. L. C.	
MADAME GUYON	167
By M. L. C.	
MADAME DE LA GARAYE	242
By E. T.	
META KLOPSTOCK	255
By the Author of 'Magdalen Stafford.'	
MRS. TRIMMER	268
By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.'	

	Page
HANNAH MORE	290
By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.'	
ELISABETH OF FRANCE	326
By E. T.	
THE FIVE SISTERS OF NOAILLES	351
By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.'	
MRS. SIDDONS	428
By E. T.	
MRS. LYDE BROWNE	465
By D. R.	
MRS. LEADBEATER	480
By D. R.	
HARRIET M. BOWDLER	505
By D. R.	
DOROTHY WORDSWORTH	510
By the Author of 'Magdalen Stafford.'	
SARAH MARTIN	542
By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.'	
EUGENIE DE GUERIN	557
By E. T.	

INTRODUCTION.

AFTER drawing up our first collection of Lives of Good Women, we could not but feel that we had omitted many whose lives were known to us in sufficient detail to serve as a most interesting study, and bright example. Therefore, almost ever since our former volume appeared, we have been gathering together materials to serve for the second series, which we now place before our readers, hoping that they will be impressed, as we are, with the one spirit of duty and love that led so many varying characters, through so many various paths, all towards the same goal.

We should like to think that our biographies might be taken as reflecting the different forms of excellence, called forth by various circumstances of time, station, and country, in the course of those last three hundred years, during which memorials of womankind have become plentiful enough to give us a knowledge of their inner life.

Indeed, we should like our young readers to use these two series, not as Volumes I. and II., but to read the biographies of the first collection in the order of chronology with those in the second. Thus they would see the manner in which the Reformation affected four women of very different fate and character—two of whom retained their hold of the Church, though profiting by the greater life and spirituality awakened in the world; while two others, seeking the whole truth and the piety that had been choked up from them by the corruptions of their Church, threw themselves beyond her pale, and suffered exile, want, and danger, for conscience sake. On the other hand, viewed in their domestic life, Olimpia Morata was a devoted wife, making her high gifts of learning and talent serve to brighten her weary lot of exile and poverty; Vittoria Colonna, a constant-hearted widow, shining as a pure light in a dark and evil world, and above all, serving as a bright beacon to the loftiest genius it contained; and Margaret Roper, with learning and talent of the same order as these two much-admired Italians, lives in our minds as the true and faithful companion-daughter of one of the noblest of our statesmen. Madame Duplessis Mornay, Huguenot Confessor as she was, seems

to fall into the same class with those loving wives who were made heroines for their husband's sake in religious wars; like Mrs. Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe, or later, Rachel Russell and Grisell Baillie. All were women who in quiet times would have left no name beyond their own generation, though in the time of trouble, their patience, courage, and high-minded love, came forth like stars in the night.

Our present volume gives two of the many instances of the work of the renewed life and vigour that was infused into the Roman Catholic Church in the reaction after the Reformation. That greatest of nuns, La Mère Angélique, shows all that a holy mind and resolute spirit can work out of a monastic life; and on the other hand, we fear that poor Madame Guyon is but a specimen of the harm that even a devout woman may do when her conscience is ill regulated, and wayward sentiment is taken for inspiration. Perhaps the work of Madame de Lagaraye and her husband may be classed among the fruits of the teaching that was making its way in France even in the reign of Louis XIV., and was not wholly silent even under his successor.

Systematic charity was beginning everywhere to be regarded as a paramount duty; and our

own Mrs. Trimmer and Hannah More were among the first ladies who organized those regular plans on which beneficence has ever since worked. Hannah More, though in her youth one of the most brilliant of learned and witty women, became almost the foremost in that class of 'workers' to which belonged Mrs. Fry, Sarah Martin, and Amalie Sieveking, women who have spent themselves for others, for pure and lofty love of God and of their neighbour.

But while English women lived peaceful lives, calling forth only every-day virtues, such as we have owned in Lady Balcarres, Mrs. Carter, Miss Smith, and Mrs. Grant, and which in this volume are represented by Mrs. Lyde Browne, Miss Bowdler, Mrs. Leadbeater, and by the great Mrs. Siddons herself, whose great perfection was the grand simplicity of her unspoilt character—the Continent was trying its women 'even as silver is tried.' Then many a Cross brightened on the brow which in calm days would have passed unmarked in the throng; many a cruel death became a martyrdom from the spirit in which it was met. Two of these martyrs have been here described—Madame Elisabeth, who, since the recent publications of correspondence has become a far less shadowy personage than she used to be,

and whom we now know as woman as well as saint; and Madame de Noailles, the eldest of that band of sisters, whose history, by the kindness of the Duc de Noailles, we have been permitted to extract from the *Memoires de la Marquise de Montagu*. We have supplemented this beautiful biography as far as we could with gleanings from the Memoirs of La Fayette himself, being anxious to collect all that was possible respecting that admirable wife, Madame de la Fayette, who may perhaps be reckoned among such wives as we spoke of above, as devoted sufferers for, and sympathizers with, their husbands; but with this remarkable exception, that all the other wives were one in faith and hope with him they loved; but Madame de la Fayette had the far more cruel trial of being alone in her belief, and ever fearing for her husband's soul, yet while almost adoring him, never suffering herself to be tainted by his unbelief.

Of women who unconsciously displayed their own choice gifts in their enthusiastic adoration of others, we have three choice specimens in the tender Meta Klopstock, the spirited Dorothy Wordsworth, and the pensive Eugénie de Guérin—women who may perhaps be reckoned as pre-eminent in the power of loving sympathy.

Eugénie especially is remarkable for the wondrous charm of beholding the highest poetry in the most homely things of common life; so that we are not certain whether she be not the most gifted of all the persons with whom we have endeavoured to make our readers acquainted.

The diamond of perfect womanhood has many facets, and through all the light of Heaven is reflected, and given back in sparkling radiance. But the light of Heaven it *must* be. All the women of our biographies, however unlike their lot, whether they were learned or ignorant, active or passive, sick or healthful, students or ladies bountiful, exiles or home-keepers, were alike in this one matter—that their faith shone through all their words and deeds, and was the brightness of their lives.

November 2, 1865.

BIOGRAPHIES OF GOOD WOMEN.

VITTORIA COLONNA, MARCHESANA DI PESCARA.

BORN 1490, DIED 1547.

(BY ELLEN J. MILLINGTON.)

‘The ladies of Ferrara, those of gay Urbino’s Court, are there.’

Ariosto.—Rose, Canto xlvi.

‘One will I choose, and such will choose, that she
All envy shall so well have overthrown,
No other woman can offended be
If passing others, her I praise alone ;
Nor joys this one but immortality
Through her sweet style, and better know I none.’

Ariosto.—Rose, Canto xxxvii.

THE sixteenth century was a glorious period for Italy. Successful in commerce, in literature, in the arts; enriched by the genius of poets, painters, and sculptors—Dante, Raphael, and Michelangelo—her women also caught the inspiration, and we find recorded the names of many in whom rare gifts of intellect were united with depth and purity of feeling, and both influenced and guided by true and genuine devotion.

We cannot point to a nobler name amongst them than that of Vittoria Colonna, Marchesana di Pescara. She was the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, Grand Constable of the kingdom of Naples, and Agnesina di Montefeltro, daughter of Federigo Duke of Urbino, one of the most illustrious characters of his time.

As Vittoria seems to have inherited from the Montefeltri her talents and her love of literature; her biographer must be allowed to say a few words in introduction concerning the house from which she derived her maternal ancestry, the women of which had for several generations been specially distinguished.

The little State of Urbino, during the short period of its glorious existence under the Montefeltri, from 1216 to 1472, was the favoured home of literature and the arts. It was beautifully situated, in the fairest part of Italy, lying close to Tuscany, Perugia, Umbria, and other places, sacred in the memory of art and genius. The situation of the present town is wonderfully fine, and has been often the theme of panegyric; but the original capital was St. Leo, a cluster of dwellings standing on an almost inaccessible rock, and separated by a narrow valley from the even less accessible peak and fortress of Mainolo. St. Leo is thus described by Sanzi:—

‘ A city yonder stands, San Leo hight,
Whose crest the sky menaces; ’gainst its strength
No force has e’er prevailed; with scathed cliffs
And rocks environed, heavenward uprearing
Its summit, by a single path approached,
Trod singly by the citizens.’

The investiture of the Countship had been granted by Frederic Barbarossa to Montefeltrino in 1154. Count Guido, in the next century, espoused the cause of

Corradino, and after his cruel death, became Captain-general of the Ghibellines in Italy. After taking the Guelphs in their own toils at Forli, he was excommunicated by the Pope, but afterwards becoming reconciled with him the sentence of excommunication was withdrawn. Later still, the Count, moved by the preaching of Saint Francis, retired to the monastery of Assisi, where he assumed the habit of a Franciscan; and his wife Costanza, although not bound by monastic vows, ended her life also in the Convent of Santa Chiara, at Urbino, where she passed eight years in the strictest and most ascetic seclusion.

The name of Guido di Montefeltro is familiar to all readers of Dante. The Count's reconciliation with the Guelphs seems to have excited the fiercest indignation in the breast of the Ghibelline poet; and he describes him as expiating in the place of punishment assigned to traitors his sins of treachery and cruelty, asserting that Boniface VIII., when engaged in quarrels with the Colonnas, sought out Montefeltro in his retirement at Assisi, and asked his aid against them. They had fortified themselves in their stronghold of Palestrina; the Pope cajoled them into surrender on terms which were shamefully violated, and Dante accuses Montefeltro of having counselled the treachery; Villani, however, names not Guido, and it seems doubtful whether he had any share in the treason. Dante (in the *Inferno*, Canto xxvii.) makes Guido recount the supposed crime and its punishment to Virgil and himself.

Antonio, Count of Montefeltro and Urbino, a man of noble character and refined taste, lived in the following century. With him began the literary renown of his house; and a sonnet of his on Christ Crucified is

preserved in a manuscript copy of the *Divina Commedia* in the Royal Library of Naples. His love of poetry was inherited by his daughter Battista, and encouraged in her by her father-in-law Malatesta, surnamed *Dei Sonetti* from his skill in that style of composition. Battista's was an unhappy fate. Cruelly treated, and at length deserted, by her unworthy husband, Galeazzo Malatesta, she took the veil in a Franciscan convent at Foligno, while her widowed daughter Elisabetta, whose husband had been murdered by a jealous brother, was already an inmate of that of Santa Chiara, at Pesaro.

Various poems of Battista's writing have been preserved. Amongst other compositions, a sonnet, in which she deploras her own haughty spirit, and a letter addressed to the Pope in behalf of her husband's sister, Cleofe, who had married the son of the Emperor of Constantinople, and was persecuted on account of her faith. The letter drew forth a remonstrance from the Pope.

Elisabetta left no memorials of the family genius, which seems to have descended to her daughter Costanza, and her grandchild Battista. Costanza became the wife of Alessandro Sforza, Lord of Pesaro, himself a poet of no mean order, as is evident from the beautiful sonnet beginning—

‘Io son sì lasso, debilito e stanco,
Sotto il gran fascio del terrestre peso,
E tutto il ciel sì mortalmente ho offeso,
Che tra i sospiri lacrimosi or manco.’

Crescimbeni, v. 223, 224.

Costanza died when her child was but eighteen months old; Battista was therefore brought up at the court of

Milan with her cousin Ippolita Maria, one of the model ladies of the age, who afterwards married Alfonso, Duke of Calabria, and heir to the kingdom of Naples.

From what is recorded of Ippolita's education and acquirements, we may judge of the training bestowed on Battista, and of the sort of studies then pursued by ladies of high birth and cultivated minds; and certainly the learning of the boasted nineteenth century shrinks into insignificance when compared with the acquirements of a cinque-cento Bluestocking.

Latin, ancient philosophy, dogmatic theology, and scholastic disputation, were all necessary branches of study; while the duties of house-wifery, and the skilful use of the needle, were not neglected. In addition to these, Constantine Lascaris compiled for Ippolita a Greek grammar; and her own transcript of Cicero's 'De Senectute' is preserved in the convent library of Santa Croce at Rome, together with a collection of Latin apothegms, said by Dennistown* to be 'curiously indicative of her character and studies.'

Such was the education of Battista; and it must have begun early, for at four years old she pronounced a Latin oration to grace the festivities which celebrated her uncle's installation as Duke of Milan; and when she returned to Pesaro, she often greeted her father's illustrious visitors with similar displays of Latin rhetoric, and was highly complimented on her eloquence and learning.

When only thirteen, Battista was married to her uncle, Federigo di Montefeltro; and her talents, doubtless, served to increase the literary reputation already enjoyed by the court of Urbino.

* *Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino.*

Sanzi, the rhyming chronicler of that state, speaks of her at this epoch as

‘A maiden
With every grace and virtue rare endow’d,
That Heaven at intervals on earth vouchsafes
In earnest of the bliss reserved on high ;’

while Bernardo Tasso compares her to Cicero :

‘The first of them in equal favour held
Demosthenes and Plato—reading, too,
Plotinus—while in wisdom as in words
Arpino’s orator * she well shall match.’

Battista died, deeply lamented by her husband, in 1472, leaving six daughters and an infant son. Giovanna and Agnesina were married on the same day, the former to Giovanni della Rovere, nephew of Sixtus IV., to whose descendants the duchy of Urbino finally passed. Agnesina married Fabrizio Colonna, and became the mother of Vittoria.

The character of Battista well deserves a longer notice ; but I must pass from her to a few cursory remarks on the court over which she presided, and the taste for philosophy and letters which there prevailed, and gave a tinge of elegance and refinement to the martial character of its dukes.

Under Federigo and Guidobaldo, the son of Federigo and Battista, Urbino became the very home of all literary celebrities, the centre of all that was brilliant and intellectual. Count Baldassare di Castiglione, himself one of its brightest ornaments, gives a faithful portraiture of the manners and habits of the time in a sketch entitled ‘*Il Corteggiano*,’ or, as it has been aptly translated, *The Mirror of a Perfect Courtier*.

* Cicero was born at Arpino.

It was written soon after the death of Guidobaldo, with intent, as the author observes, to keep up the remembrance of what his court had been, for the benefit of Francesco di Rovere, his successor, and to state 'what I consider the courtiership most befitting a gentleman in attendance on princes, whereby he may best be taught and enabled to perform towards them all seemly services, so as to obtain their favour and general applause; in short, to explain what a courtier ought in all respects to be.'

This work of Castiglione is regarded as a pattern of 'gentlemanly writing;' it was printed in 1548, having been circulated privately amongst his friends for many years; and the forty-two reprints issued during the next fifty years prove it to have been extremely popular. Castiglione has indeed been called the Chesterfield of Italy; and the court of Urbino being regarded as the centre of refined and literary society in Italy, all were anxious to gain some acquaintance with the habits and amusements of those who belonged to it.

Some of Castiglione's anecdotes give but a poor idea of the refinement of those days, while in other instances feminine accomplishments, and a taste for classic lore, seem to have been gracefully blended.

The Duchess is represented as singing to her lute the verses of the *Æneid*, and at other times entertained with witty games suggested by the ingenuity of the courtiers. Once Castiglione himself and Cesare Gonzaga composed and acted a pastoral eclogue, introducing choruses, and a brilliant moresque dance formed upon the model of the ancient Pyrrhic dance. Eloquence, too, was often heard there, and poetry—

'Arts which they loved.'

As the men were brave, witty, and accomplished, so the court dames were expected to be of noble bearing, but without affectation, graceful, and virtuous. Personal beauty was, of course, desirable, but never to be heightened by artificial means, such as painting* and enamelling, extirpating hairs from the eyebrows or forehead, &c.; while teeth and hands were not to be too frequently displayed, and a pretty foot and ankle was to be studiously veiled by long draperies. In short, natural elegance and the absence of all artifice were then, as now, primary qualifications. In manners, a high-born lady was to be circumspect, and above suspicion; modest and gentle; never disposed to listen to slander, least of all of her own sex.

The accomplishments and amusements of a lady were ever to be selected with *feminine delicacy* verging upon *timidity*. Her dress was to be chosen with tasteful reference to what was most becoming, but without display, or apparent study. In conversation she was to be frank, affable, and lively, but modest, staid, and self-possessed, with a nice observance of tact and decorum. *Noisy hilarity*, a *hoyden* address, egotism, prolixity, and the unseasonable combination of serious with ludicrous topics, were considered equally objectionable, but worse than all these was affectation.

To crown all this, our model lady was to be witty, capable of varied conversation on literature, music, and painting; to excel in dancing and all festive games, yet to be able to guide the house; to be well skilled in needle-work, pious and virtuous; a discreet wife and careful mother.

* That such artificial appliances were not uncommon is shown by the very prohibition, and also by an anecdote related by Castiglione of a lady who, being desired to suggest a new game, proposed to send for a bason and towel, that each lady might wash her face, *she* alone being without paint.

Ludovico Dolce, in his *Instituto delle Donne*, recommends the constant study of the Holy Scriptures, with the Commentaries of the Fathers, Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome. These for religious and moral discipline. Plato, Seneca, and Cicero for sound training and mental culture, for bright examples and wholesome counsels. The native tongue and Latin were to be studied, and classic historians read, but no Latin poets, except in the form of selections from Virgil and Horace. Boccaccio and his fellows were to be shunned like venomous reptiles: but Petrarch and Dante are extolled beyond measure; the former as embodying the purest portraiture of honourable love, the latter of all Christian philosophy. More important still is the advice that literary occupations should never be suffered to intrude on prayer, or the domestic duties of married women.

Such as these are the ideas we may presume Vittoria Colonna to have imbibed from her mother, a daughter of the House of the Montefeltri, and sister of that Duke Guidobaldo of whom Castiglione speaks, and whose court was graced with the presence of Emilia Pia, Margherita and Ippolita Gonzaga, and so many other fair and gifted women.

Fabrizio Colonna, the husband of Agnesina, was a brave and honourable soldier, but we hear little of him in connection with the early life of Vittoria. She was born in 1490, at Marino, a feudal estate belonging to her mother's family, and betrothed when only four years old to Fernandino Count d'Avalos, afterwards Marchese di Pescara. Immediately after the betrothal Vittoria was removed to Ischia, where she, and her future husband, who was of about the same age as herself, were carefully educated by Costanza d'Avalos, Duchessa di

FrancaVilla, the elder sister of Fernandino, and a widow. The husband of Costanza had died while she was still young; and Ferdinand of Naples (under whose auspices the betrothal of D'Avalos and Costanza took place) made the Countess Chatelaine of Ischia, a pleasant charge, to which she added that of the education of her young brother and sister-in-law.

Vittoria was distinguished, even as a child, by extraordinary gifts of beauty and talent; and she grew up gentle in disposition and pure and womanly in character. Her portrait, preserved in the Colonna Gallery at Rome, shews her to have possessed beautiful features, and a noble and intellectual countenance; and Galeazzo di Tarsia, a poet of the time, extols enthusiastically her lovely tresses of wavy gold, her eyes, "*neri, allegri, innamorati, divini, dove tutto accolto si mirava il Paradiso,*"—and the sweet lips sparkling with that ineffable smile,—"*onde muove amore le ardentissime faville del gentile spirito animate.*"—

Vittoria occasionally visited Naples in the company of Costanza, and her rare gifts and graces attracted much notice and admiration. When only sixteen she was sought in marriage by several illustrious individuals, amongst others the Dukes of Savoy and Braganza; but her heart had long since been given to her betrothed husband, D'Avalos, and neither vanity nor inconstancy ever led her to waver in her attachment. Of her marriage we know only that it was celebrated at Ischia, when she was seventeen years of age; and a long list exists of the presents bestowed by Fernandino on his bride, as well as those given by Fabrizio Colonna to his son-in-law.

In Ischia, where the period of her betrothal had been passed, Vittoria resided during the few happy years of

her wedded life. Her husband was more remarkable for personal beauty and chivalric courage than for literary talents. As a child his great enjoyment had been to collect a number of little companions whom he formed into a troop of soldiers ; making himself Commander-in-chief, and directing battles and sieges. He enjoyed the romantic Spanish ballads, but neglected his Latin. Still he loved and admired Vittoria with enthusiastic passion ; and during the first four years of their union, passed in the delicious retirement of Ischia, he seems to have imbibed her tastes, and shared her pursuits. Her love, like his, seems to have grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength ; and in an exquisite sonnet, written probably at this period, 'La prima volta che vide lo sposo,' Vittoria speaks of the realization of bright hopes to which that early attachment had given birth.

' Ah ! with what fervour, love and heaven I prayed,
That hopes so sweet might be for ever mine !
But time hath brought realities more sweet.'

In another too, she says, speaking of their early affection,

' Scarce had our spirits learned their perfect life,
Ere my young heart all other love forbade.'

Sad to say, there seems reason to doubt whether Pescara was fully worthy of this noble woman's devotion. He was a brave and victorious soldier, and early distinguished by the favour of the emperor ; but he seems to have had the conqueror's vice, ambition, and to have been tempted by that dangerous vice into crooked paths.

After four years of wedded happiness Pescara was called into the field by Pope Julius II., at that time in

arms against the French, whom he first invited into Italy to humble the Venetians, and then having gained his end, joined with Spain and Venice to expel.

Ravenna had been given up by Venice to the Pope, as the pledge of reconciliation. It was now besieged by Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours, a youthful soldier no less distinguished than Pescara; and he, with his father-in-law, Fabrizio, being summoned to its defence, offered his services to the Emperor.

Vittoria attempted not to detain him, but the happy hours of their peaceful unbroken intercourse were fled to return no more; from that moment Vittoria and her husband met but at rare intervals, till ere many years had passed away, their memory alone remained to soothe the long years of her desolate widowhood.

Fabrizio with his troops offered battle to the French on Easter Day, aware perhaps, that an astrologer had declared that on that day, beneath the walls of Ravenna, Gaston should meet his death. He did die, in the moment of success, and the victory which had been his became a defeat; but the triumph of Fabrizio brought little joy to Vittoria. She may not have been altogether one of those

‘To whom a victory speaks of *his* return,
And a defeat means only *he* is lost:’

but she loved with intense affection; and both her father and her husband were made prisoners at Ravenna.

Pescara in the following year regained his liberty, and was restored for a brief period to his wife; but, distinguished as he was above the heroes of his time, Vittoria was too soon left alone amid the scenes of their once happy retirement, and there employed her time and talents in celebrating her husband’s

courage and noble deeds, and superintending the education of Alfonso d'Avalos, Marchese del Vasto, a young cousin of her husband's, of a singular and difficult character. Although gifted by nature with many high endowments, he was of so wild and passionate a disposition that it had been thought impossible to train or subdue him. Vittoria, however, was successful; and the care of his education cheered her solitude, which was also brightened by the society of many poets and learned men, all of whom celebrate with enthusiasm the charms of her conversation and her person.

At this time it was that Vittoria, after the fashion of the day, adopted for her device a little Cupid, represented within a circle formed by a serpent, with the motto '*Quem peperit vitus prudentia, servet amorem,*' words which well express the lofty truth and tenderness of her attachment.

When Pescara rejoined the army, Louis XII. of France had been succeeded by François I., who after the victory of Marignano seized on the duchy of Milan. Julius II. had been succeeded by Leo X.; and Charles V., the rival of François I., filled the imperial throne. Charles had been defeated at Mezières by Bayard, and in consequence, entered into a league against France with Henry VIII. of England and the Pope.

Lautrec, the French Governor of Milan, had made himself detested by the Milanese; they revolted, and the Emperor sent to their assistance an army under Fabrizio Colonna and Pescara. Lautrec, deprived by the covetous Louise of Savoy of the proper means of defence, retired into the Venetian territory; and Pescara subdued fortress after fortress with unparalleled bravery and success.

Lautrec was finally defeated in the Battle of Bicocca,

Genoa was taken by Colonna, and only Cremona remained to the French. Leo's joy at this success brought on a fever, of which he died; but his successor's policy was the same as his had been, and the Papal troops continued in the service of the Emperor.

At length Francis I. determined to make one more effort for the recovery of Milan. Bayard was dead, slain in the defeat of Biagrasa; Bourbon was a traitor, and, on the death of Colonna, acted with Pescara, under Lannoy, Governor of Naples and Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial forces. They had assembled troops from all quarters for the relief of Pavia, now besieged by Francis, and a battle was fought under its walls, in which Francis was defeated and taken prisoner. Pescara, the conqueror, was desperately wounded; but the glory of the victory was his, and Vittoria looked with proud longing for her lord's return.

In the meantime a change came over the selfish policy of the Pope. Now that Francis was a prisoner, Clement dreaded the power of Charles in the Peninsula, as he had before feared that of Francis, and devised a plan to draw Pescara from his service. Naples was to be formed into a kingdom, and the crown offered to Pescara, while Sforza was to be confirmed in the duchy of Milan.

It is sad to say that Pescara listened to the tempting offer. Vittoria was not with him, or her voice and counsel would have saved his honour. As it was, he hesitated, thinking, he tells her, how well her brow would become a crown. She, however, had no such ambition, and wrote without delay to confirm him in the path of duty, which he had indeed found hitherto to be the path of glory.

Alas! her exhortations came too late. His honour

was already compromised, and his change of purpose was stained with a double perfidy. He revealed the plot to the Emperor in time to frustrate its accomplishment, but not soon enough to silence the upbraidings of conscience. The 'vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself,' had brought him very low. Anguish of mind, added to the re-opening of the wounds he had received at Pavia, or, as some think, to the effects of poison, soon laid him on a bed of suffering. Vittoria hastened to watch beside him, but it was too late. He died, when only thirty-three years of age, in the zenith of his fame, and at Viterbo, on her way to Milan, Vittoria met a courier bearing the fatal intelligence of his death. She heard it in silence. What could words avail to grief like hers?

'E 'l mortale dolor vincendo,'*

she lived, but during the two-and-twenty years which she survived him, she was never for a moment unfaithful to his memory, never ceased to lament his loss.

Her dignified and noble constancy was celebrated by Marc Antonio Flaminio, in a Latin sonnet, in which he contrasts her with the wife of Brutus, who, unable to support life without him, destroyed herself by swallowing burning coals. 'Vittoria,' he exclaims, 'chose life rather, that she might enshrine his memory in days of perpetual regret.'† Ariosto speaks of her in

* Sonnetto di V. C. in morte di F. d'Avalo.

† Non vivam sine te mi Brute exterrita dixit
 Porcia; et ardentes sorbuit ore faces.
 D' Avalo te extincto dixit Vittoria vivam
 Perpetuo mæstos sic dolitura dies
 Utraque Romana est, sed in hoc Victoria major,
 Nulla solere potest mortua viva dolet.

like manner :

‘Mid victories born, Victoria is her name—
Well named ; and whom she does advance or stay
Triumphs and trophies evermore proclaim,
While victory heads or follows her array.
Another Artemisia is the dame,
Renowned for love of her Mausolus ; yea,
By so much greater, as it is more brave
To raise the dead, than lay them in the grave.’

Canto xxxvii. sec. 18.

At first Vittoria sought refuge in a cloister ; but Pope Clement warned the nuns of the Convent of San Silvestro at Rome, which she thought of entering, that, though they might do their utmost to console the Marchesana, they were not, on pain of excommunication, to suffer her to take the veil. Consequently she returned after a while to her solitary home at Ischia, and to the habits of study in which she had found consolation during Pescara’s prolonged absences.

Possibly she was not aware of the second stain upon her husband’s memory, for she loved and cherished it to the last. The hundred and thirty-four sonnets dedicated to him, although not intended, as she says,

‘Per giunger lume al mio bel sole,’

are all records of his glory and her own grief. Very touching and beautiful they are ; and it is strange to see how much they surpass in beauty of thought and power of expression a letter in verse which Vittoria had addressed to her husband during his imprisonment, after the Battle of Ravenna. That letter is not in any way remarkable ; but now, writing, as she herself says,

‘to vent that inward pain
On which my heart doth feed itself, nor wills
Aught other nourishment ;’

it would seem as if she had been 'cradled into poetry,' and 'learned in suffering what she taught in song.'

Her return to Ischia, in 1527, drew from her the following sonnet, in which she sadly contrasts her past and present fate.

'Oh! che tranquillo mar, oh che chiare onde.'

'On what smooth seas, on what clear waves, did sail
My fresh careened bark, what costly freight
Of noble merchandise adorned its state!
How pure the breeze, how favouring the gale!
And Heaven, which now its beauteous rays doth veil,
Shone then serene and shadowless. But fate
For the too happy voyager lies in wait;
Oft fair beginnings in their endings fail.
And now doth impious changeful fortune bare
Her angry ruthless brow, whose threat'ning power
Rouses the tempest, and lets loose its war!
But though rains, winds, and lightnings, fill the air,
And wild beasts seek to rend me and devour,
Still shines o'er my true soul its faithful star.'

Trollope's Decade.

Three other sonnets, translated by Mr. Glassford, are given below, and express with touching pathos her sorrow and her consolation.

SONNET I.

'Methinks the sun his wonted beam denies,
Nor lends such radiance to his sister's car;
Methinks each planet mild, and lovely star,
Has left its sweet course in the spangled skies.

Fallen is the heart of noble enterprise,
True glory perished, and the pride of war;
All grace and every virtue perished are,
The leaf is wither'd, and the flow'et dies.

2 b

Unmoved I am, though Heaven and earth invite,
Warmed by no ray, nor fanned if zephyr blow ;
All offices of nature are deranged ;

Since the bright sun that cheer'd me vanish'd so,
The courses of the world have quite been changed ;
Ah no ! but sorrow veils them from my sight.'

II.

'If those delights which from the living well
Above are dropp'd into the heart contrite
Were also visible, and others might
Know what great peace with love divine can dwell,
Perhaps it would be then less hard to tell
Why fame and fortune have been counted light,
And how the wisest men, transported quite,
Would take their cross, and seek the mountain cell,
Finding that death sweet life ; and not alone
In prospect, but now also awhile the blind
And erring world from shadows will not cease.
When the awakened soul to God has flown,
What humble will to what He wills inclined,
Then outward war to such is inward peace.'

III.

'Thanks to Thy sovereign grace, O God ! if I
Am graff'd in that True Vine a living shoot,
Whose arms embrace the world, and in whose root,
Planted by faith, our life must hidden lie.
But Thou beholdest how I fade and dry,
Choked with a waste of leaf, and void of fruit,
Unless Thy spring perennial shall recruit
My sapless branch, still wanting fresh supply.
O cleanse me, then, and make me to abide
Wholly in Thee, to drink Thy Heavenly dew,
And, watered daily with my tears, to grow.'

Thou art the Truth, Thy promise is my guide ;
Prepare me when Thou comest, Lord, to show
Fruits answering to the stock on which I grew.

After a while Vittoria left Ischia for Rome, where the Marchese del Vasto, her adopted child, was then residing ; and it seems probable that her own home was with Ascanio Colonna, her brother, and his wife, the beautiful and accomplished Giovanna d'Aragona.

With these and other congenial friends Vittoria doubtless visited the classic scenes of Rome ; but, highly as she must have appreciated all that they afford of interest and beauty, her heart still pined for him whose sympathy she had lost, and she returned to Ischia, where her grief was more easily borne than amidst the bustling gaieties and distractions of the world. The memory of the dead may become in solitude a most blessed companionship, and the patient endurance of sorrow almost a second nature ; but when brought again into contact with strangers, amidst scenes once familiar, and the renewal of former interests, the heart shrinks into itself, and becomes more acutely sensible of the change that has passed over it. Thus Vittoria, on returning into the world, seems to have found her grief so much harder to endure, that it waked in her a passionate longing for death, which was checked only by the fear that her impatient want of resignation, if indulged, would separate her for ever from him whom she so earnestly longed to rejoin, and to which she gives expression in the following sonnet :—

‘ Quando del suo tormento il cuor si duole.’

‘ When of its pangs my heart doth sore complain,
So that I long to die, fear falls on me,
And saith, What boots such early death to thee,
If far from thy bright sun thou shouldst remain ?

Then oft from this cold fear is born again
 A fervent boldness, which doth presently
 Send my soul wings, so that mortality
 Strives to put off its worldly wishes vain.

For this my spirit here herself enfolds,
 And hides from human joys ; and not for fame,
 Nor empty praise, nor over-blown conceit :

But that she hears her sun still call her name,
 And still, where'er she looks, his face doth meet
 Who measures all her steps, and all her deeds beholds.'

Trollope's Decade.

Not less beautiful than these sonnets is the Canzone given below, also dedicated to the memory of Pescara, and perhaps written about the same time.

'Spirto gentil! che sei nel terzo giro.'

' Ah, gentle spirit, that in highest heaven
 With earth's departed and beloved doth dwell,
 From earthly toil set free—
 Where bliss undying waits on all whom faith
 Inspired to holiest deeds—turn, turn thine eyes
 On me, who weep, oh ! not that thou art blest,
 But that I lingering live,
 While the wrung heart's deep-seated agony,
 Cruel beyond all else in this, denies
 The boon so oft implored of early death.
 Those eyes, that ever beamed with looks of love,
 Turn thou again on mine—
 Dim fountains whence the tears unceasing flow—
 And see how changed, how faded, all the charms
 Thou once wert wont to praise and call thine own.
 Let not the beauty that in Paradise
 For ever greets thy raptured heart and eye,
 Win all thy thoughts from me !
 For thou, communing with me, once could'st spend
 Thy days and nights, nor think the hours too long.

Or, if exalted to supernal bliss,
 No longer memory lingers with delight
 On what she loved below,
 Oh yet, in mercy spare one thought to her,
 Who *then* was ever nearest to thy heart.

* * * * *

If love has vanished, still let pity give
 One gentle thought to all my tears and prayers !
 I am—I am the same—although the deep
 Consuming anguish of these lonely years
 Hath changed me—tho' my voice
 Hath lost its tone, my smile its loving light :
 For thou didst leave me!—Ah ! how quickly then
 From lip and cheek and eye the radiance fled—
 All that I valued once.
 When thy dear eyes looked fondly on me still,
 Thy flattering words spoke music to my heart.
 Thou didst depart—and sudden droop'd the charms
 That bloomed but in thy sight. Oh ! never more
 Will they return—or THOU !
 To none, save thee, shall I seem bright and fair
 (Vain gifts and worthless all) until I come
 To dwell with thee in Love's eternal home.'

E. J. M.

Vittoria's family urged her to form a second marriage, and her hand was sought by various personages of illustrious rank. Vittoria, however, refused to entertain the idea. She said that had it been for her to choose, she would not have survived her husband, and that although the sun of her existence had set, he lived, and ever would live, in her remembrance.

About this time, however, a change is perceptible in the state of her mind. Her grief is less absorbing, although not less sincere. Literary society and intellectual pursuits had alike failed to bring solace to the wounded heart, and now a new and more potent influence was brought to bear upon her. She learned to

recognize the Hand of God in her afflictions, and thus by degrees regained true peace of mind. This era in her life is marked by the commencement of a second series of poems, entitled *Rime Spirituali*. In this she declares herself resolved to seek consolation only in her Saviour.

‘Since a chaste love my soul has long detained
In fond idolatry of earthly fame,
Now to the Lord, who only can supply
The remedy, I turn—’

and to turn from classic lore to the holier study of the great truths of Christianity.

‘Me it becomes not henceforth to invoke
Or Delos, or Parnassus ; other springs,
Far other mountain tops, I now frequent,
Where human steps unaided cannot mount.’

In another sonnet she exclaims—

‘My eye is fixed intent on this great aim,
Though I but creep, when fain I’d mount on high,
By yonder track—where, bursting on my sight,
Signs of the Sun I see ; th’ Aurora bright ;
When shall I rise where Angel-choirs invite ?
And the true light shines forth uncloudedly !’ *

This change in Vittoria’s feelings seems to have been partly owing to her intercourse with good and holy men, whose minds had been opened by the gradual diffusion throughout Europe of the faith and principles of the Reformers. In Italy, as elsewhere, the exceeding corruption of the Church of Rome, and the open wickedness of Popes and high ecclesiastical dignitaries, were leading earnest minds to seek some remedy fitted to their needs.

* Translated by B. Harford, in the *Life of Michel Angelo*.

Many, amongst the high-minded intellectual men with whom Vittoria held constant intercourse, earnestly desired to see the Papal Church reformed, not overturned; and urged by them, Paul III. in the year 1537 appointed a Commission of Prelates and Cardinals to confer upon the subject, who were dismissed without effecting any change of importance. Had they been able to carry out their wishes, Europe would doubtless have been spared the schism, which for three centuries has divided the Western Church.

John Valdez,* a Spaniard of high birth and considerable learning, who had met with Luther in Germany, and learned many of his doctrines, was a friend of Vittoria's. So also was the poet Marco Flaminio, and Bernardino Ochino, a Capuchin friar of great eloquence, who having been induced by Valdez to study the Scriptures for himself, attracted great crowds to the Church of San Giovanni in Naples, where he preached during the Lent of 1536, to hear the new doctrines which he taught. Even Charles V. went to hear him, and declared that his words would make the very stones weep.

The Cardinals—Pole, Contarini, and Bembo—were also admirers of Ochino; and from Vittoria's letters to the latter, it may be inferred that he possessed considerable influence over her mind. Indeed, both in her poems and her correspondence we find traces of her sympathy with the advocates of reform; especially in the following sonnet, in which she expresses both a longing desire to see the Church purified, and a deep reverence for both the 'ship' and the representative of St. Peter.

* George Herbert published a translation of one of his works.

SONNET.

‘Veggio d’ alga e di fango omai sì carca Pietro la rete tua.’

‘With mud and reedy growth so foul, I see
Thy net, O Peter; that should any wave
Assail it from without, or trouble it,
It might be rended, and so risk the ship.

‘For now thy bark, no more, as erst, skims light,
With favouring breezes o’er the troubled sea;
But labours burthened so from stem to stern,
That danger menaces the course she steers.

‘Thy good successor, by direct decree
Of Providence elect, with heart and hand
Assiduous strives to bring it to the port.

‘But, spite his striving, his intent is foiled
By others’ evil. So that all have seen,
That without aid from thee he strives in vain.’

The influence of a purer faith is more perceptible in her writings, both poems and letters, in a deeper religious feeling, and a more submissive patience in accepting the lot which God had seen to be good for her. The passionate earthly love, which had given a colour to her earlier years, both in happiness and in suffering, was now being schooled into a chastened sadness. She might have said, in the eloquent words of our own poetess,

‘I must love on. O God,
This bosom must love on; but let Thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death!’

And Vittoria’s life at Ischia and elsewhere, her deep devotion and active charity, prove that she had learned in ministering to the wants of others to find balm for her own griefs. The devotional sonnets given below are remarkable for true and chastened feeling.

SONNET.

‘ *Fra gelo e nebbia corro a Dio sovente.*’

‘ Ofttimes to God, through frost and cloud I go,
For light and warmth, to break my icy chain,
And pierce and rend my veils of doubt in twain
With His divinest love, and radiant glow.

‘ And if my soul sit cold and dark below,
Yet all her longings fixed on Heaven remain;
And seems she, ’mid deep silence, to a strain
To listen, which the soul alone can know,

‘ Saying, “Fear naught! for Jesus came on earth—
Jesus, of endless joys the wide deep sea,
To ease each heavy load of mortal birth;

‘ His waters ever clearest, sweetest be
To him, who in a lonely bark drifts forth
On His great depths of goodness trustfully.”’

Vittoria seems about this time to have suffered from failing health; and after an absence of five years we find her again in Rome, and as before, the guest of her sister-in-law, Giovanna d’Aragona. So widely had her fame now spread, that Charles V. condescended to pay the noble ladies a visit in person at the house of Giovanna.

In the following year, 1537, Vittoria went to Lucca, and thence to Ferrara, where she was welcomed by Ercole d’Este and his duchess, Renée * of France, with eager delight. Ferrara had long been eminent for its patronage of literature; and Renée, who shared in her cousin Marguerite d’Angoulême’s sympathy with the French Reformers, drew to her court many in whose minds the new ideas were beginning to ferment. Vittoria did not long remain at Ferrara, although her presence was so highly valued by the Duke and

* Daughter of Louis XII.

his people, that when Francesco della Torre was sent by Cardinal Ghiberti to endeavour to persuade her to honour Verona with a visit, he was, as he writes to Cardinal Bembo, 'like to have been banished by the Duke, and stoned by the people, for trying to rob Ferrara of its choicest treasure, in order to enrich Verona therewith.'

Ercole d'Este did not, with his wife, adopt the opinions of the Reformers, but still did not object to her giving them protection at her court; and Calvin, Theodore Beza, and Clement Marot, at different times shared her hospitality. The learned Olimpia Morata was also there, the fellow-student of Renée's elder daughter Anne. Lucrezia, the second, afterwards became Duchess of Urbino; and the fame of Alfonso, afterwards Duke of Ferrara, and of Leonora, the beloved of Tasso, make the memory of the little court of Ferrara famous throughout all ages. Lucrezia invited thither the most famous men as instructors for her children, and it must have been in many respects a congenial home to Vittoria.

While at Ferrara, in 1537, Vittoria formed a plan for visiting the Holy Land, from which she was wisely dissuaded by her friends; and in 1538 she again returned to Rome.

Here she was welcomed with almost public rejoicings. The Cardinals Pole and Contarini, with other members of the Conclave, visited her assiduously; the principal nobility, clergy, and literati, waited on her to show their respect and sympathy. Poets and authors dedicated to her their works. Giovio's *Life of Pescara*, Cardinal Pompeo's 'Praise of Women,' and Contarini's work on Free Will, were all dedicated to her; and Castiglione submitted to her for approval the MS. copy of his 'Cortegiano.' A medal was also

struck in her honour, bearing on one side her portrait, on the other a phoenix rising from its funeral pile of flame, and gazing on the sun. This medal is engraved in that edition of her works for which Veronica Gambara, herself a poetess, and the friend of Vittoria, requested Rinaldo Corso to write a commentary.

I do not understand how Vittoria's poems could need a *commentary*, and I have never seen the edition in question. Probably it was rather an introduction and eulogium. Letters and sonnets of flattering praise, addressed to the author, often fill up a considerable portion of volumes published at that period.

During this visit to Rome Vittoria first met Michel Angelo Buonarrotti, a meeting of which he says,

‘Mine eyes beheld no thing of mortal shape,
When the first gleam of thy serene regards
Shone on me, and the soul that aye ascends
To’ its end had hoped to find in them its peace.’

The friendship formed between them lasted until it was severed by death. The gentle tenderness of Vittoria's disposition, and her great powers of mind, especially fitted her for the friend of one whose sublime genius had raised him to the highest pinnacle of fame, as painter, sculptor, and architect. He, too, could shape his fancies into verse, and several of his poems and sonnets are addressed to Vittoria; the following perhaps soon after their first meeting.

SONNET.

‘*Non so se è l'immaginata luce.*’

I know not if it be the imaged light,
Of its first Maker, which the soul doth feel;
Or if derived from memory or the mind,
Some other beauty shine into the heart;

Or if the ardent ray of its first state,
 Doth still resplendent beam within the mind,
 Leaving, I know not what, unrestful pain,
 Which is perchance the cause that makes me weep.
 That which I see and feel is not with me ;
 I have no guide, nor know I where to look
 To find one, yet it seems as if revealed.
 Thus, Lady, have I been since I beheld you,
 Moved by a Yes and No—sweet bitterness !
 It surely was the effect your eyes produced.

Michel Angelo a Poet. p. 101.

Condivi, speaking of this friendship, says that ‘ Michel Angelo was most deeply attached to the Marchioness of Pescara, of whose divine spirit he was enamoured ; and he was beloved by her in return, with much affection.’

In many poems Michel Angelo speaks of the influence exerted by Vittoria upon his mind, and acknowledges that her conversation, and above all the pure and holy life which she led in the midst of the luxury and immorality of Rome, helped to make him indeed a Christian.

‘ Ora sul destro, or sul sinistro piedi.’

‘ Midst endless doubts, shifting from right to left,
 Now my salvation to secure I seek,
 And still ’twixt vice and virtue balancing ;
 My heart confused, weighs down and wearies me,
 As one who, having lost the light of heaven,
 Bewildered strays, whatever path he takes.
 I, Lady, to your sacred penmanship,
 Present the blank page of my troubled mind ;
 That you, in dissipation of my doubts,
 May on it write, how my benighted soul,
 Of its desired end may not so fail
 As to incur, at length, a fatal fall :
 Be you the writer, who have taught me how
 To tread by fairest paths the way to heaven.’

J. Harford, Esq.

And in another—

‘Through your clear eyes I view a beauteous light,
That my dark sight would ever seek in vain ;
With your firm steps a burden I support,
Which my weak form was never used to bear ;
I soar aloft unplum’d upon your wings,
By your intelligence to heaven am raised.’

M. A. a Poet. p. 108.

In 1541, in consequence of a quarrel which occurred between the Pope and Ascanio Colonna, who took up arms to resist the imposition of a tax on salt, the Marchesana's residence in Rome was for a time interrupted. His Holiness seized on, and destroyed, some castles belonging to Ascanio; and Vittoria quitting Rome with him, retired to a convent at Orvieto, and afterwards to Viterbo, where she fixed her residence in the Convent of St. Katharine, induced to do so perhaps by the prospect of congenial society which that place offered her. Cardinal Pole, Monsignore d'Inghilterra as he was usually styled, was Governor and Legate of Viterbo. His manner of life there is thus described by himself in a letter to Contarini; part of which I transcribe, since we may conclude that the evenings to which he alludes, were spent in the society of Vittoria. His morning hours, he says, were devoted to study. ‘The rest of the day I usually spend in the holy and improving society of Signore Carnesecchi, and our Marco Antonio Flaminio. Improving I term it; because in the evenings Marc Antonio feeds me, and the greater part of the family, with that food which perishes not, so that I scarcely know when I have received greater comfort or edification.’

The Diet of Ratisbon, convened by Charles V. for the purpose of settling the disputes between the Roman

Church and the Reformers, was now sitting, and hopes were at first entertained of its accomplishing that desired end. Contarini was the Papal Legate, and incurred censure for some of the opinions he at that time expressed. On many points, however, he and other Romanists differed so widely from the Reformers, that Charles V., seeing no prospect of any accommodation, broke up the Diet in disgust. Its dissolution deeply grieved many devout Roman Catholics; the hope of union seems now to have been abandoned.

Ochino now openly professed himself a Reformer, and fearing persecution, fled to Geneva. Before quitting Italy he sent Vittoria a letter, in which he explained the reasons of his secession from the Church, hoping perhaps, to induce her to follow his example. Of this there seems to have been little probability. Vittoria had indeed learned to value the Scriptures, and the purer teaching of the Reformers; but she shrank from the idea of separating herself from the Church of her Baptism. By the advice of Cardinal Pole she sent Ochino's letter to Cardinal Cervini, (afterwards Pope Marcellus II.) with one from herself, in which she states that 'believing Monsignore d'Inghilterra to be a most sincere servant of God, she felt sure she could not err in acting on his advice.' She adds also, that 'Ochino accuses himself the more, the more he endeavours to excuse his conduct; and the more he believes he shall save others from shipwreck, the more he exposes them to the deluge; being himself out of the ark which saves and gives security.'

While at Viterbo Vittoria corresponded occasionally with Michel Angelo, and five letters of hers are still in existence. Mr. Harford, in his *Life of Michel Angelo*, mentions having been permitted, by the head of the

Buonarotti family, to hear them read. In one she speaks of the fine drawings he had made for her—a Pietà, one of Christ and the Woman of Samaria, and a Crucifixion. In another she comments, with deep interest, on the devout sentiments expressed in a sonnet which he had sent her for perusal.

‘Carico d’anni e di peccati pieno.’

From Viterbo Vittoria made frequent visits to Rome, and at length, in 1546, returned thither, and fixed herself in the Convent of Santa Anna. Francesco d’Olanda, a Portuguese painter, who visited Rome while Vittoria was living there, records a most interesting conversation at which he assisted, in the Church of San Silvestro, between the Marchesana, Messer Lattanzio Tolomei, and the great painter and sculptor. Vittoria skilfully draws from Michel Angelo his opinions on painting; and it gives a curious idea of the manners of the day, to find her, after listening to a lecture from Fra Ambrogio on the Epistles of St. Paul, sending word by her servant to Michel Angelo, that ‘the chapel is very cool and pleasant,’ and she hopes he will spend part of the morning there with them, that they may enjoy the pleasure of his company.*

The Marchesana speaks warmly and eloquently in praise of painting, and of religious painting especially. ‘It cheers the melancholy,’ says she, ‘presents the aspect of human misery to those who seldom see its actual force, and leads the worldly-minded to the contemplation of heavenly things. We see it depict the terrors of the future judgment, and in some sort the joys of the blessed and the human semblance of the

* See Monthly Packet, August 1863, for this conversation detailed at length.

Redeemer;' and she concludes with emotion—'It gives the widow her husband's features, the orphans their father's face.'

Vittoria's life was now drawing to a close. Her health had long been delicate, and the trials with which she had been visited in the disgrace and death of her brother, and the death of the Marchese del Vasto, the last link that bound her to the bliss of those long departed days in Ischia, weighed too heavily on her declining strength. Fracastoro, a famous physician, was consulted by her friends, and he expressed an ardent desire that 'a physician for her mind could be found, for otherwise,' says he, 'the fairest light in this world will, from causes by no means clear to me, be extinguished and taken from our eyes.' Her own medical attendant was urged by Tolomei to use his utmost skill in efforts for her recovery; 'because,' says he, 'the lives of many who continually receive from her their food,—some that of the body, and others of the mind, are bound up in hers.'

Her life had long been one of devotion and charity, and she seems to have relinquished all ideas incompatible with entire submission to the Roman Church. But there must have been deep grief for her in the disappointment of those anticipations of reform in which she and others had indulged. Nor, believing that her first duty as a Christian was that of obedience to him whom she had been taught to look upon as the head of Christ's visible Church, could she without pain see others, in whose aspirations she had once sympathized, throw off their allegiance to the Pope. To separate herself from them, she evidently regarded as a duty; but a sad one it proved to her warm and sensitive nature. The effort, and the sight of suffering incurred

for conscience sake by many who had been her friends, seems to have been too much for her. Her sickness increased fatally, despite the advice and prayers of doctors and friends. She did not die in the Convent of Santa Anna, but was removed to the house of Giulia Colonna, where she breathed her last, towards the end of February, 1547, in the fifty-seventh year of her age.

Michel Angelo visited her frequently during her sickness, and in her last moments he stood beside her bed of death, doubtless cheering and comforting her, whose high religious feeling had often kindled in his breast an answering tone. When the pure spirit had departed he ventured only to raise her hand to his lips, but regretted in after years that he had not kissed her forehead ere she passed from his sight for ever. He has enshrined her memory in verses worthy of the subject, but no entreaties of his friends or her's could induce him to attempt any representation of her person either in painting or sculpture. At one time he seems, from the following sonnet, to have contemplated doing

so—

' Com' esser, donna, puote e pur se'l vede.'

How, Lady, can it be—which yet is shown
By long experience—that the imaged form
Lives in the mountain-stone, and long survives
Its maker, whom the dart of Death soon strikes?
The frailer cause doth yield to the effect,
And Nature is in this by art surpast.
I know it well, whom Sculpture so befriends,
Whilst evermore Time breaketh faith with me.
Perchance to both of us I may impart
A lasting life, in colours or in stone,
By copying the mind and face of each;
So that for ages after my decease
The world may see how beautiful thou wert,
How much I loved thee, nor in loving erred.

And in another he speaks of wishing

‘ to eternalize
The unique form of that angelic face
In living stone, which now with us is earth.’

Vittoria would have been remarkable in any age. Francesco di Olanda, from whom I have already quoted, pronounces her ‘ One of the most distinguished women in Italy or in the world ; chaste, of rare beauty, learned and witty, endowed with all the gifts and graces for which a woman can be praised. . . . Seeking only Jesus Christ and profitable thoughts, ministering to the necessities of poor women, and in fine, setting the example of a truly Catholic piety.’ She has often been claimed, I think without sufficient reason, by the Reformers. Her religious opinions, as expressed in her works, seem rather to have been in the highest sense of the word *Catholic*. Had she been in England, her devout aspirations would doubtless have found a home in our reformed Anglican Church ; but since in Italy Popes and Bishops decided against the Reformation, Vittoria held it to be her duty to submit her judgment to theirs, and practise in meek obedience the Christian graces which are of no Church or sect.

‘ Love, piety, and mercy, things so rare
As with such faith were ne’er in beauty found.’

Of Vittoria’s talents as a poetess, the few specimens given above will enable my readers to judge. She may have been somewhat over-rated by her contemporaries, and her style is sometimes too much studied to be agreeable to modern taste ; yet I confess that for me her poems have a great charm. The depth and purity of her affection for her husband ; the sacredness

in which that love enshrined his memory, stained though it was; the first passionate regret and longings after reunion, chastened as years rolled on into a more loving submission to God's Will, and the soothing calm remembrance which comes with time, are very beautiful. They show her's to have been a truly feminine nature, endowed with much vigour of intellect, and a power to influence others, less by argument and disputation than by the witness of a blameless life passed in active self-denying exertion for the good of others.

'The immortal form did like an angel come
To its earthly prison, in such holiness
It makes sound every mind, adorns the world;
And while with outward grace her eye serene
Awakened love of that which fadeth not,
It placed all its hope where virtue dwells.'

One word more from Michel Angelo will be a meet conclusion.

'O blessed ye, who find in Heaven the joy
The recompense of tears Earth cannot yield.'

MARGARET MORE.

(MRS. ROPER.)

BORN 1508, DIED 1544.

‘ Who, when her dear dear father passed along,
Would not be held, but, bursting thro’ the throng—
Halberd and battle-axe—kissed him o’er and o’er ;
Then turned and went, then sought him as before,
Believing she should see his face no more.’

Rogers. ‘ Human Life.’

VERY few are the passages in the life of Margaret Roper in which we see her apart from her father, under whose roof she seems to have spent part of her married as well as of her single life.

She was the eldest child of Thomas More, one of the greatest lawyers of England—born at Bucklersbury, London, 1508. In the next four years, her birth was followed by those of Elizabeth, Cecily, and John—of the last of whom his father said that his mother had wished much for a boy, and she had one who would be a boy all his days !

She did not, however, see his boyishness ; for he must have been a mere infant when she died, in the sixth year of her marriage. Sir Thomas More endeavoured to give a new mother to his little ones by marrying Mrs. Middleton, a widow with one daughter, named Margaret ; and about the same time he adopted an orphan, of the name of Margaret Giggs.

At this period he took up his residence in a large house at Chelsea—perhaps the first we are intimately acquainted with of those joyous thorough family homes of England, open-hearted, and ringing with the household mirth, ‘when hearts are of each other sure.’

There was a flat-roofed gate-house; and the enclosure contained delightful trim gardens, laid out with turf walks and terraces reaching down to the Thames, then pure and undefiled, in all his native majesty. The house was large, with a separate wing for the young ladies’ apartments, and often contained a large number of guests, besides the family circle—among them Sir John More, Sir Thomas More’s father, who, at ninety years of age, was a judge of the King’s Bench. His son was wont, on bended knee, to ask his blessing before he sat down in his own seat in court. He was of an amiable cheerful disposition, and of very pleasant conversation, kind to the poor, just, and pure-minded. A bright light in that cruel age! His picture shows a kind smiling countenance, shaded by snow-white hair; and he wears a scarlet gown and black cap. One of his sayings, as reported by Camden, is, ‘That a man choosing a wife is like one who puts his hand into a bag of snakes, with one eel among them, so that it is a hundred to one that he will be stung by a snake instead of pulling out the eel!’ From this we might conclude him to have been fastidious in the choice of a wife. Be that as it may, he was three times married—first, to a lady of the family of Handcombe, who had a dream, in which she beheld the faces of her unborn children in her wedding-ring; and one of these faces (‘so says that babbling Dame Tradition’) was bright with unearthly lustre—said to foretell the greatness of

her son, Sir Thomas More. She died soon after his birth, leaving also two daughters. Sir John More was married in his old age to a Mistress More of Loseley, in Surrey.

The school of Margaret and the rest of Sir Thomas More's children was quite famous; and they enjoyed the advantage of intercourse with superior minds, and also had the very best instructors. First, Dr. Clements, a learned Grecian, who was afterwards lecturer at Oxford; and when he left them, Mr. William Gunnel, afterwards a distinguished man at Cambridge, to whom the following letter was written by Sir Thomas More during an absence from Chelsea:—

‘I have received, my dear Gunnel, your letters, such as they are wont to be—most elegant and full of affection. Your love towards my children I gather from your letter—their diligence from their own; for every one of their letters pleased me very much. Yet most especially I take joy to hear that my daughter Elizabeth hath shewed as great modestie in her mother's absence, as anie could doe if she had been in presence: let her know that that thing liked me better than all the epistles besides.’

This letter is too long to be quoted at length, for when More spoke of his children, he spoke from the abundance of his heart; but he says:—

‘Thus have I spoken, my Gunnel, somewhat the more of the not coveting vain glory. In regard to the words of your letter, whereby you judge that the high spirit of my daughter Margaret's wit is not to be dejected, wherein I am of the same opinion as you are; but I think that he doth deject his generous wit who-so-ever accustometh himself to admire vain and base objects—and he raiseth well his spirits that embraceth

virtue and true good. . . . Therefore, seeing I hold this the best way for them to walk in, I have not only requested you, dear Gunnel, neither have I desired my wife alone, but also all other my friends I have entreated many times, to persuade all my children to this, that they walke through the pleasant meadows of modesty—not to lessen their beauty by neglecting it, which they have by nature, nor to make it any more by art. . . . To think vertue the greatest happiness—learning and good qualities next.’

He goes on to enforce his advice by the authority of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, and begs Mr. Gunnel to read portions of the Fathers to his eldest daughters:—

‘If, therefore, you read any such thing unto Margaret and Elizabeth—for they are of riper judgement for their age than John and Cecilie—you shall make both them and me more bound unto you. Fare-well.—From the Court this Whitsun Eve.’

When absent at Court, Sir Thomas wished his children to write to him every day. He tells Margaret ‘not to say that the carrier came before the letter was ready.’ He says in one letter that she is ‘not to differ writing, for fear her letters sude excite nothing but *loathing*, because there was so little in them.’ He proceeds—‘Yea, even a blemish on a child’s face seemeth often to a father beautiful; but these letters, Megg, were so eloquently polished, that they had nothing in them not only why they should fear the most indulgent affection of your father more, but also they needed not to have regarded even Momus his censure, though never so testy.’

Under such tender encouragement, Margaret’s style formed itself into a grace and brilliancy that were the

wonder of the time. In the fond pride of his heart, her father showed one of these letters to the Bishop of Exeter; and it was admired enough to excite him to produce another of her exercises, an oration, with which the bishop was so much pleased, that he took a Portugal piece from his pocket, and insisted on sending it to this promising scholar, somewhat to the distress of her father's gentlemanlike mind.

In after years, Cardinal Pole would not believe that one of her letters could have been written by a woman; but she made no display of her powers; and Fuller says of her, that 'No woman that could speak so well did speake so little: her secrecie was such, that her father trusted her with his most important affaires.'

The visit of a Mr. Nicholas gave Margaret an opportunity of studying astronomy, to the satisfaction of Sir Thomas More, who wished his daughters to spend the first years of their life in laying a foundation of 'humane learning and the liberal arts'—meaning them in their later years to devote themselves to 'phisicke and theology.' 'Phisicke' meant what we now call 'physical science.' The young ladies' progress in all their studies was so wonderful for the period, that they received compliments enough to have turned their heads, had they not had the safeguard of a wise and noble father, who absorbed their adoration, and raised their standard of perfection.

Here is a sonnet by Leland on their attainments:—

'Forbear too much t' extol, great Rome, from hence,
Thy famed Hortensius' daughters' eloquence!
Those boasted names are now eclipsed by thee,
More learned nymphs—great *More's* fair progeny—
Who over-passed the spinsters' mean employ:
The purest Latin authors were their joy;

They loved in Rome's politest style to write,
And with the choicest eloquence indite ;
Nor were they conversant alone with these—
They turned o'er Homer and Demosthenes ;
From Aristotle's store of learning, too,
The mystic art of writing well they drew.
Then blush, ye men, if you neglect to trace
Those heights of learning which the females grace !'

They were not, however, left to 'those heights of learning' unhallowed. Sir Thomas More was a most devout man, and even when Chancellor would wear a surplice, and take a share in the chanting at his parish church at Chelsea. He built a chapel thereto, and provided for a special service there; and also hired an alms-house for aged people in Chelsea, sent them a daily provision, and made them his sweet daughter Margaret's especial charge. She was taught to keep the vigils of the great festival days in prayer till morning, and never to omit mass on a Sunday.

Margaret's manners were noted for a gentle polite grace, which she was thought to have inherited from the mother whom she had lost at five years old. She had certainly not learnt it from Dame Alice, her step-mother, who, though a warm honest-hearted woman, was tart and shrewish in some of her ways, and was somewhat out of her element in such a refined, polished, and witty household. Her husband must have had much influence with her to persuade her to learn to play on the flute, that she might take her part in the family concerts, where each either sung or played on some instrument. Sometimes he amused himself with making game of her in a quiet way, which she was the last person to understand. His real com-

panion was his Margaret; and great was his alarm when, in 1523, the fifteenth year of her age, she was attacked by the terrible disease called 'sweating sickness,' which is supposed to have been an aggravated form of influenza. An appearance, then called 'God's marks,' had shown itself, and she was in extremity—lying in a sleep from which there seemed no awakening. Her father went to his chapel, fell upon his knees, and prayed for her life. Suddenly an idea darted into his head. He went to the doctors, the most noted of the kingdom, and proposed a remedy: they all exclaimed that it was the most desirable thing, and were lost in astonishment at not having thought of it before. It was tried, and she recovered.

Now began the days of nearly grown-up girlhood; and Sir Thomas proceeded to keep watch against little vanities. When he saw his girls take great pains in dressing fine, or wearing what was uncomfortable, because it was the fashion, or stroking up their front hair to make their foreheads high, he was wont to tell them 'that they took more pains to please the world and the devil, than many, even vertuous persons, did to please God!'

Severe as this sounds, his indulgence was great in all that was good and reasonable. Witness this answer of his to one of Margaret's long Latin letters to him:—

'You ask monye, deare daughter Megg, too shamefully and fearfully of your father, who is both desirous to give it you, and your letter hath deserved it, which I could find in my hart to recompense, not as Alexander did by Charibus—giving him for every verse a Philippine of gold—but if my abilitie were answerable to my will, I would bestowe two crownes of pure gold for every sillable thereof. . . . Wherefore, the sooner you

have spent the money well, as you are wont to doe, and the sooner you aske me for more, the sooner you will do your father a singular pleasure. . . . Farewell, my most beloved daughter.'

A young lawyer, as clerk of the Court of the King's Bench, had been domesticated in the household at Chelsea, attending on the Chancellor, and seeing his daughters at the family concerts, and the controversies held among them by way of exercise of wits, and also at meals, though then a book was always read aloud. This was William Roper, or Rospear, a word said to be derived from the by-name of his ancestor, William Musard of Misenden, in the county of Gloucester, temp. Henry III., called *Rubra spatha*, or red-spear!

Spite of this fierce appellation, these Red-spears had become peaceful men of the law. William's father, John Roper, of Well Hall and St. Dunstan's, Kent, was attorney-general to King Henry VIII., and married Jane Fineux, daughter of Sir John Fineux, of Swingfield, Kent, Chief-Justice of the Court of King's Bench. John Roper had two sons—William and Christopher, ancestor of the Lords Teynham.

William's maternal grandfather, Sir John Fineux, was a somewhat remarkable personage. He was born at Swingfield, in the county of Kent; he was a lawyer twenty-eight years before he was made judge, in which office he continued twenty-eight years, and was twenty-eight years of age when he betook himself to this study, whence it necessarily follows that he was fourscore and four when he died. He was a great benefactor to St. Augustine's, Canterbury, in which city he had a fair house—perhaps at St. Dunstan's, and another at Herne. In him may be noticed an indefatigable industry. He left behind him twenty-three folios of notes. He was

steward of one hundred and twenty-nine manors, and counsel to sixteen noblemen. He was of a gay and lively disposition : it was said of him that none was a better friend nor a worse enemy. He prayed three times a day—at evening, morning, and at noontide. And it was said of him, he prayed as if he never studied—studied as if he never practised—practised as if he never conversed ; and his converse with others was so free, that he seemed to live not at all for himself. A saying of his was, ‘That we should not complain that we have little time, but that we spend much either in doing nothing or in doing evil, or in doing nothing to the purpose.

A fair property descended to William Roper from this thorough-going old gentleman ; and he had also good expectations from his father, so that he was an excellent match in a worldly point of view. But Sir Thomas was not pleased at first observing the young man’s attachment to his favourite daughter ; for Roper was strongly inclined to the opinions that had begun to light a flame in Germany, and so zealous and earnest a Catholic as Sir Thomas More was sure to regard them with distrust and aversion. However, the affection of the young people, and Roper’s high character, prevailed ; and they were married when Margaret was twenty-two, without, however, quitting the house at Chelsea.

Mr. Roper’s discontent with the habits of the Roman Catholic Church continued for some years after his marriage : he ceased to fast, and spent much time in argument, as Luther’s doctrines spread more and more, and he beheld how much in them was true, and full of life. He even thought of setting them forth in public ; and was in the habit of associating with some mer-

chants of the 'Stilyard,' and some other Protestants, until he was, together with other persons, brought before Cardinal Wolsey, and accused of heresy. The merchants were made to abjure publicly at Paul's Cross; Roper, owing to his connection with Sir Thomas More, was set at liberty after a friendly warning.

Sir Thomas said—

'Meg, I have borne a long time with thy husband: I have reasoned and argued with him, and still given him my fatherly counsel, but I perceive none of all this can call him again. And therefore, Meg, I will no longer dispute with him, nor yet will I give him over; but I will go another way to work, and get me to God, and pray for him.'

And the prayers and example of the good man were effectual. Whether it were that the sight of the doings on the Continent alarmed Roper, by the wildness of the opinions set forth by the Reformers, or that he became convinced that he could hold the truth within the bosom of the Church, his mind became calm and settled, and both his father-in-law and wife were comforted.

Other marriages soon followed Margaret's. Her two namesakes, Margaret Middleton and Margaret Giggs, married—the one a Mr. Alington; the other her old tutor, Dr. Clements. Elizabeth, Cecily, and John, married likewise without leaving home; and the house was full when their father's friend, the great Dutchman, Erasmus, visited them. He dedicated some 'Hymns of Prudentius' to her, 'because he thought they were what would suit a pious woman.'

He speaks thus of More House:—

'More hath built, near London, upon the Thames, such a commodious house, as is neither mean nor

subject to envy, yet magnificent enough. There he converseth affably with his family—his wife, his son and daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grand-children. There is not any man living so affectionate with his children as he—and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid; and such is the excellence of his temper, that what-soever happeneth that could not be, he loveth it as though nothing could have happened more happily. You would say there were in that place Plato's academy; but I do the house injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, where there was only disputations of members, and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion; for there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences. Their special care is piety and virtue. There is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard; none seem idle—which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not govern by proud and haughty words, but with all kind and courteous favour—every body performeth his duty; yet there is always alacrity, neither is sober mirth wanting.'

About this time the house took fire, and some poor neighbours suffered much from the flames spreading. More had his wife relieve them, 'if he was not left even one spoon.' Poor lady, what pain and grief it must have been to her!

Margaret Roper became one of Erasmus's Latin correspondents. He introduced Hans Holbein to More's notice; and that hospitable gentleman kept the great painter two years as his guest at Chelsea, and introduced him to the King. During his stay, Holbein painted a family group of his hosts for

Erasmus—on receipt of which, the learned doctor wrote the following letter :—

‘Scarce with any praise can I express, O Margaret Roper, the ornament of Britain, what exquisite pleasure I felt in my mind when Holbein the painter showed me that family, so happily delineated, that if I had been actually in presence of it I should not have seen it much more perfectly. Frequently I am wont to form this wish, that once before the fatal day of Life, it may be my lot to behold that, to me most dear, company to which I owe a good part of my glory, be it great or small.

‘Nor does the mortal live to whom I would more willingly owe an obligation.

‘The ingenious hand of the painter has afforded me no small portion of this wish. I recognized all, but no one more than thee. I seemed to myself to see that most beautiful habitation, your body, illuminated by a more beautiful soul.’

Margaret wrote him a pretty letter in answer, calling him her preceptor, to whom she would ever be grateful.

A family group of the Mores, by Holbein, is to be seen at Cokethorpe Park in Oxfordshire; it represents the family seated near a table, on which are musical instruments, and a blue iris in a pot. Sir Thomas More and his father sit side by side. Near them Anne More, the young wife of John, aged fifteen. John More, about nineteen years of age, stands with an open book in his hands, looking very thoughtful. Margaret and Elizabeth More sit together talking. Margaret is pale and thin, with dark eyes; her expression is kind and gentle in the extreme; a more refined or intellectual countenance could not be

seen—at least, so thinks an admiring descendant. She holds an open book. Her eyes are fixed upon her sister Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Dancey, a round merry-faced girl, whose eyes sparkle with eagerness as she seems to contest some point with her sister; she has a closed book. ‘Rare pale Margaret’ was at this time twenty-two.

She wears a black gown, made square in front, with a loose body open down the middle, and showing a kind of red vest, upon which is a handsome gold brooch set with a red stone, and with a pendent pearl, Margaret’s own beautiful emblem. A gold lace separates the dress from her neck, which is covered by a white lace chemisette. Several chains are crossed round her throat—some seem to be of hair or black silk. She wears a pointed yellow hood, under which may be seen her light brown hair, neatly braided. Yellow sleeves reach to her elbow, opening in several places, showing a white under-sleeve, terminated at the wrist by a white ruffle. These sleeves are tight, and join the black gown.

William Roper, at this time Clerk of the King’s Bench, stands behind with Cecily More. He wears a plain black gown and white ruff. His hair, beard, and moustache, are arranged much in the present fashion. His features have a look of thought, and convey the idea of a strong will, though not of such pointed wit and caustic a turn of mind as those of the More gentlemen. Over his head is his coat-of-arms—Roper and More quartered. In his hand is a small book bound in red. His eyes and hair are dark, and he has a high colour and brown complexion.*

* I must allow that Mr. Augustus Hare does not consider this figure to represent Roper.—See *Hand-book for Oxon, Bucks, and Berks.* (Murray.)

This may perhaps be thought the happiest period of Margaret's life.

'Days of her youth, how rapidly ye fled!'

Cardinal Wolsey was deposed in 1530, and was succeeded by Sir Thomas More as chancellor.

Good old Sir John, his father, was soon after taken to his rest—it was said, from eating too many grapes. Sir Thomas mourned over him, receiving his blessing in true patriarchal style. Truly the righteous man was taken from the evil to come.

During these days of his highest favour, Henry VIII. used to come down to Chelsea without any ceremony, and walk about the garden leaning on Sir Thomas More's shoulder. Mr. Roper noticing to the latter the King's love for him, More replied, that for all that, he knew full well, that could his head gain the King a French castle, it would not long remain on his shoulders. Walking by the Thames one day with Roper, he exclaimed, 'Now, would to God, son Roper, that upon condition, three things established in Christendom, I were put into a sack, and were here presently cast into the Thames!' First, he desired peace on earth; next, the quieting of disputes in the Church of Christ; thirdly, the settling the questioned legality of the King's marriage to Catherine of Arragon.

Evil days were foreseen by the wise man's eye, and he endeavoured to chasten himself in preparation. His childish daughter-in-law, Anne, was ill-bred enough to laugh over her discovery that he wore a hair shirt. Margaret privately told him that it was visible, and he concealed it.

When perplexities thickened, and he resigned the Great Seal in 1533, he communicated his step in the

following manner to his wife. It was the custom on holidays, when he and all his family were at church in state, that one of his gentlemen ushers should come to Lady More's pew when service was ended, and say, 'Madam, my Lord is gone!' On this day, however, More in person stood at the door, saying with a low bow, 'Madam, my Lord (Chancellor) is gone!' Used to his jests, poor Lady More made no remark, whereupon he plainly told her that he was no longer Chancellor. She became angry; he called to his daughters, and told them to look at her dress, and see if anything was amiss about her. They not being able to find any fault, Sir Thomas continued, 'Do you not perceive that her nose standeth somewhat awry?' Poor Lady More left him in a rage.

His income was of course greatly diminished by this step. Even supposing that his sons-in-law contributed to the expense of his household, of course there must have been ample scope for Lady More's housewifery, in their best days, to keep in comfort an establishment containing so many people, and a menagerie of animals. Of these last-mentioned More was particularly fond; and besides dogs and a monkey, he kept at one time a fox and a ferret—an animal seldom admitted as a pet, but capable of very strong attachments, and often extremely gentle.

The whole family were now called together, and a council held; and More exhorted them to economy, at the same time cheerfully remarking, 'that should the worst come to the worst, they could go in a body and sing hymns from door to door, and live upon the charity of their fellow-creatures.'

From that time he would frequently talk to them of the joys of Heaven and pains of hell, and of the lives

of the holy martyrs, and of their painful deaths; and what a happy thing it were, for the love of God, to suffer the loss of goods, imprisonment, and loss of life also; and he would tell them, that if he might perceive that his wife and children would encourage him to die in a good cause, it should so comfort him, that for very joy thereof it would make him merrily run to death. By those speeches he prepared their minds for the bursting of that cloud, then rising no larger than a man's hand, but, in God's mercy, visible to his eyes in all its forthcoming blackness.

The pretended prophetess, Elizabeth Barton, called the 'Holy maid of Kent,' had unfortunately inculcated Sir Thomas More; and when a bill was put into the House of Lords to attain her and other persons for high treason, the Bishop of Rochester and Sir Thomas More were included in it. The King all the time hoped that the latter would thereby be induced to acknowledge his supremacy. More requested to be allowed to speak in his own defence. Not liking this, the King appointed the Bishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell, before whom More was to appear. At this meeting he, however, showed no signs of yielding.

Afterwards, in the words of Roper, who returned to Chelsea with his beloved father-in-law: 'Then took Sir Thomas More his boat—wherein by the way he was very merry, and for that I was nothing sorry—hoping that he had gotten himself discharged out of the Parliament Bill. When he was landed and come home, then walked we alone in the garden together, when I, desirous to know how he had sped, said, "I trust, Sir Thomas, that all is well, because you be so merry." "It is so indeed, son Roper, I thank God," quoth he. "Are

you then put out of the Parliament Bill?" quoth I. "By my troth, son Roper," quoth he, "I never remember it!" "Never remember it!" quoth I. "A cause that toucheth yourself so near, and us all for your sake. I am sorry to hear it, for I verrily trusted, when I saw you so merry, that all had been well." Then said he, "Wilt thou know, son Roper, why I am so merry?" "That would I gladly, Sir," quoth I. "Good faith, I rejoiced, Son," saith he, "that I had given the devil a foul fall, and that with these I had gone so far, as without great shame I never could go back again.' At which words I waxed very sad; for though himself liked it well, yet liked it me but little.*

Lord Audley and other lords at this time so earnestly besought the King in favour of Sir Thomas More, that William Roper, meeting with Cromwell in the House of Parliament, had the joy of despatching his servant to Margaret, at Chelsea, with the welcome tidings, that she might tell her father that his name was struck out of the Bill.

We may imagine the scene of short-lived joy, when Margaret communicated the tidings to her father; he however answered, 'In faith, Meg, that which is put off may yet come to pass.' (*Quod differtur non aufertur.*) Alas, within a month he was summoned to Lambeth! the only layman there called with all the priests of London and Westminster, and was tendered the Oath of Supremacy.

Before leaving home he confessed and heard Mass, as had always been his custom when he had important matters on his mind. It had always been his habit to let his wife and the rest of his family come with him to the water-side and kiss and bid him farewell, when

* See Life of Sir Thomas More, by Roper.

he took boat. This time, however, he made them all stay indoors; and having with his own hands shut the wicket gate after him with a heavy heart, as could be seen by his countenance, took boat with the faithful Roper and four servants for Lambeth. He never saw his home again.

Let us now follow the little party who drew nearer to Lambeth. 'Sitting sadly still for a time,' says Roper, 'he rounded me in the ear and said:—"Son Roper, I thank our Lord, the fight is won," meaning that he had subdued his natural regrets for all he left behind.' Four days he was kept in custody by the Abbot of Westminster.

Roper accuses Anne Boleyn of having, in the mean time, so worked upon the mind of Henry VIII. that he was sent to the Tower at the end of these four days.

Anne was by this time become Henry's wife; and her empire over him was great.

As Sir Thomas More went to the Tower,—wearing as he usually did a chain of gold,—Sir Richard Cromwell advised him to send it to his wife and children; he refused, thinking it might look like the action of a man who quite despaired; or, in case his house were searched, thinking it might fall into the hands of the King's officers. He entered the Tower 'Thro' that gate misnamed.'

On landing, he was asked for his outer garment, according to the custom; he gave the lieutenant his cap, saying that was his outer garment. His cheerful spirit never forsook him again.

When More had been about a month in the Tower, Margaret Roper obtained leave to visit him; when they said together the Seven Psalms and Litanies, which they had so often used together; after which

he said, among other things, 'I believe, Meg, that they that have put me here, mean they have done me a high displeasure; but I assure you, on my faith, mine own good daughter, that if it had not been for my wife, and ye that be my children, (whom I account the chief part of my charge) I would not have failed long ere this to have closed myself in as strait a room, and straiter too. But I trust God will, of His goodness, discharge me of my care, and supply my lack among you.'

Poor Margaret unfortunately thought it her duty to implore her father to take the Oath of Supremacy—a weakness which must have weighed heavily on her gentle spirit in after years. Let us not blame her: she had herself taken the oath, with the proviso, 'so far as it would stand with the law of God.' In those days right and wrong were hard to find out; and we cannot think one so noble minded as Margaret could have been wanting in faith or unworldliness. Not to every woman is given like Rachel Russell to remember that never by one word did she try to shake the resolution of her hero. In a letter to her step-sister, Lady Allington, who had added her entreaties by letter, she says—

'My father smiled upon me and said, "What, Mistress Eve, hath my daughter Allington played the serpent with you, and set you a work to tempt your father again?" and after that he looked sadly again, and earnestly said unto me, "Margaret, we two have talked of this thing ofter than twice or thrice. And albeit I know mine owne frailtie full well, and the natural faintness of mine owne heart, yet if I had not trusted that God should have given me strength to endure all things, you may be very sure I should not

have come here.” When he saw me sit very sad, as I promise you, sister, my heart was full heavy for the peril of his person, for in faith I fear not for his soul, he smiled upon me, and said, “How now, daughter Margaret? How now, Mother Eve? sit not musing, with some serpent in your breast, upon some new persuasion, to offer Father Adam the apple over again.” “In good faith, Father,” quoth I, “I see not what more to say; but if I were to look to persuade you with the reason that Master Harry Patterson* made—he waxed even angry with you, and said, ‘Why, what aileth him, that he will not swear? I have taken the oath myself!’” At this he laughed, and then went on to assure his daughter of his trust in God’s powerful grace; and sent messages to all his family and many of his friends and to his servants, saying, ‘And I right heartily pray both you and them to serve God, and be merry and rejoice in Him; and if anything hap me you would be loath to hear of, pray to God, but trouble not yourself, as I shall full heartily pray for us all that we may meet together in Heaven, where we shall make merry for ever, and never have any trouble hereafter.’

The following letter was written by Sir Thomas More to Margaret Roper, with a coal—i. e. a piece of charcoal—writing materials being denied him:—

‘Mine own good daughter, our Lord be thanked I am in good helth of bodye, and in good quiet of minde, and of worldly things I no more desire than I have; I beseech Him make you all merry in the hope of Heaven. And such things as I somewhat longed to talk to you all of, (concerning the world to come,) our

* Sir Thomas More’s fool, whom Sir Thomas gave on resigning the great seal, ‘to my Lord Mayor and his successors.’

Lord put them into your mindes, as I trust He doth, and better too by His Holy Spirit, who bless you and preserve you all. Written with a coal by your loving father, who in his prayers forgetteth none of you all, nor your babes, nor your nurses, nor your good husbands' shrewd wives, nor your Father's shrewd wife, nor our other friends, and thus fare ye heartily well, for lack of paper,

‘THOMAS MORE, KNIGHT.’

In a letter to her father, poor Margaret concludes by signing herself, ‘Your most loving obedient daughter and bedeswoman, Margaret Roper; who desireth above all worldly things to be in John à Wood’s* stead, to do you service. But we live in hope that we shall shortly receive you again. I pray God heartily we may, if it be His holy Will.’

Soon after this Sir Thomas More wrote to Margaret, that his health had become so bad, that he often thought an hour might end his life; and he felt this state of body sent in mercy to help him to put off the things of this world.

During one of Margaret’s visits to her father, he asked her ‘How Queen Anne did?’

‘In faith, Father,’ said she, ‘never better.’

‘Never better, Megg!’ said he; ‘alas, Megg, alas! it pitieth me to remember into what misery, poor soul, she shall shortly come!’

This prophetic speech must have been remembered by Margaret when, in her quiet home, tidings reached her of Anne Boleyn’s tragic fate.

As Sir Thomas More was one day looking out of his window in the Tower, he saw one Mr. Reynolds, a

* John à Wood seems to have been More’s servant.

religious, learned, and virtuous 'Father of Lion,' and three monks of the Charter House, going to execution for the question of the king's supremacy, to which they could not in conscience assent.

As William Roper says, 'He, as one longing in that journey to have accompanied them, said unto my wife, then standing beside him, "So dost thou not see, Megg, that these blessed Fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths, as bridegrooms to their marriage? For God, considering their long continued life in most sore and grievous penance, will no longer suffer them to remain in this vale of misery and iniquity. Whereas thy silly father, Megg, that like a most wicked caitiff, hath passed the whole course of his miserable life most sinfully, God, thinking him not worthy so soon to come to that eternal felicity, leaveth him here yet still in the world, farther to be plagued and turmoiled with misery."'

Poor Lady More came to visit her husband, and try to shake his resolution after this manner: 'What the good Yere, Master More? I marvel that you, that have been always taken for so wise a man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this filthy prison, and be content thus to be shut up among rats and mice; when you might be abroad with your liberty, and with the favour and good will of both the king and his council. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, and your garden, your orchard, your library, your gallery, where you might be in the company of me your wife, your children and household be merry, I muse what in a God's Name you mean here still thus fondly to tarry.'

More quietly answered: 'I pray thee, Mistress Alice, tell me one thing. Is not this house as nigh Heaven as mine owne?'

She answered in an angry tone, 'Tylley valley, Tylley valley.'

'How say you, Mistress Alice?' rejoined he; 'is it not so?'

On the 7th of May 1535, More was brought before the King's Bench and condemned to suffer death for high treason, by having his head struck off with an axe on Tower Hill. He received the sentence with composure, and was conducted back to the Tower by Sir William Kingstone, Constable of the Tower, with the axe carried by his side, the edge turned towards him.

When he reached the Tower Wharf, Margaret Roper, who was there in waiting, darted through the crowd. The soldiers stood still, and the mournful procession paused, while she hung on his neck, and clasped in his arms, exclaimed, 'Oh, my Father! my Father!' He blessed her—telling her that though he was to suffer innocently, yet it was the will of God, and she must submit to it, and bade her be patient in her loss. She left him, and went some few steps, turned again and rushed through the crowd to clasp him once more, while he spoke not a word, but tears fell from his eyes. Those who were present were all much moved. John More had before thrown himself at his father's feet and asked his blessing, and had received it with many loving embraces; and after Margaret Roper came Margaret Giggs, More's adopted daughter, now Mrs. Clements. Yes, even Mrs. Roper's maid, Dorothy Collie, was honoured by being allowed to kiss Sir Thomas More; upon which he said, 'It was very homely but very lovingly done.'

'Oh!' (exclaims an ancient biographer of More,) 'what a singular act of affection was this! for a woman

of nature bashful, by education modest, to express such excessive grief, as that love should make her shake off all fear and shame! Surely his affection and forcible love had now daunted his courage, if that a divine spirit of constancy had not inspired him, to behold this most generous woman, his most worthy daughter, endued with all good gifts of nature, all sparks of piety, which are wont to be most acceptable to a loving father! O strange! to press unto him at such a time and place where no man could have access!

He reached the Tower, and spent the next week, the last he had to live, in preparation for death. The day before his execution he wrote with a coal the following letter to Margaret—supposed to be the last he ever wrote, sending her at the same time, the whip with which he used to flagellate himself, and the hair shirt Margaret had so often secretly washed for him:—

‘Our Lord bless you, good daughter, and your good husband, and your little boy, and all yours and all my children, and all my god-children, and all our friends. Recommend me when ye may to my daughter Cicily, whom I beseech our Lord to comfort. And I send her my blessing, and to all her children, and pray her to pray for me. I send her a handkercher; and God comfort my good son her husband.

‘My good daughter Dauncy, hath the picture in parchment that you delivered me from my Lady Coniers. Her name is on the back of it. Shew her that I heartily pray her, that you may send it in my name to her again for a token, for her to pray for me. I like, special well, Dorothy Coly, I pray you be good to her—I would wit whether this be she you wrote of. If not, yet I pray you be good to the other, as you may in her affliction, and to my daughter Joone—Aleyn too.

Give her, I pray you, some kind answer; for she sued hither to me this day to pray you to be good to her. I cumber you, good Margaret, much, but I would be sorry if it should be any longer than to-morrow, for it is St. Thomas' Even, and the Utas* of St. Peter; and therefore to-morrow long I to go to God, it were a day very mete and convenient for me. I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last; for I love when daughterly love, and dear charity, hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy. Farewell, my dear child, and pray for me, and I shall for you and all your friends, that we may merrily meet in Heaven. I thank you for your great cost.

'I send now to my good daughter Clement her Algorisim Stone; and I send her and my godson and all hers God's blessing and mine. I pray you at time convenient recommend me to my good son John More; I liked his natural fashion.† Our Lord bless him and his good wife, my loving daughter, to whom I pray him to be good as he hath great cause; and that if the lands of mine come into his hands, he break not my will concerning his sister Daunce (Dancy.) And our Lord bless Thomas‡ and Austen, and all that they shall have.—Monday, July 5th, 1533.'

Joan Aleyn, seems to have been one of Mrs. Roper's servants, in whom Sir Thomas More seems to have taken a kind interest.

Thomas and Austen were the infant sons of John More and his wife Anne. It was a superstition in the

* *Utas* or Octave—eighth day inclusive.

† When he had met him going to the Tower.

‡ Thomas had a son Thomas, who took orders in the Church of Rome, came as missionary to England, and died at Rome, having been in the favour of Henrietta Maria.

More family, that whereas everything prospered with those sons of John More who had received the blessing of their kind grandfather, nothing was said to succeed with those born after his death.

Sir Thomas More's wish to die on the eve of his patron saint was fulfilled; for on Tuesday morning, July 6th, 1535, Sir Thomas Pope came to inform him, that it was the king's pleasure that he should suffer death at nine o'clock that same morning. His answer was, 'Master Pope, for your good tidings, I heartily thank you.' He proceeded to say that he should not fail to pray for the king. He afterwards asked Sir Thomas Pope to use his interest with the king, that Margaret might be present at her father's burial. He was told that the king consented to all his family and friends being present at it. He expressed great pleasure at hearing this. Then perceiving that Pope was weeping, he comforted him, and said, 'I trust that we shall once in Heaven see each other full merrily, where we shall be sure to live and love together in joyful bliss eternally.'

This happy state of mind continued to the last.

'A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.'

He mounted the scaffold, kneeled down, and, after his prayer was ended, told the executioner to do his work, gave him his forgiveness, embraced him, would not suffer him to cover his eyes, but did so himself. The axe fell, and with one blow despatched his happy spirit to Paradise. He had before refused to drink a cup of wine brought him by a good woman, saying, 'That Christ, at His Passion, drank no wine, but gall and vinegar.'

More was also met by a friend of his who had religious doubts, to whom he promised his prayers.

‘How many,’ said Erasmus, ‘did not the axe wound that beheaded Sir Thomas More!’

The body would, of course, have been buried in the Tower Church, and was indeed placed there; but More had wished to rest in his own parish Church of Chelsea, and the family obtained leave to move the loved remains to that place.

Sir Thomas More’s head was for some time exposed, according to the barbarous custom of those days. Margaret, however, obtained this much cherished relic, carried it about with her in her subsequent journey to Kent, and it at last was deposited in the Roper Aisle in St. Dunstan’s Church, Canterbury.

The shirt worn at his execution, stained with his blood, was given to the learned Margaret Clements; she took it abroad, and all traces of it are lost.

Poor Lady More was now turned out of her house at Chelsea, purchased by Sir Thomas More in 1520, and deprived of all her goods. The miserable pension of £20 a year was allowed her. John More was committed to the Tower; and on his firm refusal to take the oath, he was condemned to die, but was afterwards pardoned and set at liberty. He died soon afterwards, and his children were brought up by their mother, who, as heiress of Mr. Crisacre, of Barnborough, had considerable property of her own. One of her children died of the plague, one lived to be a Protestant minister, and died very poor some years after.

Margaret was imprisoned for a short time, but was afterwards set at liberty,* and allowed to return to her husband. She bestowed a great deal of money on the poor, asking for their prayers; and it is reported by

* Her brave demeanour before the Council was much admired.

her great-nephew, Thomas More, that had it not been for a supernatural incident, her maid, Dorothy Coly, afterwards Mrs. Harris, would not have been able to purchase a winding-sheet for Sir Thomas.

She, however, is not mentioned by Roper, whose book is much more free from the marvellous.

Some time after this Roper was sent to the Tower, by Henry, in one of his sudden fits of passion. The commissioners came to search his house. Margaret was quietly teaching her little children, and when she knew what they came for, made no lamentations whatever, but submitted to that which there was no avoiding. They were struck by the good sense she showed.

'The academy of Plato' was now broken up, and its members never could all have inhabited the same home. Margaret's first tutor, Dr. John Clement, who had been her instructor when the other Mores were too little to profit by his learning, had, upon Sir Thomas More's kind mention of him to Wolsey, been made Rhetoric and Greek Professor to the University of Oxford, and who was now married to Margaret Giggs, prudently withdrew from the storm. Returning to England in the days of Mary Tudor, he practised as a physician, living in Essex; he was also a member of the College of Physicians in London.

The Ropers now devoted themselves to their children, of whom they had five. They seem to have lived sometimes at Well Hall, sometimes at Canterbury.

William Roper's charities amounted in ordinary to £100 a year, and often to much more. He was said to be 'an eye to the blind, a foot to the lame, and a father to the poor.' He greatly assisted Master Beckenshaw, a learned man confined in the Tower by

Henry VIII. No gloom or austerity was to be noticed in his home; Margaret was always merry and good humoured, though she was wont, when in health, to practise the self-denials of the Roman Catholic Church, wearing, on alternate days, shirts and girdles of hair.

Margaret wished much to have procured the services of the learned Roger Ascham to instruct her children; he, however, would not leave his studies to domesticate himself in her house. She only lived nine years after the death of Sir Thomas More. She died in 1544, and was buried in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, with her father's head placed on her breast at her dying request.

William never married again; but died a widower at the age of eighty-two, in 1577. He had lived a life of active piety and charity, and his name was long held in honour for his kindness to his poor neighbours.

After the loss of his precious Pearl, he, in 'the brooding calm that follows woe,' occupied himself by writing the life of his father-in-law, of whom, as he justly boasts, he knew more than any man, as having been more in his confidence. He was buried in the Roper Aisle in St. Dunstan's, near Margaret.

Miss Hawkins thus describes More House, many years after the Chancellor lived there, from an old print, &c.

'The front exhibits a projecting porch; the centre is alternately divided into four bay windows and large casemented windows. The roof has four pediments, each enclosing a window; and a turret, with a clock, crowns the whole.

'It stood midway between the road and the river. (Thames.) There were two great fore-courts; in front

a wharf; a high brick tower; a terrace, on which was a banqueting-house, with a marble table in it, are mentioned as existing when it was inherited by Sir A. Gorges.

'Mary Villiers, the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, is said to have resided here. Close to the site of More House is the church, with its crowded church-yard. Chelsea Church is full of interesting monuments. The Mores are not forgotten in their old house; the Chancellor is still spoken of with veneration, as the benefactor of the Church. It was a striking transition to turn from the memories of all that was so refined and graceful, and within a stone's throw of Margaret's home, to see Cremorne Gardens!

'Yet, when she who writes, and those who read, these pages, shall have become

"A name written on water,"

still shall high and ennobling thoughts spring from the memories of desecrated Chelsea.'

In 1843 Miss Agnes Strickland visited the site of More House, and saw there a distillery of rose water, called the Clock House Distillery. Mr. Faulkener, the historian of Chelsea, pointed out to her and Miss Elizabeth Strickland, that the house had the command of a wharf just by the bridge. He showed them a massive iron ring to which the barge used to be fixed. They visited a large square, walled in with high walls, once the pleasure garden, laid out with turf and broad walks. They found the bole of an ancient ivy tree, which was pronounced to be the true poetical ivy of the ancient poets, with five-lobed leaves. Miss Elizabeth Strickland has a plant of it at Tilford, near Farnham. At the epoch of their visit, this garden

was the play-ground of a Moravian school situated close by. It was long the custom of the inhabitants of London to purchase the celebrated rose-water distilled in these gardens.

And let us trust that the perfume of the sweet love and faith, constant unto the death, that once flourished there, will never pass away!

F. C. D.

CHARLOTTE ARBALESTE DÉ LA BORDE.

(MADAME DUPLESSIS MORNAY.)

BORN 1550, DIED 1607.

THE aim of a publication like this is to bring together in an accessible form as many specimens as possible of women who, under a great variety of outward circumstances, being themselves also of very different capacities, and varying considerably in their ideals of duty, have left an impression of rectitude and true goodness of heart and life on the minds of those who have been able to come near enough to survey their characters with tolerable accuracy.

Our idea of a 'good woman' is that she is earnest in pursuing the line of life marked out for her by those Providential arrangements which in nine cases out of ten determine for the female sex that its lot shall be a retired and domestic one. Earnest, we add, in doing the best possible things in the best possible way—serving her God and her fellow-creatures in a simple sincere manner—dignifying a low estate, if that should be her lot—infusing something of poetry into the prose of life, striving for habits of self-command, and for that sort of power and facility which will enable her to do

whatever she does, well. We call those whom we write of, 'GOOD women;' not to the exclusion of women of genius, taste, and learning, from our category, nor because we want to stint the freedom of human growth and development in female character, but only because we feel in sympathy with them in the inward purposes of their hearts and lives, and find that on the whole—

‘ Goodness only can affection move,
And love must owe its origin to love.’

In taking the life of Madame Duplessis Mornay as that of one of our 'good women,' there is not the slightest difficulty. Of a noble nature, acting always in a firm consistent manner, she has her individual failings. The shadows of her good qualities, which will probably strike us more or less according as we take a right view of the force of the antagonisms with which she had to contend, the persecutions and treachery she had witnessed; binding her more exclusively to the religious party with which, in her apprehension, liberty, conscience, and truth, could alone flourish. The root of her life is deeply planted, and the growth is a great and vigorous one. Her affections are almost wholly domestic; so strong are they that she must be said to have died of grief at the untimely death of her only and beloved son. Yet it is easy to see that though her weakened frame gave way beneath this terrible stroke, it was as nothing in point of the anguish which would have ensued had his dishonour been substituted for his death.

From the earliest notices we have of her, there is a submission to one great directing standard of principle. Her idea of Truth may be narrow; but it is that which she has received and lived by, and will live by to the

last. She is sure also of walking along her path in perfect unity with her husband: they have but one heart and one counsel. If he is honoured, she enjoys it; but it makes no alteration in her opinion of him. If he is ill-used, she says nothing in his defence, but believes in him still. So she passes through life unto death, with far more of outward trouble than of prosperity; with feeble health, with frequent fatigues of body and mind, with losses of friends and kindred, with persecution and danger, but always with such a simple child-like faith, as one who would be more startled by a doubt of the goodness of God than by any calamity whatsoever. To such a woman as this be all honour and reverence given.

Charlotte Arbaleste de la Borde, born in the year 1550, was the daughter of Guy Arbaleste, Viscomte de Melun, and also Seigneur de la Borde. Her father was a man, in such times as those in which he lived, of very rare integrity; for holding, during a considerable time, the office at Paris of President of the *Chambre des Comptes*, he was noted for being inaccessible not merely to special bribes, but to the ordinary *douceurs* which were constantly received by people in his position. He had not been denied advantages in his younger years, which, then, only fell to the lot of the few. He had opportunities of study and travel in Italy and Germany. Especially it did so happen that at Strasburg he heard some of the Reformers preach, and even was a witness to one of Martin Luther's disputes with Catholics in the course of his travels; so that though not then, nor for long after, leaving the ancient faith in which he had been brought up, he was much impressed by what he heard of its abuses.

When his daughter Charlotte was ten years old, (in

1560,) Francis II. died, and Charles IX. succeeded to the throne of France. Little more than ten years of age, the boy-king was in complete subjection to his mother, Catherine de Medicis, and received the training which would of course lead him to think it quite a duty to persecute or destroy the Protestants, or as in France they were called, Huguenots. Of course, too, any people who were suspected of not being sound Catholics, would be little favoured at Court. Up to a certain point parents are right, and do their duty by their children, in training them in the faith they cordially admit for themselves; but to train them in hatred to other men and women of a different creed, must ever be an unchristian course, and thus did the teachers of Charles IX.

We can ill realize the vehement hatred which existed in France at this time between the two great religious parties of the state, but especially the suspicion and bitterness with which the Huguenots were looked on by the Romanists. Thus Charlotte's father, who was friendly with the Prince of Condé, one of the chief Huguenots, and who heard with him the preachings of his ministers, was a marked man. This was shown in many ways; but on one occasion especially, when he was harmlessly taking a little country air, a bevy of soldiers and citizens came after him and dragged him back to Paris, threatening him violently; nor would his life have been safe, but for the Mayor interposing.

Such injustice and violence disposed Guy d'Arbaleste less favourably, of course, towards those who practised them. 'If,' he argued, 'I am condemned for believing what I as yet do not believe, let me at least search for myself whether it is worthy of belief or no.'

He had no mind to suffer merely because he was opposed to manifest falsehood ; he wished to know what he might rest on as TRUTH. He conferred much with some of the ablest leaders among the Huguenots, and it ended by his entire acceptance of their principles.

Then came ruin as to worldly matters. His property was seized, his furniture catalogued and sealed up ; but he held on stoutly to the last. He died at Melun in 1570, his last words being, ‘ Fifty and eight years ago, O Lord, Thou gavest me this soul of mine, fresh and new. I have soiled and spoiled Thy gift ; now do Thou cleanse it in the blood of Jesus Christ.’

Charlotte was then twenty. She was no longer, however, Charlotte Arbaleste. Two years before this, she had married a Monsr. Jean du Pas, Lord of Feuquères. He was an officer attached to the person of Francis II., who had great affection for him. He was also a good and valiant soldier—for many years of his life a Catholic. His widow, giving the relation as from himself, says that so he remained till about 1567, when being in Picardy, there came often into the camp a Cordelier Brother who, in spite of his habit, preached the Gospel, and made known many errors of the Romish Church. Afterwards being in Rome, he was struck with shame at the low morality which was tolerated, if a little hush-money was paid down ; also at finding how easily the rich could get leave to eat meat in Lent, while a poor man was branded for eating an egg. These things astounded M. Feuquères more and more. He desired to learn and follow truth ; but on the other hand, riches and honours awaited him in France if he suppressed his conscience—if not, banishment and poverty in a country where ‘ the fires of persecution were already kindled.’

‘I have often heard him say,’ wrote his widow long afterwards, ‘that he fell ill in consequence of the conflict in his mind upon these subjects; but one day reading in the Second Psalm how the kings and great men of the earth were used to band themselves together against the true Anointed King, he determined to have nothing to do with them. He would quit the Mass, and the abuses of the Church, and make profession of the truth. He did not immediately abandon the Court;’ but he underwent much contumely, and doubtless would have had to encounter more, had not an accident cut short his life in 1569, not a year before the death of Guy Arbaleste.

Thus was Madame Charlotte left doubly bereaved; with a fatherless infant daughter, named Suzanne, of whom we hear often in the after narrative as Suzanne du Pas, (the father’s family name.) It would be omitting something which is worthy of note in Madame Feuquères’ history were we not to state that even long before she married her first husband she had forsaken the Mass and was a very decided follower of the Huguenots. She afterwards said that even in quite her childish years she was led to suspect that the persecuting party was in the wrong. She thought it most unjust that her father, whom she loved and admired so much, should be pointed at and have his character assailed, because he chose to inquire for himself into truth; and even before *he* had made up his mind, his young daughter seems to have found greater comfort and improvement in her intercourse with the preachers than she derived from her Catholic teachers. Perhaps she was full young to act with so much of independence; but this was her character—always prompt and resolute—and neither her mother nor her brothers, who

remained contented with the religion in which they had been brought up, had any influence with her on these points. When she married, of course her husband's views and her own were in complete accord. But Madame de Feuquères was scarcely twenty when she was left a widow, and when the father died she was not twenty-one. It was necessary for her after a time to go to Paris. We do not know exactly where she had been residing till this time; but afterwards she lived at Sedan up to the period of her second marriage. Meanwhile, however, she was to pass through many dangers, and great and sharp trials of her faith.

It was while she was in Paris, in 1572, settling her family affairs, and holding friendly intercourse with the Princess de Condé and other Protestant ladies of distinction, that without any previous ground for alarm, she was awakened one morning, (the morning of St. Bartholomew,) Sunday, August 24th, by her servant, who told her there was some terrible work going on in the streets—that the Catholic soldiers, wearing white crosses in their hats, were killing the people. Madame de Feuquères sent to her mother's house, in which were her brothers also, immediately, to know what was the matter. All was in confusion there. Her mother had been fain to make her boys declare themselves Catholic to save their very lives. It was clear that a deadly determination to rid themselves of the Huguenots was in the mind of the Queen and also of the Court party, including of course the Guises. The young King of Navarre and Admiral de Coligny were specially aimed at. Several saved themselves at the English Ambassador's house; but Coligny fell, amid thousands of men, women, and children—ten thousand, it has been said;

some dispute the accuracy of this, but at all events the slaughter was dreadful.

Of course it was not all at once, not till long after, that Madame de Feuquères knew the dreadful history of St. Bartholomew. She would hear the awful sound of the tocsin bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which indeed gave the signal before day-break for murder to begin; but though it might waken her, it did not perhaps at first alarm her. When, however, her messenger returned from her mother, she knew that she herself was in danger as an avowed conspicuous Protestant. Her little girl, then three years and a half old, was a precious charge too, and she conceived they would be safest apart; so, dressing her in poor clothes, she sent her by a servant to the house of a relation and kind friend, a M. Pereuze, who not only took her in at his back-door, but sent word to Madame de Feuquères to follow, which she shortly did. There she heard of all the dear friends she had lost, even at that early hour, for it was still but eight o'clock in the morning.

Precautions, however, were not taken too soon; scarcely had she left her rooms, when the servants of the Guises entered them, searching for her everywhere; and finding her not, nor yet being able to learn where she was gone, they sent a message to her mother, assuring her that Madame de Feuquères should be safe, and all her goods also, if she would transmit them the sum of a hundred crowns. Information of this was privately carried to her; but feeling it was but a lure to get at the knowledge of her hiding-place, she merely begged her mother to do as she pleased about giving them the money for the sake of the goods, but not to disclose her residence. Everything at her lodgings was carried off.

Nearly forty people in all were concealed and fed by

the good M. Pereuze for several days. He was obliged to send for provisions to a distant part of Paris, in order not to awaken suspicion, and was stationed alternately with his wife the whole time at the street-door, in order to answer any questions from the Guises or their soldiers, who were constantly passing by for pillage or murder.

Of course it was impossible that he could escape suspicion; and having heard that his house would be thoroughly visited the next day, (Tuesday,) many of the fugitives took their leave beforehand, till at last only Madame de Feuquères and one lady remained, each with one servant-maid. Madame de Feuquères was concealed in a vault opening from the cellar; her companion in danger, with her servant, in a wood-house. In these retreats the cry of those whom the soldiers were massacring still reached their ears, and almost took away their senses; especially the dread of her child's death wrung the mother's heart. It was on that Tuesday that the Presedent de la Place was murdered; and M. de Pereuze, alarmed for himself and family, put himself into the hands of the king's advocate, M. de Thou.

It became indeed absolutely necessary for Madame de Feuquères to get away from Paris. To go to her mother was impossible, as a guard was placed round her house. A temporary refuge was found in the dwelling of a waiting woman, who had married the captain of a quarter of the city. The man allowed her shelter: but he abused the Huguenots—showed her their pillaged goods, and urged upon her going to mass.

So also did her mother, who came to see her. Having succeeded in saving her sons by conformity, she did not expect great difficulty with the daughter;

and she not only used every argument herself, but sent one of her cousins to her for the same purpose; adding, that if she did not comply, she could not undertake to keep the child, who now was with her. Madame de Feuquères replied, 'Then let her be sent to me, and we will die together.'

This was on the Wednesday. That evening, or next morning, she embarked in a boat going on the river Seine to Sens. There were two monks and a priest, two merchants and their wives, on board also. Approaching Tournelles, where was a guard-house, the boat was hailed, and passports called for. All present had them except Madame de Feuquères. Then she was accused of being a Huguenot, and they threatened to drown her, and made her get out of the boat. A friend of hers, a M. Voysenon, lived near, and she prayed to be conducted to him. Two soldiers consented, and went with her. He vouched for her *connexions*, but could not answer for herself. However, a good woman who was coming on board the boat, spoke a kind word for her, and they allowed her to proceed, though still suspecting her, and talking of the glorious deeds of the last three days in Paris.

The next day the poor wanderer found herself near the country house of the Chancellor L'Hopital, an excellent man, all kindness and willingness to serve her, but making it an absolute condition that, if in his house, she should attend mass. Unable to promise this, she went to the dwelling of a poor man, a vine-dresser, who received her most kindly; and after keeping her some days, set her upon his ass and escorted her to a place called Esprimes, where the Feuquères family had property. He had no notion that the poorly dressed servant woman to whom he had given

shelter was a person of rank, and was overpowered by the discovery on her arrival. Still far from assured of safety, Madame de Feuquères mounted another ass and went four leagues farther to her eldest brother's house. This was the last battle she had to fight. This brother, who had like herself been a Huguenot, had abjured and attended mass. He urged the same mode of proceeding upon her, but in vain; she steadily refused, collected a little money due to her in the neighbourhood, put herself *en route* again, and arrived at Sedan on the 1st of November, without further accident.

And here it was, living quietly, and endeavouring to fill up her time with useful studies and with the cultivation of her taste for painting, that she was found not very long after by one who had passed through the same ordeal, and had shown himself equally submissive to the commands of conscience.

Philip Duplessis Mornay, coming to Sedan not long after the death of Charles IX., was introduced to her, and soon saw that in the troubles likely to gather round his head as inseparable from his religious profession, he could do nothing better than unite his fortunes with a woman so noble-minded, firm, and courageous, as Madame de Feuquères. It was true that neither in fortune nor birth was she his equal; but 'wealth,' he observed, 'is the last consideration that would influence me in marrying: what is needed for those who have to pass their lives together is harmony in character and disposition, and especially a sense of the perpetual presence of God, and a careful fear of giving just offence to God or man.' As for Madame de Feuquères, she tells us in her memoirs of De Mornay, that she for some time set little store upon the attentions of Duplessis, placing them simply to the account of neigh-

bourhood. Indeed, so much was her mind impressed by the overhanging troubles of the time, that she once told him she could not imagine how people so occupied and so engaged in these wars could think of marriage; but she owns that it pleased her to find him continuing his visits, and she learnt to feel as affectionately towards him as towards one of her own brothers—yet still she did not think of marriage. In due time, however, such thoughts *did* come, and in 1576 they were united, she having been a widow for six and a half years, and being then twenty-six.

It would carry us too far from our object if we were here to give much of the history of Philip Duplessis Mornay himself. A short sketch of his previous life shall suffice.

He was about a year older than his Charlotte, of an old and distinguished family; but his father had lived for some years, before Philip's birth, on his family estate at Vexin, in Normandy, and was now devoted to country pursuits and quiet studies, after having been a brave soldier. His wife was a more remarkable person. Of a very thoughtful habit of mind, she had become disturbed by doubts of the truth of the religion in which she had been brought up; and though not able to see her way clearly, she was very anxious to raise up no obstacles in her children's path. She would speak openly to her husband; and together they attained by degrees a strong conviction that the Huguenot faith had Scripture for its foundation, and that they must follow it; so, though Philip their son had been intended for the priesthood, his uncle having it in his power to advance him to some great benefice, they were afterwards very thankful that these plans were thwarted. The father died when Philip was

only ten years old; but already he was at school at Paris. He came home to the funeral; after it he was in some difficulty. His mother and an elder brother were by this time confirmed but not declared Protestants, and were rather impatient to secure him on their side; while the priest attacked him on the other. Now De Mornay, young as he was, would not be hurried: but taking his New Testament, made it thenceforth his constant companion, and read it reverently and diligently. His general education was also an important object; already he was a good scholar up to a certain point, and wanted to improve himself further. He entreated to be sent back to Paris for this purpose. A severe illness checked him; but he returned to the charge, having to undergo much trial and temptation from relatives and friends on the subject of his religious profession. After a time he travelled in Germany and Italy and Switzerland, and made many most valuable friends; among others, one who was also the special friend of Sir Philip Sidney, Hubert Languet, of Frankfort. He added great stores of political knowledge to his classical reading, and became certainly one of the best informed men of his time. After visiting and well inspecting the treasures of the Continent, he passed over to England early in 1572, and was made welcome by the first men of Queen Elizabeth's court—by the Bacons, the Cecils, the Sidneys, by Walsingham, and by the Queen herself. This was his first visit to our country. Soon he was to see it again.

It will be remembered that on the 24th of August, 1572, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew took place. De Mornay had just before arrived in Paris. He visited Coligny and Henry of Navarre, and also his friend

Hubert Languet, and Walsingham, who was Elizabeth's Ambassador to France. He saw more than Madame de Feuquères could, as a woman, have seen. He was convinced a plot was forming against the Huguenots; but not the less great was his horror when the bell tolled out and the work of blood begun on that fatal morning. His own escapes were many and hair-breadth. The French Court dared not break with Queen Elizabeth, and therefore her Ambassador Walsingham was safe, and to his house all the English flocked for refuge—among others Sir Philip Sydney. It does not appear that De Mornay troubled him, for he got out of Paris into the country to his mother's house; there remaining but a few days, he embarked for England at Dieppe. Hubert Languet, who had vainly sought for him all over Paris, wrote at once to his friends in England, entreating them to shelter and provide for him. So also did Walsingham, addressing the Queen herself, commending his friend to her regards.

He did not remain many months this time in England. He had various plans: at one time he proposed going to Sweden, where a brother of his father's held a high position. Then he thought of collecting a band of the persecuted Huguenots, and settling a colony in America. A way, however, soon opened for an honourable return to France; Charles, unable to extirpate or conquer his Huguenot subjects, published an amnesty in July, 1573, and pointed out certain towns in the south where they would be allowed to live unmolested. The truce was soon violated; but De Mornay returned on the faith of it; and on the death of Charles IX., in 1574, he settled himself for a time at Sedan, where began that acquaintance with Madame

de Feuquères which, as we have already stated, led to their marriage, January 3rd, 1576.

It is not always easy to trace the exact course of their lives. In the unsettled state of French affairs, it was impossible for some years that they should have a fixed HOME. And on occasion of Duplessis' first *official* visit to England, despatched there by Henry of Navarre, his wife accompanied him, and there gave birth to her first child by De Mornay, a daughter, Martha, born the latter part of 1576; and afterwards, in the spring of 1578, to another daughter, named, by the Queen's desire, Elizabeth, to whom Sir Philip Sydney stood godfather.

When we think what women those were with whom, in the course of many years temporary settlements, Madame de Mornay was brought into intimate acquaintanceship, we cannot but feel regret that no traces remain, as far as we know, in the way of after correspondence between them. We know how congenial were the friends in England with De Mornay and his wife in their religious characters. Of course the simpler forms of worship of the French or Walloons would be preferred by them to those of the English Church; but among some of the ladies of Elizabeth's Court, there was a strong tendency towards Puritanism. Thus, in the case of Lady Anne Bacon, the wife of Sir Nicolas, one of Sir Antony Cook's very learned daughters, there was undoubtedly much of agreement on these points, and a close intimacy with the De Mornays. Lady Anne, a grave religious woman, somewhat sharp and austere, but thoroughly high-principled, was a good many years older than Madame de Mornay; for her eldest son, Anthony, born in 1558, was nearly twenty, and Francis, the

younger, eighteen. At Gorhambury, however, the Lord Keeper's charming residence, they must have been guests; and there probably some advice was asked of De Mornay as to the travels of the two young men, and perhaps some plan laid for Anthony's meeting them in the South of France—Montauban being always looked to by De Mornay as his most suitable residence, when more immediate claims were satisfied.

Duplessis, wherever he was, read and wrote much on religious subjects. In England he wrote a treatise on the Church. He visited Norwich also, when the Queen was making her progress there, and would be sure to take a strong interest in the Walloon Church of that place, to which, and indeed to all the religious exiles of the reformed faith, Elizabeth was most kind and liberal; while she punished with unrelenting severity those among her own subjects who caught their ideas, and wished to introduce some of their practices.

The next move of the De Mornay family was to Antwerp; and here again one sees how valuable were the friendships they formed. There, always by influence, and often in person, was the great, the good, the firm and consistent William of Orange—called the Silent—never found so, however, when timely speech could advance the interests of humanity. His third wife, Charlotte de Bourbon, was in some sort consoling him for his miserable domestic life with her predecessor, Anna of Saxony, a woman whose violence of temper and habits of drinking had reduced her to the condition of a lunatic, and from whom he had, after much patient suffering, obtained a divorce. Her son, however, Maurice of Saxony, was rising into notice, and rapidly becoming a skilled young soldier;

and one of the daughters stood as godmother to young Philip de Mornay, born at Antwerp sometime in 1579, the only son out of three who lived beyond a few weeks, and the very pride and joy of their hearts. Here also was their old friend Hubert Languet; and Madame de Mornay would find the daughter of Admiral Coligny, the widow of M. Teligny, who had perished at Paris in St. Bartholomew. Out of these ties, however, sharp sorrows came. Madame de Mornay had the following year another son, named Maurice after the Prince's son. He shortly died; and she was extremely ill, while her husband, who was busied about the King of Navarre's affairs, was absent. Just then their friend Languet fell into a declining state of health. He was nursed with affectionate tenderness by Madame de Mornay, herself hardly recovered; and when De Mornay returned to Antwerp, he found his old friend no more, and his wife in great affliction. He removed her soon afterwards to Plessis. In 1582 their daughter Anne was born; and the following year, at Buhy, the residence of De Mornay's mother, Madame de Mornay had twins, who lived but a few days. It was then, on the 11th of July, 1583, that deeming herself unlikely to recover, she made her will, many passages of which are remarkable. She first gives a summary of her Christian faith. She then proceeds—

‘As God has given me a husband endowed with many gifts and graces, so all my remaining life may I yield him duty, obedience, and service. I know that I have often been wayward and trying to him, through my infirmities. I never thought to have enjoyed so great a blessing as that of being his wife; and should our separation be occasioned by my death, it would be a happiness, for without him life would be but a

weariness to me. Seeing indeed the weakness of my health, I would entreat M. Duplessis when I die not to sorrow much, but to comfort himself in my happiness, till God shall call him to the same.' She then especially adverts to her eldest daughter, Suzanne du Pas, who was much older than the rest. She charges her to remember the pious example of her own father. But 'I pray and command,' she says, 'that she will be humble and obedient to M. Duplessis—that she will submit to him in everything, just like her brothers and sisters. I beg, moreover, that wherever she may be, she will maintain constant communication with him—that she will never do anything of importance without consulting him. That, especially in any question of marriage, she will give her consent only on condition that all is clear as to the religious profession, and also that M. Duplessis approves.'

All this, and more that follows, is very touching, showing the tenderness with which she clings to the memory of M. Feuquères, and the anxiety she feels lest *his* child should suffer by her death. She then entreats her children to live in harmony—remembers all her faithful servants, mentioning each by name.

It was probably no long time after this will was made that De Mornay resolved upon at length settling with his family in Gascony. Affairs in many parts of France were still in great confusion, and he thought as Protestants they would be in greater safety at Montauban, at Nerac, or some of those places where the Protestant cause was strongest. His wife had some struggle with herself in acquiescing. She had a sort of superstitious feeling against Gascony. She preferred Northern France and the Low Countries; but there could be no question, since Duplessis could be with



her in the southern neighbourhood, and not so much in the north; then, also, he wanted to have his only son Philip, then not above five years old, near him. They took up their abode at Montauban somewhere in 1584.

Here, at all events in the South of France, they resided four or five years; and it was while they were at Montauban that Madame de Mornay and her eldest daughter Suzanne experienced not a little annoyance, though of a somewhat ludicrous kind, from a disagreement with the principal minister, who carried with him the Synod.

De Mornay was still often absent, and while away, everything devolved on her. He had unbounded confidence in her, as all his letters testify; and she was careful and thrifty, which, at such a time, seems to have been needed.

Montauban was a place of great resort, recommended to English travellers of the Reformed persuasion by the circumstance of its being the seat of a Synod, and peopled in a great measure by Huguenots.

Among other persons recommended to the care of Duplessis came young Anthony Bacon, the eldest son of Sir Nicolas, by Lady Anne, his second wife. He was born in 1558-9, consequently must now have been about twenty-four years of age. Madame de Mornay herself was hardly ten years older. She was still a young woman, but experience, and the gravity of her character, had made her older than her years. Her daughter Suzanne was at this time fifteen or sixteen. One cannot tell whether the two mothers, Lady Bacon and Madame de Mornay, had formed any matrimonial plans for their children; but this we know, that Anthony at least conceived it to be the desire of Suzanne's mother

that he should form an alliance with her, and he did not find himself so disposed. Indeed, he was always disinclined to marriage, and in other ways had been found far from manageable by his mother. Of course, it is utterly impossible for us at this distance to know how far Madame de Mornay was judicious, or the reverse; neither can we tell how far she might incur Anthony's anger, by giving an account of some of his proceedings to his mother, who was extremely jealous of his forming any acquaintance with the Catholic party. But this we know, by means of an angry letter of the son to one of his aunts,* which is preserved, that he was no longer on cordial terms with one who was his mother's friend, and that he was even taking part against her in a dispute with her minister at Montauban. Here again it is not possible to decide accurately on the merits of the case. The *facts* are these: Madame de Mornay and her eldest daughter had adopted a fashion in dressing the hair, probably the style of the English or the Flemish Court, which appeared very extravagant in the eyes of the Protestant minister at Montauban. There is no doubt that one article, the nineteenth, of the national Synod of the Protestants, contains a strong injunction to simplicity of dress. Not only is all immodesty of dress deprecated, but many things unknown to us—'far'ds,' (we suppose fardingales,) 'plessures, sardocres, guignevarlets, ver-tugadins, and hóupes, are forbidden. The Consistoire reserves to itself the power of excommunicating the wearers of all these things.

Unfortunately for the peace of Montauban, the principal Huguenot minister, M. Berout, was disposed to carry these Church censures to extremity. According

* Lady Russell. The MS. is in the British Museum.

to a contemporary account, he had already signalized himself by too much of interference; and Madame de Mornay's style of wearing her hair grieved him sorely.

Perhaps she appealed to Anthony Bacon as a witness that she had passed unscathed in London. She at least says, in a paper which she left giving an account of the whole transaction, that she had never been found fault with before, either there, in the Low Countries, or in different parts of France. She was not going to submit to dictation now, believing that her particular taste violated no conditions of the Synod, and besides, was approved by her husband. M. Berout, however, had influence with the Consistoire. Duplessis was away, and seems not to have interfered. Anthony Bacon, if appealed to, rather sided with the minister, being, perhaps, somewhat piqued before. In his letter to his aunt, Lady Russell, to which we have alluded, he says, Madame de Mornay was angry with him for not taking her part against this Divine when he attacked her absurd fashion of wearing her hair; and he evidently attributes to her offended pride, some difficulties in the way of reports put in circulation about *him*. The upshot, as far as the De Mornays were concerned, was their separation from M. Berout's church; for not only did he decline receiving Madame at the Holy Sacrament, but placed her daughter and servants under the same ban, declining to visit or catechize them, or make inquiry into their fitness, till this mighty affair was conceded.

In the memorandum drawn up by Madame de Mornay, or, at least, under her directions, on this occasion, there is a very curious account of the whole affair.

'When M. Duplessis and I arrived at this town,'

(Montauban,) she says, 'if we had found any rule or custom about wearing the hair agreed on, we should certainly never have troubled the Church. I am sure my husband would have complied, and so should I; but what we did find was merely a ready-made schism in the place. Some were rejected from the Communion, as they said, without having a hearing; and indeed, some had recourse to the Toulouse magistrates for justice. And also I perceived another difficulty. It was setting up one altar against another, (*autel contre autel*,) on the point whether the noblesse are to submit to this dictation *here*, while, elsewhere, other pastors do not agree in such rigour. This makes me sure they have no *standard* authority; so, grant that I alter my hair to *your* minds, (she seems to be addressing the Consistoire,) 'the difficulty remains, and I cannot believe there is any command of God regulating such a thing.'

* * * * *

'I declare, before Him, I esteem the thing of no moment in itself, and I would obey directly if I could see any just authority; but,' she argues, 'to set up the mere authority of one priest, or even one Synod, in the place of God's commands, is imitating the worst point in the Romish Church.'

So this high-spirited and somewhat obstinate woman refused to obey; and the minister being equally determined, she and her family went to another 'Temple' at about three leagues distant, and were there willingly admitted to the full rites of the Church.

Some light is thrown on character by incidents like these. It was also not only a mark of individuality, but it belongs to a condition of religious society, in which a strong feeling of antagonism, in even the most

trifling matters, prevails; and this *is* perhaps rather more to be noted in the lives of the *women* of such times than in those of the men. Where the Huguenot or Puritan lady had a work of real heroism to do, her courage, her patience, her high-mindedness, were beyond praise; but the same resolution was apt to pass into more ordinary life, and *then* the results were by no means pleasant. The sister of Henry IV., Madame Catherine, was thus, we are told, wearying in small matters, though very high-principled in the main; and Lady Anne Bacon, the learned, the good, honourable woman, failed in self-command, was fretting and exacting to her sons, lecturing them on the minutest matters, even when they were forty years old, rating them for small extravagances, and sometimes making their lives miserable by her suspicions.

No exacting and wearying tests of duty appear to have been framed by De Mornay and his wife, for their own families. They certainly possessed the affections of their children, who clung to their home through happiness or affliction.

During the year 1589 the family had once more to remove; this time the residence was permanent, and Madame de Mornay never again quitted her home. This new dwelling-place was the Castle of Saumur, a very important fortress, overlooking the River Loire. Up to the time of which we are speaking, this considerable town and castle had belonged to the Kings of France; but in consequence of a treaty between Henry the Third and his cousin of Navarre, (the future Henry the Fourth,) Saumur had been ceded to Navarre, and the King of Navarre immediately bestowed its government upon Duplessis Mornay. The town was large and thriving, filled chiefly by a population of in-

dustrious Huguenots. Under the government of De Mornay, and during all the reign of Henry the Fourth, it contained more than 25,000 inhabitants. It was beautifully situated. The castle stood (indeed still stands) on a height above the town; it was strongly fortified by De Mornay, and from all parts of the fortifications the River Loire is seen winding through rich meadows. The Donjon, flanked by four turrets, is still a picturesque object. It is sad to think how quickly the prosperity of Saumur declined when it was taken out of Protestant hands, and especially on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The population is said to have been reduced to one fourth of the number above given, in a very short time.

Here, then, the De Mornays took up their abode; and here, though always cordially respected by the court, they preferred residing, most happy in their lives of simple duty, of attention to the education of their children, of peaceful opportunity for worshipping God in their own manner; while they held themselves in readiness to promote the security of conscientious adherents to religious duty whenever appealed to.

The Governor was himself, it is true, obliged often to be absent. When, after the assassination of Henry the Third, the year following their coming to Saumur, De Mornay's master, the King of Navarre, accepted the crown of France, there were of course confidential missions, and much work for him to do; but he had no taste for a court life, and it must be owned that his character differed so widely from that of the King, that in the midst of some cordial agreements they often felt they could not manage very satisfying intimacy. It is fair to say that Henry was by no means always to be blamed for this. Looking back at his training, he had

had much to disgust him with the severe Protestant school. He had been a most obedient son to a domineering mother. A good woman she was, no doubt; but while she was exacting for her own faith, she allowed no particle of religious liberty to others; and only the perfect temper and excellent disposition of Henry could have enabled him to steer his course between the unreasonable of all parties as he did. His sister, Madame Catherine, was also often annoying to him. Even after all things in the kingdom had been fairly settled, and such liberty of worship and preaching allowed as Henry's sincere desire for religious liberty enabled him to extort from unwilling people, it was mortifying to find his nearest female relative going nigh to stir up insurrection by her obstinate infringement of settled rules. Thus, when he sent for her in all love from Bearn to come and be with him at Paris, she thought proper, while halting at Bordeaux, to order a *public Protestant Prêche*, (preaching or service,) which had been by usage prohibited in that town, private meetings for worship being alone sanctioned. The magistrates, aware of the temper of the people, entreated her to forbear; but Madame was determined to act on her own responsibility; she would have the *Prêche*, spite of magistrates, Parliament, or people. The town was in a ferment, and the magistrates not knowing how far the hatred of parties would carry them, could do nothing better than read the royal proclamation against the Huguenot assemblies in the very face of the King's sister. Highly offended, Madame left the place. Her journey was an adventurous and ill-managed one, but at Saumur all was to her mind; and with De Mornay and his wife she remained, cooling down, and, it is likely, hearing much

of moderate counsel, while her religious sympathies would be in harmony with theirs.

Those who describe Henry the Fourth as a mere renegade, deserting the faith of early conviction and early affection in becoming a Roman Catholic, and who impute, moreover, to him only motives of interest and ambition in the change, show both ignorance and want of candour. His gay light-hearted lax character no doubt made the severities of the Huguenots distasteful to him, and we have no proof that he ever voluntarily took any great pains to inform himself of the articles of their faith, while he was annoyed by much of their practice. He was not withheld from immoral connexions by the principles of either party ; but if it is asked whether the preferences of his heart were even from an early period in favour of Protestantism or Catholicism, we should answer unhesitatingly the latter. Instances are given of very fervent private devotion on his part, and we see no reason to doubt that he was sincerely a Catholic, though an inconsistent, often immoral, man. Being so, we ought all the more to give him credit for his resolute unshrinking determination in favour of securing liberty of conscience to all.

And here the De Mornays at least cordially trusted him ; and for these ends De Mornay went and came, mediating between countries and parties, till, but not till, seven years had past by, the famous Edict of Nantes was published and registered, and toleration was made secure.

As we cannot pretend to give any account here of the civil and religious wars of France, it must suffice to say that, as a soldier, no less than a counsellor, Duplessis bore his part in the long strife which his

master was engaged in against the extreme Catholic party known by the name of the League, which all along opposed itself to Henry's sovereignty. It was partly on this account that he was again sent to England as ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, in the winter of 1792. It was now fourteen years since he had visited the great Queen; many changes had taken place in England. Some of his most distinguished friends were gone; but some still remained, and to them he was sure to be welcome. The object of his embassy was to obtain troops and supplies of money to enable Henry the Fourth to carry on the war against the League. But Elizabeth was not pleased with Henry. She thought there had been mismanagement, and that her soldiers' lives had been sacrificed unnecessarily; she was also anxious to get back her favourite, the Earl of Essex, who commanded these forces; and she spoke very sharply to her old and esteemed acquaintance, De Mornay. With great skill he weathered the storm; by means of his influence with the friends of the Earl of Essex, he persuaded him to comply with the Queen's wishes, and return home; after which she became much more kindly disposed, and granted the succours so much needed. On this visit De Mornay, who wherever he went was thinking of what he could do to serve the cause of his fellow Protestants, was very much grieved at the accounts he heard of the increasing severity of the Queen towards those of her subjects who inclined to Puritanism. He conferred with the most moderate of the bishops, and he argued with Archbishop Whitgift. He found many Churchmen who agreed with him, that to drive the most serious and sincere among the Protestants into rebellion by severity, would one day prove to have been the

worst course that could be adopted. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, who was perhaps the most honoured of all Elizabeth's ministers, had for his wife the sister of our old friend, Lady Anne Bacon; and we find Lady Anne writing to him to beg him to do what in him lay to second a dutiful petition of the Nonconformists to the Queen. It was exactly the time, she said, when conciliation might do good; but it was not to be. The two parties divided more and more widely, and in a later reign their divisions ended in the overthrow of the monarchy itself. The Queen herself, however, always had the respect of De Mornay; and he who never at any time set aside his own duty of obedience, would be sure to inculcate it on others.

We must again pass over a considerable space of time. In De Mornay's frequent absences from Saumur, his wife saw to all the business attendant on his office as far as possible; and she also built a 'Temple.' (a Protestant church.) Then the daughters, one after another, married gentlemen of good position in France. But these events spread over some time; and after they had been about five years at Saumur, when their only son, Philip, was a little more than sixteen, it was thought right to send him out to travel; and afterwards he had the King's promise that he should have a regiment, and join the armies in the Low Countries. His manners and address had so pleased Henry when still earlier he had visited the Court, that he wanted even then to engage his services as his personal attendant. But De Mornay respectfully declined, feeling unwilling to place him, a mere boy, at the disposal of the gay courtiers who surrounded Henry. After a time, however, it was felt to be important that he should see other countries; and then it

was, knowing as she did that her son's active life was about to begin, that his mother wrote her memoir of his father for his use, prefacing it by that beautiful letter, which, often as it has been read, translated, and quoted, cannot well be too highly esteemed. Great part of it is as follows :—

‘My son, God is my witness, that even before your birth there was in my heart a hope that my child would be His servant. . . . Your father and I have taken pains to bring you up in His fear, and, as far as in us lies, to imbue you with religion, from your very infancy. We have taken care also to prepare your mind for receiving this good seed, by instructing you in all sound learning, (and not unsuccessfully,) that you may live, and even *shine* in His Church. And now you are going out into the world, to see it, and to know its ways, and the characters of those who live in it; and though I cannot follow you with my eyes, I shall with my affection. I beseech God that these instructions may go with you everywhere, that you may increase in the fear and love of God, advance in the knowledge of everything that is good, grow strong in your calling, and give back what He has given you, as well as whatever He may yet give, to His honour and glory. . . . You are young, my son—many fancies come into the path of youth. Meet them by the Psalmist's words, “Thy laws, O Lord, are the men of my counsel.” Some will want you to turn this way—some that; say again, “I am the companion of them that fear Thee.”

‘But still farther, that you may never be without a guide, here is one which I offer you with my own hands, to go with you. It is a portrait of your father's life, which I entreat you to have always before your eyes; it is drawn from my own knowledge of him, and from those particulars I have learned, notwithstanding our frequent interruptions of companionship, owing to the troubles of the time. There is enough to show you what he is and has been, the graces God has given him, the manner in which he has employed them, and to give you hopes of the like powerful aid, when you too resolve to serve God with your whole heart.

‘I am failing and weak, and do not expect to be long in this

world. Keep this writing as a memorial of me. When it pleases God that *we* fail, do you finish what I have begun, to write about the course of our lives; but above all, my son, I shall think that you are remembering me when I hear, wherever you are, that you are serving God, and following your father's steps. I shall go down contented to the grave, at whatever hour God may call me, when I shall have seen you advancing His honour, helping your father in his holy labours, or when he dies, if it please God, succeeding to them.

'And I commend your sisters to your care. Show by loving them that you love your mother. Think, too, that when God removes us you must be as a father to them. And I pray God, my son, that you may all live in His fear, and in true affection to each other: and in confidence of this I give you my blessing, and beseech Him to confirm it in Jesus Christ, and in His Holy Spirit.

'Written at Saumur, Tuesday, April 25th, 1595.

'Your most affectionate and loving Mother,

'CHARLOTTE ARBALESTE.'

Could any son leave the shelter of a parent's house more fortified by affectionate, strong, and pious counsels? Young Philip thus went—probably indeed returned, however, for periods longer or shorter during the ten years that intervened between this first parting and his gallant death. Few particulars of his separate life are recorded. His cotemporary friends say that he was rarely endowed both in body and mind, that his accomplishments were great, that he knew all necessary languages, had seen greater part of Europe, and everywhere made a favourable impression.

In the King's favour he stood high as a brave young officer and an agreeable companion. Unfortunately, however, during a time when he was in Paris he gave offence to a gentleman, (merely, he declared, in the

way of performing his duty,) and was challenged by him. Now dueling had become so frequent, and so sad a habit of the day, that the King had very earnestly tried to suppress it, and had threatened duelists with severe punishment. Nevertheless, young Philip, making his own honour the first consideration, accepted the challenge. It was perhaps the only occasion on which his conduct was blamed by both the King and his parents. The former, interposing, prevented the duel, and probably showed some anger, for Philip found himself unemployed, and petitioned for leave to visit his parents, and afterwards to join the army in Flanders. Henry consented. De Mornay and his wife were not well-pleased to lose him again, and took pains to persuade him to remain at Saumur. But this did not suit him. He wanted to be actively employed under Maurice, the Prince of Orange, and they gave their consent at length, though reluctantly.

Alas! it was their final parting. He engaged heart and soul in the contest between the Low Countries and Spain, was present in several battles, and at length joined the forces which were besieging Gueldres. He had met with an accidental hurt from the kick of a horse, and was confined to his bed, when news came to him that a plot was laid by Count William of Nassau for surprising the town. Instantly, unfit as he was, he sprang up, threw himself into an ammunition-wagon, and was one of the first to arrive at the spot designated. In spite of pain and weakness, he was among the foremost to scale the ramparts, heading a few intrepid men; but the garrison had taken alarm, and a shot aimed at him took effect, and occasioned his instant death.

Thus fell this dear and only son, in the twenty-sixth

year of his age. Three times he had served in campaigns in the Low Countries, always distinguishing himself by dauntless courage. His fate drew tears from Prince Maurice; and the King of France exclaimed, 'I have lost the most promising gentleman in my kingdom; how I pity his father!' and with his own hand he wrote an affectionate and sorrowing letter to De Mornay.

But how shall we describe the scene at Saumur? The parents had been on the look out for letters, but on that sad day the wonted messenger had not arrived; the fatal letter, in fact, was addressed to the Protestant pastor, M. Bouchereau, to whom was committed the task of breaking the news to the parents. De Mornay from a distance saw him coming with a friend, and the simple record tells us how his heart misgave him instantly. He met the gentlemen at the entrance door. Unable to speak, they burst into tears. This was enough; yet, in further anticipation of woe to come, he exclaimed, 'If I have lost my son, then I have lost my wife too.' However, putting on as calm a look as he could, he went directly to her room. 'My dear,' he said, 'God is calling us to-day to a new trial of faith and obedience.' At once penetrating the truth, she fainted away; but her first words on recovering were, 'The will of God be done! We might have lost him in a duel, and where then would have been our comfort?'

Then came the mournful meeting with their daughters, all of whom were married, but who flocked affectionately round them, striving to comfort them. 'But,' as the sorrowing mother says in the last of her written entries, 'all this can be better understood, where the spectator has any feeling, by silence than by

speech : our very vitals were torn, our hopes were cut off, our plans and desires were swept away. Long it was before we found anything to discourse of to one another, nor to think of in our own minds ; because he was, next to God, our one object of thought and discourse. Our daughters, notwithstanding the neglects of the court, happily married, and the house as it were cleared of them and all but him, thenceforth all our lives began and ended in him as a centre. And we see that now God tears all away in him, no doubt to detach us altogether from the world, that we may have nothing to hold by whenever He calls us. And now it is right that this my book (which but for him would never have been written) should end. It was meant to trace out our pilgrimage in this world for him, and it has pleased God that his own should be soon and more mercifully closed than ours ; and indeed, if I did not dread the grief of M. Duplessis, who, in proportion to my sorrow, is more full of affection than ever, I should be weary of my lot in surviving my son.' So closes the sorrowing record.

Yet Madame de Mornay lived for six months longer. The fatal news, received on the 24th of November, 1606, left her in a state of body and mind which admitted little hope of a revival of cheerfulness and vigour, but she exerted herself ; she had an eye to all the necessary details of the house ; she thought for her children and servants—above all for her husband. She concealed her grief from him as far as possible, but those who saw her not in his presence knew her heart was broken. It was on Sunday, May 7th, 1607, that she attended Service at the church, though far from well, and afterwards spent much time in her closet in devout exercises ; and she also wrote down some ideas

about education for the use of her daughters. Then feeling very ill, she went to bed; and from that time she never rallied.

The following Sunday, the 14th, De Mornay left her for a little while, and lay down on a couch in his room for a brief repose, when some one came to him in haste, telling him she was sinking. He sent for the minister, and went immediately, determined to fulfil his promise that he would be sure to tell her if the end was drawing very near. It was so indeed, and he was true to his word. She told him, that next to the knowledge of salvation by Jesus Christ, there was nothing for which she was so thankful to God as for having been bestowed upon him. She hoped that sorrow for her loss would not make him less useful to the Church; that she implored blessings more and more might rest upon him. For herself, she was going to God; . . . that she knew that her Redeemer lived; that, thanks be to God, she had the victory through Him.

All this, uttered with a firm voice, coupled with many passages of Scripture, made those about her say that they never knew her blessed with a sounder mind, or a memory more perfect. M. Duplessis answered in a like spirit, only he could not attain to her calmness, for grief choked him. She took also thought for her daughters, one of whom was very near her confinement; and she cautioned them about communicating ill news to her.

Her sufferings were exceedingly great to the last; but she bore all patiently, and joined with M. Bouchereau in prayer. 'Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit,' were her last words. She died on the 16th of May.

Her body was interred, near that of her son, in the

vault which had been prepared in the chapel built by herself. Here also her husband hoped to rest; but Heaven had willed it otherwise.

His days passed on, cheered by the kindness and affection of his daughters and their children; occupied too, occasionally, while his royal master lived, by attendance on, and conferences with, him; and sometimes busy with his pen on his favourite religious controversies. But in May, 1610, the cruel death of Henry carried another stroke of grief to his heart.

He was, as usual, prepared to do what was his duty on that sad occasion. He diffused quietness by his counsels, endeavoured to inspire his neighbours with hope of continued toleration and religious peace, and charged them to be prudent and careful in all their words and deeds.

‘Peace,’ the ‘peace of the Church and the realm,’ was now thenceforth the old man’s perpetual prayer. Seventeen years of life remained to him after his wife’s death, and they were by no means *merely* fruitful in pious and resigned thoughts; they were often full of activity. He was treated with a certain respect for a time by the young king; he attended the assembly of notables in 1617; and he had the pleasure of sending out two of his grandsons, in 1619, on a foreign tour, and knowing they were conducting themselves in such a manner as to gain esteem.

But clouds were gathering about him. No one in the kingdom had laboured more earnestly to conciliate the two great religious parties; no one preached moderation all round with greater fervour. In vain—the Royalist party renewed the persecution of the Huguenots; the Huguenots determined to fight it out. In 1620 a fresh war began.

One of the first acts of the Royal party was to get Mornay's Castle of Saumur into their own hands. It was a very noble fortress, a very important position; and Louis the Thirteenth doubtless thought it a dangerous thing to have it held by a governor and garrison of the Huguenot faith. He need not have distrusted De Mornay, however; by no act or word had he ever swerved from the most loyal course; but Louis did not know what honour meant. He did not even tell plainly what his wish was. He knew perfectly well that Saumur was given to the Protestants as one of their towns of refuge and freedom. He begged leave to *borrow* the castle for a short while for the convenience of a temporary residence, and solemnly promised to restore it to De Mornay in three months.

Never was royal faith worse kept. He neither gave back the government, nor took care of the governor's property. He suffered De Mornay's library to be injured, some of the best of his books being even thrown into the moat, while his papers were dispersed, and his cabinets broken open.

He had retired to his own house at La Forêt sur Sevre; and finding after various applications that there was no chance of justice from Saumur, he turned his thoughts towards the final resting-place of his wife and son. It seemed to him, now that he was banished from Saumur, now that the Protestant temple and its worship were held in disrepute, that he should prefer bringing the dear remains to some spot less likely to be disturbed by religious rancour; therefore, having attached a small chapel to his own house, he gave directions for the removal of the coffins of his wife and son to this his private chapel; and there, by the codicil

to his last will, he directed that he himself should be interred.

‘And now,’ he wrote, ‘having reached the age of seventy-four years, I commit myself into the hands of my God, waiting for my hour, which will be that which seems most pleasing to Himself.’

To the very last his exhortations to his sons-in-law and their children breathe the soul of peace and dutiful obedience to the laws of their king and country. ‘If, however,’ he added, ‘the liberty and security of your churches are violated, and the sanctity of the royal oaths and edicts, you are to set at naught wealth, life, and all worldly honours, assured that he who trusts God shall never be confounded.’ This is the farthest extent of his idea of resistance—they were to condemn all earthly gains rather than violate conscience; but it is clear that he carefully guarded against giving a permission to warlike aggression.

He died on the 6th of November, 1623. His last hours were as edifying as those of his wife. The narrative scarcely belongs to this volume; neither can the glimpses we have given of one of the best and most upright of men do more than afford a very faint idea of his character and works. He was perhaps one of the most *disinterested* statesmen that ever lived. Disinterested, not merely in the contempt for worldly advancement, but in the rarer virtue of willingness to spend every power in the service of his master and his country, just as much under contumely and discouragement as in prosperity. There was neither temper nor pride in the resistance he felt himself bound occasionally to make; he held to the good of all, not to the aggrandizement of one. Such was De Mornay; and such in principle and spirit, if not in brilliancy, was his wife. Well may M.

Guizot, in his exquisite eulogium,* call them both 'finished models of piety, of virtue, and of good sense.'

* Etudes Biographiques sur la Revolution d'Angleterre, par M. Guizot. Art. Mrs. Hutchinson.

MARIE JACQUELINE ARNAULD.

(LA MÈRE ANGÉLIQUE.)

BORN 1591, DIED 1661.

THE subject of this notice, one of the most remarkable women of her age, was the daughter of an advocate of some celebrity in Paris during the reign of Henri Quatre, by name Antoine Arnauld. His father and several of his family were Huguenots, but he himself was sincerely attached to the Romish Church, to which his father also had been reconciled shortly before his death. The most remarkable trial in which he was engaged, was that occasioned by the demand of the University of Paris for the expulsion of the Jesuits, who were believed to have instigated several attempts on the King's life. M. Arnauld was retained for the University, and denounced the intrigues of the Jesuits in language which found an echo throughout France; but the Society was powerful, and though an edict for its banishment was finally issued, it was not rigidly enforced; and after a while, those who had quitted France were permitted to return. But the Jesuits never forgave the man who had held them up to public indignation; and long after M.

Arnauld's death, his children and grandchildren had cause to remember the impassioned eloquence which first drew on their family the implacable hatred of the Society of Jesus.

M. Arnauld married the daughter and heiress of M. Marion, the Advocate General, a man of great wealth, and high in the favour of King Henri; and there were born to him no less than twenty children, of whom ten lived to grow up, and several to become remarkable alike for virtues and talents. The second daughter, Marie Jacqueline, better known by her conventual name of Angélique, was born in 1591, and early gave promise of unusual powers of mind, and of a resolute energetic character. She was a great favourite with her grandfather, M. Marion, with whom, as a child, she spent much of her time, and who undertook to provide for her and her next sister Jeanne. The mode in which he proposed doing so, was by obtaining for them, through his influence with the king, some ecclesiastical endowment. That out of a numerous family, some should become nuns, was almost a matter of course in France, and we may believe that due regard was not always had to a girl's own wishes, or fitness for a cloister life; but Jacqueline and her sister took the veil under unusually scandalous circumstances. M. Marion prevailed on the king to appoint Jacqueline co-adjutrix and successor to the then Abbess of Port Royal, and to confer on Jeanne the Abbey of St. Cyr, when the children were of the respective ages of seven and five.

Jeanne was diffident and retiring, as the following incident shows. When M. Marion told them that they should both be made abbesses, the children were at first delighted, and ran off to announce their

new dignity to the rest of the family. But presently they came back, looking grave; and Jeanne said, 'Grandpapa, they tell me that an abbess must answer to God for the souls of her nuns, and I think I shall have enough to do to answer for myself, so I would rather not be an abbess;' while Jacqueline cried out, 'But I will be abbess, and I will make my nuns do their duty.'

The two sisters were soon separated; Jeanne was sent to her own convent of St. Cyr, where one of the nuns was appointed to exercise the functions of abbess, till she was old enough to undertake them herself, when she took the veil, changing her name, as was the frequent custom, and for the rest of her life was known as Agnes. Jacqueline, meanwhile, passed the year of her noviciate at Maubuisson, a wealthy convent near Pontoise. It is difficult to understand how Madame Arnauld, who in other respects showed herself a most careful mother, could have allowed a daughter of hers to set foot in Maubuisson. Great laxity was the rule at that time among convents; but Maubuisson was notorious for its profligacy. It was the habitual residence of the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrées, whose sister was the abbess, and a person of violent temper, naturally of far worse disposition than poor Gabrielle. In this polluted house Jacqueline passed her noviciate; but under the special care of Madame de Sumeauville, a nun in whose discretion Madame Arnauld had full confidence, and who was transferred from St. Cyr expressly for Jacqueline's sake.

At the year's end she took the veil, and assumed the name which she was destined to make so famous, of *Angélique*. Soon after, the Arnauld family heard with consternation that the Papal See had refused to

confirm her appointment to Port Royal. They immediately forwarded a petition that the preferment which had been refused to *Jacqueline* might be bestowed on *Angélique*, whom they represented as seventeen years of age. The discreditable manœuvre succeeded, and she was confirmed in her appointment by a Papal decree; soon after the reception of which, the abbess of Port Royal died, and *Angélique*, at ten years of age, was solemnly consecrated to the vacant office.

Port Royal, afterwards so celebrated, was at this time an obscure but very ancient convent, containing only twelve nuns. It was situated about twenty miles from Paris, and near Versailles, which had not yet become the residence of royalty, in a wooded valley, with a marshy lake at the bottom. The chapel was built by the architect of Amiens Cathedral, and was considered extremely beautiful. The rule was that of St. Bernard, a very strict one; but it was habitually infringed in every respect. The nuns possessed private property, which was considered a very grievous offence. When the General of the Order, predecessor of him who had assisted in procuring *Angélique's* elevation, had made a visit of inspection some years before, he had given strict orders that all things should be possessed in common among the nuns, and that no one should use 'that heinous and damnable mode of speech, "*my* mantle, *my* robe," but should on all occasions say "*our*" or "*your* mantle," &c. These directions were altogether disregarded, and the convent discipline must subsequently have become much more lax.

The confessor of the convent at the time of *Angélique's* installation, passed most of his time in hunting, and was so deplorably ignorant that he could not repeat the Lord's Prayer in French. How he got

through the services in Latin we are not informed; but it must have been horrible profanation. No sermons were preached except on the reception of new nuns; but under the circumstances, this was probably no loss. The Sacrament was never administered except on high festivals; and on one of these, the Purification, the celebration was omitted, because it was Carnival time, and the whole house, nuns, priest, and servants, were busy preparing for a masquerade.

In their dress the nuns copied the fashions as far as possible. Their hair, which should have been entirely concealed by the veil and bands, was displayed and carefully arranged; they wore gloves and masks out of doors to preserve their complexions, as was the custom among ladies; and above all, starched linen, probably the large ruffs then in fashion, which must have appeared incongruous enough, surmounting the white Bernardine robe. It is but justice to add that though their lives were idle and frivolous, they were no worse. Madame Arnauld, with maternal anxiety, made strict inquiries into their conduct, and obtained the removal of the only nun whom she discovered to have misconducted herself. Madame de Sumeauville accompanied Angélique to Port Royal; and a 'discreet nun,' Catherine Dupont, was appointed prioress, that the convent might not be altogether without an efficient head.

After a time we find Agnes residing with her sister at Port Royal; but for what reason she resigned St. Cyr, or whether the Papal confirmation to her appointment was never granted, we do not know. Throughout a long life, the co-operation of this favourite sister was one of Angélique's greatest earthly comforts.

Angélique's life at this time, burdened certainly by

no austerities, flattered by a show of authority, and enlivened by continual visits from her family, especially her mother, who kept an anxious watch over her daughter's conduct, would not have been very disagreeable to an ordinary child, but to her it was intolerable. She chafed incessantly against conventual restraints, thought with repugnance of the hopeless monotonous objectless life before her, and envied the lot of her eldest sister Catherine, who was married, and lived in the gay world of Paris. In her autobiography, which in after life she began at her confessor's desire, but left unfinished, she relates that at fifteen she formed a mad scheme for freeing herself from the hated bonds, by escaping from the convent, and taking refuge with her Huguenot relations at Rochelle. But just at this time she was attacked by an intermittent fever, to which, from its marshy situation, the inmates of Port Royal were especially liable. Madame Arnauld immediately came, took her home to Paris, and nursed her with the tenderest care for some time. Angélique's home affections thus awakened, reminded her of the grief and shame which her flight would cause to her parents; and she returned to Port Royal, resolving for their sakes to submit to her dreary fate.

Freedom was soon to come to the struggling prisoner, though not the freedom that she longed for, but that only perfect freedom which is found in the service of God. She little thought, when she tried to find in romances some substitute for the worldly pleasures from which she, with full powers of enjoyment, was for ever cut off, that the day would come when her convent cell would seem preferable to a palace. Manzoni's beautiful words are singularly applicable to

her. 'It is one of the peculiar attributes of Christianity that she can direct and console anyone who, under whatsoever circumstances, will have recourse to her. If there is a remedy for the past, she prescribes it, administers it, gives light and strength to carry it out; if there is none, she can in all truth, as the proverb says, make of necessity a virtue. She teaches to continue wisely that which was begun lightly, she bends the mind to embrace with affection the lot imposed by force, and gives to a choice which was rash, but which is irrevocable, all the holiness, all the wisdom, let us say it frankly, all the joy of vocation. It is such a road, that from whatever precipice, from whatever labyrinth, a man reach it, no sooner has he taken a step on it than he can go on with safety and good will, and arrive by a happy journey to a happy end.'

God's Providence so ordered, that the girl forced for worldly reasons into a convent, raised by falsehood and intrigue into a position for which, at the time, she was manifestly unfit, did yet so fill her station as to become a blessing to herself, her family, her nuns, and to hundreds more. She has left on record how, when she was about seventeen, one influence after another did its appointed work; how in Lent, having for a time laid aside her romances out of regard to the sacred season, she borrowed a devotional book from Madame de Sumeauville, which much impressed her; how, soon after, a Capuchin friar, passing by, preached a sermon in the convent chapel, on the humiliation of Christ in His Incarnation, which awakened new feelings and desires within her.

Nothing is more remarkable in Angélique's character than the strong common sense, which so ballasted her

extraordinary talents and unwearied energy, that she was never led into extravagance. Even at this crisis, a young girl too early placed in authority, in the first fervour of religious emotions, and without adequate guidance, she clearly distinguished where her duty lay, and followed it up, not impulsively, but having first fully counted the cost. It was the especial tendency of the Romish Church to look for signs, for miracles, and visions; but Angélique, though she apparently had some dreams, which might have induced an imaginative girl, in her disturbed state of mind, to fancy herself the subject of special revelations, never gave way to the thought. Long afterwards, speaking of this turning point in her life, she said that immediately after the sermon which had so touched her conscience, she became very fearful of being left a prey to delusions, and prayed to God to deliver her from those perils, adding that He had so granted her prayer that whatsoever she had heard or seen during her sleep, when she awoke she thought of it only as an idle fancy.

One of her first conclusions was, that she and her companions, having bound themselves to the rule of St. Bernard, ought to observe it, and that it was her duty, as abbess, to enforce it strictly. It was not that she valued austerities in themselves, but simply out of regard to her solemn vow, that she laid so much stress, as we shall soon find her doing, on outward observances. Some years after, St. Francis de Sales told her that he thought her mode of life too strict; and she replied, that had she been set to draw up a rule for her convent, she thought she should have made it less severe, but that when she first began to reflect on the subject, she found herself already pledged to a certain rule, and therefore had no choice in the matter.

The other nuns were far from pleased when Angélique proposed to them a return to the former strictness of the convent; compared with such houses as Maubuisson and others, theirs, they thought, was a pattern already, and they did not at all see any necessity for reform. The prioress, Catherine Dupont, talked much of prudence, and the danger of fanaticism; and poor Angélique began to fear that she could never carry out her plans in the face of universal opposition, and that she would do better to resign her burdensome dignity and retire to some better regulated convent of the Order. Meanwhile, vague rumours had reached M. Arnauld, of some fanatical ideas which a designing friar had put into his daughter's head, and he immediately sent for her to come and stay with him at Andilly, his country seat; and during her visit, incessant arguments against her folly so wearied and discomposed her, that she was heartily glad to return to her convent. Deceived by her quietness and freedom from extravagance, M. Arnauld fancied that his arguments had made a great impression, and wrote to the prioress that she would hear no more of Angélique's fanaticism. He little appreciated the steady determination of his daughter's character. Either to enforce the rule in all its strictness, or to resign the post of abbess, were the only alternatives she allowed herself to contemplate. Soon after her return, a novice took the veil; and that no friar might come this time to introduce disturbing influences, M. Arnauld applied to the Abbot of Citeaux, to send a discreet preacher. One came accordingly, but his sermon on the blessedness of suffering persecution for Christ's sake, did not produce on Angélique exactly the effect which her father had intended, and only encouraged her en-

deavours to inspire the nuns with something of her own fervour. One steady ally she had in the convent, devoted to her, heart and soul. This was Anne Gertrude Garnier, the first novice whom Angélique had received. This nun had suffered, during her noviciate, from an ulcer in the leg, which she concealed for some time, fearing that it might be a hindrance to her making her profession; but at last, with tears in her eyes, she confided to the young abbess her ailment and her fears. Angélique, with ready kindness, undertook to keep her secret, and to dress the sore daily. It soon healed under her care; Sister Anne took the veil in due time, and thenceforth her gratitude was unbounded. We may remember this little incident, a sample of many more acts of charity, when we come to read of the marvellous influence through which Angélique achieved apparent impossibilities. The other nuns also loved and revered their abbess, but were inclined to love their own comfort more; and poor Angélique became really ill with doubt and anxiety, when one day, to her astonishment, the prioress and another nun came to her privately, and told her that they guessed what made her ill, and that they would no longer oppose her wishes. With such a powerful reinforcement she was able at once to commence her plans of reform; but, with admirable judgment, she did not attempt too much at once, nor expect that the ancient strictness could in all respects be restored at a single blow. Her first attack was on private property; and on an appointed day each nun was required to bring all that she possessed into the chapel, and lay it at the abbess's feet. The command was very generally obeyed, but there were exceptions; one nun cultivated a little garden, her great delight, and could not resolve

to give it up, but after some months she yielded, and sent in the key; another, who resolutely opposed every reform, was removed from the convent; and a real beginning was made in realizing Angélique's ideal community.

When M. Arnauld found that, contrary to his confident expectations, he had by no means heard the last of his daughter's fanaticism, he became alarmed lest her sensitive conscience should be revolted at the manner in which her preferment had been secured, and immediately wrote to the Court of Rome, confessing the fraud which he had before practised, making the most of his daughter's piety and zeal, and of his own liberality towards the convent, as a preliminary to requesting a confirmation of her appointment. After some hesitation and investigation, his request was granted, provided that Angélique again took the veil, her first profession having been irregular, in consequence of her age. Angélique complied with reluctance, not that she had now any wish to escape from a convent life, but she felt severely the burden of responsibility, and did not desire to bind it afresh on her shoulders. She yielded, however, to her father's entreaties, and at the age of eighteen, a second time pronounced her vows; this time, we may feel sure, with full perception of their meaning, and full purpose to observe them heartily.

Her next step in reform was to restore the enclosure, as it was called; that is, the strict separation from the outer world. Visitors were no longer admitted into the interior of the convent, but were shown into the parlour, which had a separate entrance, and here they communicated with the nuns through a double grating. Angélique announced this new arrangement by letter

to her family, begging them not to take it amiss if she received their visits, for the future, subject to the same restraint. Madame Arnauld so little believed that Angélique would carry her intention, that she never acquainted her husband with the change, and suffered him to fix a day for paying a visit to Port Royal, in utter ignorance of the reception that awaited him. M. Arnauld, his wife, their eldest son, Robert d' Andilly, and two daughters, Madame le Maitre, and Eugénie Arnauld, composed the party, which drove up to the great gates of the convent, and demanded admission. Angélique, who had heard of their coming, and had been seeking strength on her knees for the approaching trial, went to the gates, but instead of opening them begged her father to go into the parlour, where she would come and speak to him through the grate! M. Arnauld was amazed and indignant at so unexpected a reception, and loudly insisted on admittance. The abbess still begged him to go into the parlour, where she would explain everything to him. M. Arnauld refused; and he, his wife, and son, joined in railing, in violent terms, against what they considered Angélique's ungrateful and undutiful conduct. The nuns were not pleased that their benefactor should be so offended, and one began to search for the keys, but Angélique had previously secured them. Presently M. Arnauld demanded that two younger daughters, Agnes and Marie Claire, who were under their elder sister's care, should be brought out to him, intending to secure an entrance as soon as the gates were opened; but Angélique sent them out by a back door, under the charge of a nun whom she could depend on, and M. Arnauld was again foiled. Agnes gravely began to defend her sister's conduct, and to quote the Council

of Trent ; which did not tend to appease her father's anger. At last the party turned away to depart ; then M. Arnauld hastily returned and went into the parlour, where Angélique soon appeared at the grate. M. Arnauld had exhausted his reproaches, and now took a solemn farewell, concluding, 'If you have still any love for the old father whose heart you are breaking, take care of your health, and do not kill yourself with austerities.' Angélique was prepared to meet anger and abuse, but words of love were far more agitating to her, and, overcome with distress, she fell down fainting. Her father, terrified, and unable to assist her, called loudly for help, but it was long before he could make the nuns understand what had happened. When, at length, Angélique regained consciousness, there was no need for her to entreat him not to leave her in anger ; he was ready to concede anything and everything ; he would never oppose her again.

Agnes and Marie Claire were sent back to the convent, and the painful scene ended in tranquillity. Nor did Angélique ever again meet with obstacles from her own family. Every one of her five sisters became, sooner or later, nuns of Port Royal, as well as her mother, several nieces, and other relatives. We cannot help pitying M. Arnauld, who so suddenly found himself limited to such scanty communication with his daughter ; but we must remember that he had brought it on himself, by inducing her, for the sake of worldly profit, to take vows which he never intended her to observe to their full extent ; vows which, at his own entreaties, she had solemnly renewed only four months before. All ecclesiastical history shows, that when once men and women have cut themselves off, irrevocably, from the ordinary ties and duties of life, they

must needs give themselves artificial support by strict rules and incessant employment, or a life of weary aimless vacancy is the least evil that will befall them. In judging of Angélique's conduct we must bear all this in mind, and then we shall not lightly condemn her as superstitious. She was very far from looking on austerities as ends in themselves, and indeed, discouraged the practice of those which were not prescribed by the convent rule, saying that severe self-mortifications were as often the indication of pride as of true devotion.

Little by little, one change after another was introduced. A vegetable diet, as prescribed by the rules, was again enforced; Angélique herself having abstained from meat for some time before she required the others to do so. Silence was another regulation, which meant, absolute silence at certain hours of every day, and avoidance at all times of unnecessary conversation. The vow of poverty was considered by most of the nuns to be quite superfluous, as the convent revenues amounted only to 6000 livres annually; but the abbess thought differently. She declined any longer to receive the money which her father had been accustomed to send, and enforced the extremest economy in all the household arrangements. The porcelain table services, Madame Arnauld's present, were sold, and their place supplied by coarse earthenware: serge, instead of linen, was used for the under-clothing of the nuns, and the food became proportionably coarse. At the end of eight years the reform was complete. The nuns no longer spent their time in idleness, nor were they allowed to employ themselves in tapestry or embroidery, as then was, and still is, the practice in many convents. Such occupations would have been inconsistent with

Angélique's idea of a true nun: their duties were to educate children, to nurse the sick, to prepare food and make clothes for the poor; so that the inhabitants of Port Royal became the benefactresses of the whole neighbourhood, and the fame of their sanctity spread far and wide. One of Angélique's greatest difficulties was to find a confessor on whom she could rely. It says little for the character of the French clergy at this time, that she was obliged to dismiss several in succession, on the ground of immorality or of incompetence. She had, for a time, thought herself happy to procure the appointment of Père Vauclare, the monk whose sermon on the blessedness of persecution had come at so happy a moment, to sustain her fainting energies; but she was equally glad to secure his dismissal in a short time. Singularly enough, her chief spiritual adviser for some years was an Englishman; a Capuchin friar, of the house of Pembroke, whom some chance brought to Port Royal, and who aided her with his advice throughout her perplexities during the period of reform.

When Angélique was in her twenty-seventh year, a most arduous task was imposed upon her by the General of the Cistercians, who had learnt something of her value. He desired her to undertake the reform of the convent of Maubuisson, where she had passed her noviciate, and which was in a most disgraceful state. The wicked Madame d'Estrees still held rule there; but her protectors, Gabrielle and King Henry, were both dead, and she had alienated her own family, who possessed great influence, by promoting her youngest sister's marriage with a very worthless man, the Count de Sanzé, who apparently spent much of his time in the convent. Under these circumstances the Cistercian

BIOGRAPHIES OF GOOD WOMEN.

General gathered courage for an attack on such flagrant disorders as prevailed at Maubuisson. He first sent gentle remonstrances to the abbess, but finding that ill-treatment of the bearers was the only effect they produced, he obtained a royal warrant for her arrest and imprisonment, and a body of archers to enforce it. The last was not a needless precaution, for the lady resisted desperately, and was at last forced into a carriage by the archers, in sad disarray. When she was safely consigned to the Convent des Filles Pénitentes, the General announced to the nuns that he had made choice of Madame de Port Royal as their temporary head, till the king should be pleased to appoint an abbess; and soon after, he escorted Angélique thither, and presented her to the nuns.

Angélique came prepared to encounter great difficulties, and determined opposition on the part of the nuns. She brought with her three of her Port Royal companions, one of whom was her sister, Marie Claire, Agnes, meanwhile, being left to supply Angélique's place. In an exhortation addressed to her assistants before their departure, she explained to them the difficulties which she anticipated, and warned them that their whole strength and energy would be required, and that they must be ready to exert themselves to the very uttermost, even to the cost of their lives, should God require it at their hands. The Maubuisson nuns, who had heard of Angélique's fame as a reformer, had expected her arrival with terror and dislike, and were somewhat surprised when, at her arrival, she greeted them with the utmost warmth, embracing those who had been her childish friends, and calling them by the pet names she had formerly bestowed on them. They had expected very different manners from the rigid

task-mistress with whom they had been threatened, but they did not altogether relax from the air of chilly respect with which they had received her. Angélique soon found that all her powers would indeed be tasked to the uttermost, for the ignorance of the nuns concerning the simplest principles of religion was almost incredible. Even the periodical confession required of them was so much above their capacity, that in despair of knowing what was proper to be said on such occasions, they had obtained two or three written forms, and rehearsed them mechanically. They had been accustomed to spend most of their time at cards and other games of chance, and in summer frequently concluded the day by a dance on the grass with the monks of a neighbouring convent. The chapel services were hurried through in the most discordant and irreverent manner. Angélique knew that great patience was necessary with them, and her first endeavour was to set them a sample of the conduct she wished them to pursue. She refused to inhabit the abbess' apartments, which had been magnificently furnished by Madame d'Estrees, but took possession of the smallest and most inconvenient cell in the house, where she slept on a straw mattress, covered only with her robe. She took an active share in all the work of the house, even assisting to sweep, to wash the dishes, and to weed the garden. To restore the enclosure, and exclude the dissolute visitors who had made a lounge of the convent and its grounds, was absolutely necessary, and was done without loss of time; then, gently and by degrees, the other rules were enforced.

Some of the nuns, though wretchedly ignorant, were well-meaning and willing to be taught, but the perverseness of others tried her patience extremely. Still

she was always kind and gentle to them ; always ready to show them little attentions, desiring, if possible, to win them over by love rather than severity. She soon found, that to counteract the low tone prevalent in the convent, a new element was required ; and she therefore made known her wish to receive novices. Out of the crowd of applicants she chose thirty, whom she judged to be the most devoted, and trained them carefully, with the assistance of the three Port Royal nuns. She gave them religious instruction, insisted on habits of industry and self-denial, and on quietness and modesty of demeanour, and taught them singing and chanting, that the services in the chapel might be conducted with more propriety than formerly. The novices soon became strongly attached to her, several of the elder nuns were also won over, and all seemed less stubborn than at first ; matters wore, if not a satisfactory, at least a hopeful aspect, when one morning, Angélique, proceeding along one of the passages, came, to her utter astonishment, face to face with Madame d' Estrees.

This worthless woman had contrived, during her imprisonment, to keep up continual communications with one of the nuns, and having effected her escape, had been admitted into the convent by her accomplice, whilst her brother-in-law, the Count de Sanzé, with some attendants, waited outside, ready to assist should strong arms and weapons be required. Angélique, though surprised, was not at all disconcerted, but received her unwelcome visitor with all the respect due to the abbess, and at her desire conducted her to her former apartments. But Madame d' Estrees found that the rich hangings and splendid furniture had all been removed, that the rooms were fitted up as an infirmary, and that one was occupied by two sick nuns. She

expressed her disgust in unmeasured terms, while Angélique coldly reminded her that her visit was an unexpected one. Madame d' Estrees was left to her retirement, while Angélique went to order a dinner for her, and then took her own meal, as usual, with the novices. But Madame d' Estrees thought, and very justly, that with whatever respect she might be treated, she should be a mere cipher in the house so as the quiet unyielding Angélique remained there, determined to be rid of her. She exhausted her requests, commands, and threats, but could extract no other answer, but that Angélique would return to her own convent when commanded to do so by her lawful superiors; till then she would remain where they had placed her. The day passed on, and all went to the chapel at the usual hour. While Angélique was quietly kneeling at her devotions, Madame d' Estrees suddenly seized her and tried to drag her to the outer door, which her accomplice threw open. Some of the novices came to Angélique's defence, and attacked the assailant so vigorously as to give her a pretext for screaming for help. The Count de Sanzé and his followers were awaiting this summons; and instantly rushing in with drawn swords, they tried to frighten Angélique into running out through the open door, but as she did not move, and continued perfectly calm, they dragged her forcibly outside the convent. Nearly all the novices, and several of the old nuns, rushed out after her, before the gates could be secured, which was more than Madame d' Estrees had intended, and clinging round their beloved mother, declared that nothing should part them from her.

It was now evening, and above thirty helpless women were thus left in the open air, not knowing where they

should find food or a night's lodging. Angélique, collected as ever, desired them all to kneel down while she prayed for Divine guidance and protection; then she arranged them two and two in procession, the novices first, then the nuns, herself last of all; and thus, their hands clasped and their veils drawn over their faces, they moved down into the town of Pontoise, and into the first church which they reached. So unusual a sight of course attracted much attention, and the clergy of the town hastened to the church to learn what had happened, and to offer their advice and assistance. The Grand Vicar placed his own house at the abbess' disposal; the people of Pontoise crowded with offers of food and furniture, to one whom they all looked on as a saint; and the nuns were soon comfortably settled, and pursuing their ordinary routine in their new abode.

Madame d' Estrees did not long enjoy her triumph; for the Cistercian General, hearing of her intrusion, speedily appeared with a body of troops. Madame d' Estrees herself escaped for a time, having been warned of his approach; but her confidante, who had admitted her, was arrested and transferred to another convent, apparently to Port Royal, for we find her there some years after, an entirely altered character. Angélique and her nuns were re-conducted to Maubuisson, amid the applause of all Pontoise; but quiet was not yet restored, for Madame d' Estrees was concealed in the neighbourhood, and her riotous body-guard prowled about the convent, firing in at the windows, and continually alarming the nuns. The general sent a guard for the protection of the convent, but Angélique requested that it should be withdrawn, and bade the terrified sisters trust in God rather than in human protection. After a time Madame d' Estrees was dis-

covered and re-imprisoned, but the strict discipline to which she was subjected worked no improvement in her. When, at length, she was released, she sank from one degradation to another, and at last died in abject misery, having squandered away the ample income which had been secured to her from the convent revenues.

At the end of five years from Angélique's first arrival, a permanent abbess was appointed by the King, and she and her three companions prepared to return to Port Royal. The new abbess was not one to maintain the reforms introduced so laboriously, and showed her character very quickly to Angélique by murmuring at the number of portionless nuns who had lately been received to burthen the establishment. 'Madame,' replied Angélique, 'if the wealthy convent of Maubuisson cannot afford to support these poor sisters, the little community of Port Royal will gladly receive them.' And accordingly thirty nuns and novices quitted Maubuisson with Angélique, and were warmly welcomed at Port Royal by those who, a few years before, had thought the convent revenues a scanty maintenance for twelve. A conviction that much of the effect of her labours would quickly be destroyed was poor compensation, had she looked for an earthly one, for five years of labour and anxiety so severe that one of her assistants, Sister Isabelle, died immediately on her return to Port Royal; and the health of Marie Claire Arnauld was permanently impaired. Angélique herself seems to have possessed an iron constitution, corresponding to her masculine energy of character, and we do not find that at this time she suffered from her exertions. One incidental advantage she gained from her residence at Maubuisson—the friendship of St.

Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, who being on a visit at Paris, came to Maubuisson to confirm the daughter of a friend, who was a novice there. He was much impressed by Angélique, while she felt no less veneration for him; and the intercourse thus begun was continued by letter to the end of his life.

Maubuisson was but one of several convents of the Cistercian Order which felt Angélique's influence. Some she visited herself, to others her sister Agnes was despatched; but we have no means of knowing whether the reforms introduced lasted after the sisters had withdrawn their personal superintendence. Meanwhile, the fame of Port Royal and its pious abbess had spread throughout France, and crowds of candidates pressed for admission; the more as it was well known that a low-born and penniless girl, provided she were suited to the life which awaited her, would be as welcome as an heiress. Angélique, though often sorely straitened for money, never allowed the question of dowry to influence her decision on the admission or rejection of a candidate. No girl whose parents sent her for worldly reasons to take the veil, was ever accepted at Port Royal, however ample her fortune. Though many of those who applied were dismissed as unfit for a nun's life, so many were accepted, that the convent became dangerously overcrowded. Eighty nuns inhabited a house built for twelve, and unhealthily situated in a damp valley. Infectious sickness raged among them, yet the places of the dead were speedily filled up. The Arnauld family had done much in repairing and enlarging the building, but it was far from meeting the requirements of its inmates; and at last Angélique gave an unwilling consent to a change of residence. Madame Arnauld, now a widow with a

large fortune, purchased a house with extensive grounds in the Faubourg St. Jacques, at Paris, and presented it to the community. Other friends fitted up the interior, and built a chapel and cloisters; and in 1625 the nuns took possession of their new abode, which was henceforth known as Port Royal de Paris, the old convent being distinguished as Port Royal des Champs. Madame Arnauld herself was one of the first nuns whom Angélique admitted into the community after the removal to Paris. All the younger daughters had already taken the veil at Port Royal; and the eldest, Madame le Maitre, who had led a very unhappy married life, and was now separated from her husband, boarded in the convent until his death permitted her also to become a nun.

Notwithstanding the liberality of many friends, the expenses of Port Royal were always in advance of the means; but Angélique never swerved from her disinterested rule of conduct; and at the very time when the outlay attendant on their removal had involved the community deeply in debt, she rejected three girls of high rank, with whom she would have received 39,000 livres, because she knew that their friends destined them for the convent only to enable their sisters to marry more advantageously.

About this time Angélique became acquainted with Monseigneur Zamet, Bishop of Langres, who succeeded to the post of director, which the death of St. Francis de Sales had left vacant. Angélique's usually quick penetration into character had somewhat failed in this instance, for the choice proved an unfortunate one; the Bishop of Langres, though probably well-meaning, being very unwise.

Sobriety of mind, humility, and self-denial, had

hitherto been the characteristics of Port Royal; but the confessors recommended by the new director were mystic visionaries, who encouraged morbid self-dissection, and extravagant raptures of devotion. Visions and revelations became ordinary occurrences; and the sisterhood not only expected miracles, but arranged what the first should be. One of the nuns who was deaf and dumb, was placed in the chapel before the Host and surrounded with lighted candles, while all the rest watched and prayed the whole night through, fully expecting to find her restored to speech and hearing by the morning. It is impossible to believe that Angélique could have approved of such presumptuous folly; and in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, we may suppose that it was perpetrated during one of her many expeditions to other convents. It was at this time that the custom was first introduced at Port Royal of perpetual adoration before the Host; the nuns succeeding one another in this office day and night without intermission. Unfortunately, just as this atmosphere of mysticism and extravagance was gaining ground, Angélique, considering her reforms securely established, fulfilled her long-cherished purpose of resigning her office, having previously obtained a license from the Crown, authorizing the sisterhood to elect their abbess and prioress triennially. Agnes, who had hitherto held the office of prioress, went for a time, by the request of the Bishop of Langres, to superintend the monastery of Tard, and Marie Claire accompanied her. Bitter mortifications were in store for Angélique; for the newly-elected abbess, Mère Genevieve, forthwith proceeded, with the bishop's full approval, to undo all that Angélique had for twenty years laboured to establish. Porcelain and luxurious cookery again appeared

in the refectory; the chapel was thrown open to the public; popular preachers were engaged; the ceremonial which, under Angélique's superintendence, had been simple and reverent, now became as gorgeous as flowers, incense, and music could make it; noble birth and riches were considered the first qualifications for novices, while occasional outrageously severe penances kept up the reputation of the house for sanctity, and excited more attention, perhaps more admiration, from the public than the daily and hourly unobtrusive self-denial which had formerly been the rule of the convent. So far the relapse of Port Royal is easily understood, and is what we might expect to take place under a worldly-minded self-indulgent abbess; but the treatment which Angélique personally encountered is quite inexplicable, unless we suppose that Mère Genevieve, in a perfectly fiendish spirit, thus avenged herself for years of enforced obedience and self-denial. First, Angélique was obliged once more to become a novice, that she might learn how to obey, it was said; and was frequently insulted in the grossest manner. Once she was led round the refectory with a basket of filth round her neck, and pointed out to the sisterhood as one 'whose mind was fuller of perverseness than the basket of filth.' On another occasion she was obliged to wear a paper mask, while the nuns were desired to pray for the conversion of the hypocrite. More than once, a life of her, composed for the occasion, in which the vilest falsehoods were asserted of her, was read aloud in the refectory, in the presence of the whole community, while she herself sat by listening. She was forbidden to see her friends, to speak to the other nuns, or to write to her sister Agnes at Tard.

I repeat this account as it has come down to us; but

BIOGRAPHIES OF GOOD WOMEN.

not help suspecting some gross exaggeration. It is quite conceivable that one woman should carry spite to any extent, but scarcely possible that a community of eighty, who all, as we are repeatedly told, idolized Angélique, should have quietly acquiesced in treatment, to read of which even now makes the blood boil. However strict the theory of obedience may have been, the abbess must in practice have been amenable to the opinion of those on whom she was dependent for re-election, and who did in fact re-elect her at the end of the three years. Among the nuns who we are to suppose looked on with indifference at Angélique's sufferings, were her own mother and three sisters, the first a munificent benefactress to the establishment; and many poor girls who owed their admission to their late abbess' generosity. Besides, Angélique had powerful and wealthy relations, whom the community would not wantonly wish to offend; and the Archbishop of Paris, under whose jurisdiction the convent had lately been placed, had the highest esteem for her.

In about three years Angélique quitted Port Royal, to become abbess of a new convent founded in honour of the Holy Sacrament, of which the Archbishop of Paris and the Bishop of Langres had the joint superintendence. Angélique's appointment was owing to the Archbishop of Paris, her fast friend, and was very unacceptable to the Bishop of Langres, who endeavoured to counterbalance her influence by appointing a tool of his own to be prioress. We may feel sure that Angélique had no voice in the regulations of the new convent. The nuns were all to be of noble birth, and to possess a dowry of 10,000 livres at least; the dress was becoming, the mode of life comfortable, and the services in the chapel attractive. The chief object, in short,

appeared to be to attract ladies of rank, and to make a pleasant society in the convent. We know few details of the three years which Angélique passed in the house of the Holy Sacrament; but they could not have been very happy ones for her. The rules were quite repugnant to her ideas; the prioress thwarted her continually; and the two bishops, her superiors, were always at variance. Another source of discomfort was an accusation of heresy brought by some ill-wishers to the new establishment against a devotional book written by Agnes Arnauld. The book had never been published, and only a few manuscript copies were in the hands of private friends; yet so much discussion was raised upon it, that it was at last referred to the Court of Rome, which, without condemning the work, forbade its publication lest it should give further offence.

At length Angélique asked and obtained leave to resign in favour of Mère Genevieve, and gladly escaped to Port Royal, of which convent Agnes, who had now returned from Tard, was elected abbess on Mère Genevieve's removal. Agnes had long been thoroughly imbued with her sister's ideas; and under her rule the former simplicity of life was soon restored. The change was not effected without some difficulty, for the Bishop of Langres would not willingly part with the authority which Angélique had incautiously permitted him to exercise, and still kept up a party among the nuns in opposition to the abbess, which was headed unhappily by her sister Marie Claire. A rich widow, Madame de Pont Carré, who boarded in the house, and who, because she had lent the community a large sum of money, thought herself entitled to dictate to them, strongly supported the insubordinate nuns. At last Agnes was able to raise the borrowed money, and

having repaid the lady, requested her to leave the house; the bishop was desired to hold no further intercourse with the nuns, and not to interfere where he had no legal authority. And thus cut off from evil influences, Marie Claire was at length induced to own herself in the wrong, and to submit. Marie Claire seems to have possessed much of Angélique's talent and energy, and much too of her ardent devotion; but with none of her restraining sobriety of judgment. She had been brought up from childhood under Angélique's care; when only twenty, she had been chosen to assist in the arduous mission of reform at Maubuisson, and had afterwards been the assistant of Agnes at Tard. It seems that her opposition arose rather from blind devotion to the Bishop of Langres, than from ill-will to her sisters, or dislike to the more self-denying mode of life which they enforced. We can catch some glimpses of her ardent ill-balanced mind in the advice given her by the Abbé de St. Cyran, the new director of the convent—a man of very different and very superior stamp to his predecessor. He warned her against vehement expressions of feeling even in her repentance, lest half-unconsciously she should display more than she felt, and become unreal. 'I do not want the grief which shows itself in the senses; beware of your tears. I want neither looks nor sighs nor gestures, but a silence of spirit which forbids all movement. Pray to God, and be His without affectation.' She begged that she might be allowed to testify her repentance and submission by becoming a lay sister, or servant of the convent; and he agreed, probably thinking that household work would be a good corrective to her flightiness of disposition, but added significantly, 'You must render yourself the equal of the lay sisters in all things,

only you must try to be the humblest of them all.' On another occasion he said to her, 'We must forget the past. If it were necessary to think of our old sins, none of us could be happy. He who has commanded us not to look back when we have put our hand to the plough, does as He would have us do; He does not recall the past sins of a soul that seeks His kingdom.' But the connection of St. Cyran with Port Royal produced such important consequences, that it is necessary to give some account of him.

Jean Vergies de Hauranne, Abbé de St. Cyran, was an ecclesiastic of noble family, who had been educated at the University of Louvaine, where he formed a close friendship with a fellow-student, Cornelius Jansen, better known afterwards by his Latinized name of Jansenius. After leaving the university, the two friends lived and studied together for some years at St. Cyran's residence at Bayonne. They gave their principal attention to the Holy Scriptures; and while reading the Fathers diligently as commentators, they assigned to them a distinctly subordinate place as being uninspired—a distinction not always clearly kept in view by the Romish Church. Accusations of Protestantism were afterwards unsparingly showered on these two distinguished men and their followers; but, glad as we might be to claim community of doctrine with persons of such learning and piety, it does not appear that they ever wavered in allegiance to the Church of their birth. But their clear powerful minds, enlightened by continual study of God's Word, were able to distinguish and embrace the strong foundations of Christianity common to them and ourselves, while more lightly regarding the inventions of men with which Rome had overlaid them.

In 1626 the friends separated, Jansenius returning to Flanders, where he was afterwards raised to the Bishopric of Ypres, while St. Cyran proceeded to Paris. He was warmly welcomed by Cardinal Richelieu, who knew and esteemed him as a learned man, and would willingly have opened to him the road of preferment, had he desired it. But the pious abbé did not desire power or riches, and carefully avoided laying himself under any obligation to the unscrupulous cardinal, who would have expected to be repaid by subserviency; and he therefore refused several bishoprics, which were offered him in succession. He soon became well known in Paris as a director, and obtained remarkable influence over those who consulted; and the number, rank, and austere lives of his disciples, soon attracted notice. Over the whole Arnauld family his influence was soon supreme. He had made acquaintance first with M. Arnauld de Andilly, who held a situation at court, and by him was introduced to his sister Angélique. Apparently, she saw little of him until she became Abbess of the Convent du Saint Sacrament, of which St. Cyran was appointed confessor. He soon gained her high esteem; and when the decisive breach with M. de Langres occurred, St. Cyran became Director of Port Royal, no doubt through her recommendation.

Another community sprang up shortly after, which likewise acknowledged St. Cyran as its guide. Several young men of rank resolved to retire from the world, and lead together a life of poverty and self-denial. Among them were two sons of Angélique's eldest sister—MM. le Maître and de Sericourt—the first already celebrated as an advocate, the second as a soldier; and they were subsequently joined by the third brother, De Sacy, by M. Arnauld d' Andilly, and one of

his sons. They were not strictly monks, for they took no vows ; but they led a life of labour and self-denial, such as few monks at that time could surpass. By St. Cyran's advice, several schools for boys of different ranks were established, and superintended by the recluses, many of whom were men of distinguished talents. Their first dwelling was a small house, erected for them by Madame le Maitre, in the court-yard of Port Royal ; but as their close neighbourhood to the nuns was disapproved by the Archbishop of Paris, they soon left it, and took possession of Port Royal des Champs, which had been deserted by the nuns for fifteen years, and was now nearly ruinous. Through neglect it had become more unhealthy than ever ; but the recluses set vigorously to work with their own hands to repair the buildings, drain the marshes, clear away the underwood, and cultivate the ground, so that in a short time the aspect of the valley was completely changed. Two schools, one for the rich and another for the poor, were established there, in addition to those elsewhere, which were still kept up. The numbers of the community were constantly increased by recruits from all ranks of society, all of whom found employment suited to them. While some superintended the schools, others passed their time in study ; one was a physician, and gave his attendance and medicines liberally to the poor of the neighbourhood ; others cultivated the ground, or made shoes and clothes for themselves, their companions, and the poor. For a short time all prospered with the community ; they won the admiration of all, their schools were crowded ; but their success had raised against them a formidable enemy, the great society of the Jesuits.

The first followers of Ignatius Loyola had, by their

talents and piety, gained remarkable ascendancy over the minds of men throughout Roman Catholic Europe; they had almost monopolized the education of the young, and the confessors of men of rank were most frequently Jesuits. Even when the society had greatly degenerated from the piety of its founders, accusations of indolence, avarice, and the grosser vices, were seldom brought against its members; but they had succumbed to a more subtle temptation, the desire of influence. No doubt they flattered themselves with the thought that it was only the means of leading men to the right path, for which they strove so eagerly; but power for itself was their absorbing passion: their marvellous organization, by which all the members seemed to lose their individuality, and to have neither will nor conscience of their own, enabled the superiors to guide them all as one man towards the desired ends; and they soon learnt to make use of the most unworthy means to increase the number of those who flocked to Jesuit preachers, who consulted Jesuit directors. If the penitents were really pious men, or anxious to become so, it was well; but the far greater number, who were neither one nor the other, still must be conciliated. If they would not forsake their sins, the confessor's ingenuity was racked to find some excuse. Thus the gentleman learnt, that in vindication of his honour, it might be a venial sin to fight a duel, or even to stab the man who insulted him; the bankrupt, that for his children's sake it might be excusable to conceal his property from his creditors; and the servant, that he might supply the deficiency of his wages by robbing his master.

While the Jesuit influence, outwardly so strong, was hollow and rotten within, St. Cyran was attracting

more and more attention. A hundred tomes of cobweb casuistry were annihilated when he bid his hearers repent of their sins, love God with all their hearts, and seek His grace to do His Will, and not their own. His writings and discourses attracted many who had dimly felt that religion, as the Jesuits taught it, was but a pitiful thing. A large proportion of the talent of France was drawn to his side; the schools which he superintended were crowded with pupils; and the Jesuits, trembling for their power, seized the readiest weapon, and insinuated accusations of heresy against him and his followers. Cardinal Richelieu was already deeply offended by St. Cyran's rejection of his advances, and had seen so many 'controversies decided by infallible artillery,' as to be readily alarmed by the whisper of a growing heresy, and therefore determined to put a stop to the troubles which he feared by imprisoning the abbé, who, without being accused of any offence, was suddenly arrested, and carried to the Fortress of Vincennes, the recluses being soon after desired to leave Port Royal des Champs.

Many details have been preserved to us of St. Cyran's conduct in prison, of his devotion, patience, and kindness towards the guards and his fellow-prisoners. He would often deprive himself of necessities in order to assist others. And on one occasion, he sold some of his beloved books to buy clothing for a lady and gentleman whom he had observed to be very poorly clad; nor did he think it beneath him to direct that the garments should be 'handsome, and in the fashion, as became their rank—that looking on each other, they may for a little while forget that they are prisoners.' The Jesuits failed to gain their proposed end by St. Cyran's imprisonment. He was not less revered;

the recluses, who soon returned to Port Royal, continued to increase their numbers, and their schools were still crowded. M. Singlin, one of St. Cyran's favourite disciples, had been appointed by him to fill his place as director, both to the recluses, and to the nuns of Port Royal, and was accepted by both communities as the best substitute for the man whom they almost idolized. Angélique felt strongly, and expressed with unguarded vehemence, indignation at the shameful injustice with which St. Cyran was treated. Her joy, and that of the whole sisterhood, was very great, when, at Cardinal Richelieu's death, he was released. Agnes, who was still abbess, received the intelligence at the hour devoted to silence; but unable to keep the joyful intelligence to herself for a moment, she rose and unloosed her girdle, to signify the loosing of their director's bonds. The news was soon confirmed by his own appearance among them; but his constitution had been completely broken by the severity of his imprisonment, and in a few more months he was gone from them for ever. None of her many trials so wrung Angélique's heart as the death of St. Cyran, whose advice and guidance she had enjoyed only long enough to know his value. He had been director of the convent for two years only before his imprisonment; but during the five years which he spent at Vincennes, the nuns had the comfort of knowing that they still received his counsels indirectly through M. Singlin, who corresponded continually with him, and consulted him on every question.

Except the one great grief of St. Cyran's death, Angélique's life was for many years an uneventful one. Agnes was abbess for six years, and then she herself held the office for twelve more. The reputation of the

convent had not lessened; candidates for admission still pressed, and parents of the highest rank sent their daughters thither for education. Among the pupils were several English, whose parents had been driven into exile by the Civil War; and one of them was afterwards well known at the Court of Charles II. as La Belle Hamilton. Another was Louisa de Gonzaga, afterwards Queen of Poland, who through her whole life kept up an affectionate correspondence with Angélique, and had intended to become a nun at Port Royal in case she survived her husband. Nor was Port Royal less remarkable for the amount of talent possessed by its members. Agnes, her niece Angélique, Arnauld d' Andilly, Jacqueline Pascal, sister of the celebrated opponent of the Jesuits, Marie des Anges, aunt of the celebrated Nicole, and several other nuns, were distinguished for their literary abilities, and left writings behind them which were much valued, chiefly memoirs and devotional works; and we must remember that the power of composition among women of that day implied a far higher relative degree of cultivation than now.

In 1648, Angélique obtained leave to divide her community, now far too numerous for their abode, and to return with one portion of them to Port Royal des Champs, to which she had always been much attached. The two houses formed but one community, under the same abbess; and the nuns seem to have been transferred from one to the other as their services were required. Angélique herself, accompanied by seven nuns and two lay sisters, came to inhabit her former home, the quiet of which was far more grateful to her, now declining in years and failing in health, than the larger and more crowded house in Paris. The neighbouring poor, who

had preserved an affectionate remembrance of her during five-and-twenty years of absence, assembled in crowds round the convent on the day of her arrival, and welcomed her with acclamations and tears of joy. They had good reason to be delighted, for none have carried out more thoroughly than Angélique her own admirable maxim—‘Religious retirement does not deserve the name, unless the Christian diligently labours by his industry and talents, as well as by his prayers, to serve to the uttermost that secular society which his conscience has forced him to quit.’ The benefit of the admirable education, which the sons of the neighbouring peasantry had for some time enjoyed, was now extended to their daughters; and when the children came dirty and ragged, the nuns would wash and comb them, and give them new clothes. An infirmary was established within the convent walls, where the poor were received and carefully attended to. Angélique, who had a particular talent for nursing, spent much of her time in the infirmary, dressing sores with her own hands, and studying in many ways to alleviate the sufferings of the patients. The recluses meanwhile had retired to a farm-house in the neighbourhood, and never held any intercourse with the nuns except by letter, though many of them had near relations in the convent.

After the division of the community, M. Singlin found his duties as confessor too laborious, and associated with himself Isaac de Saci, Angélique’s youngest nephew; who superintended, as his share, Port Royal des Champs and the recluses, while Singlin was enabled to give his undivided attention to Port Royal de Paris. By this arrangement, De Saci’s own mother, his aunt, and two elder brothers, were placed under his spiritual direction, which would seem to us a singular reversing

of the natural order; but everyone seems to have acquiesced contentedly, except Antoine le Maitre, the eldest brother, who begged hard, but vainly, that some other of the community might be his confessor. The more he disliked the arrangement, the more it was judged necessary for him, and at last he yielded.

All that the Port Royalists could do for the poor, was soon needed to relieve the terrible sufferings caused by the War of the Fronde, which broke out during the very year in which Angélique quitted Paris. Cardinal Mazarin, who through his influence with the Queen Regent was absolute master of France, had made himself extremely obnoxious to the nobility, and a coalition was formed against him which forced him to a hasty flight. Armies were levied on both sides, and the country was soon reduced to a state more deplorable than we can realize in the present day. All was violence, pillage, and bloodshed. The soldiers of both parties burnt, plundered, and murdered with impunity. Paris was the especial prize contended for, and in that neighbourhood the distress was greatest. Angélique and her nuns devoted themselves energetically to relieve the miseries of the poor; and the following extract from a letter, written by her to Port Royal de Paris, gives a vivid idea of their exertions, and of the fearful state of the country.

‘We are all occupied in contriving soups and pottage for the poor. This is indeed an awful time! Our gentlemen, as they were taking their rounds, found two persons starved to death, and met with a young woman on the point of killing her child, because she had no food for it. All is pillaged around; corn-fields are trampled over by the cavalry in presence of the starving owners. Despair has seized all whose trust is

not in God ; no one will any longer plough or dig ; indeed, there are no horses left for the former, nor is any person certain of reaping what he sows—all is pillaged. Perhaps I shall not be able to send you a letter to-morrow, for all our horses and asses are dead with hunger, as we were forced to divide their provender between ourselves and the starving poor. We concealed as many of the peasants and their cattle as we could in our monastery, to save them from being murdered, and losing all their substance. Our dormitory and the chapter-house were full of horses, so that we were half-stifled. In the cellar were concealed forty cows. Our court-yard and out-house were stuffed full of fowls, ducks, turkeys, and asses. When we told the peasants that we had no room for more, they cried, “Keep them yourselves, then ; we had rather you had them than the soldiers.” The church is piled up to the ceiling with sacks of corn, beans, and pease, and with caldrons, kettles, and other things, belonging to the cottagers. Every time we enter it we are obliged to scramble over sacks of flour and all sorts of rubbish ; while the floor of the choir is completely covered with the books belonging to our gentlemen. Thirty or forty nuns from other convents have fled here for refuge. Our laundry is thronged with the aged, the blind, the lame, and infants. The infirmary is full of sick and wounded. We have torn up all our rags and linen clothes to dress their sores ; we have no more, and are at our wits’ end. The cold is excessive, and all our firewood is consumed, and we dare not venture into the fields for more, as they are full of marauding parties. We hear that the Abbey of St. Cyran has been burnt and pillaged. Our own is threatened with an attack every day. We are so closely crowded that deaths

happen every day. The cold weather alone preserves us from pestilence. God protects us, and we are at peace.'

Not only Port Royal des Champs, but the Paris establishment, suffered much in consequence of this war; for the convent estates being ravaged, the nuns often ran a risk of actual starvation, yet they never relaxed in their charity. Fugitives were taken in by scores, lodged and fed, when no one knew where the next day's meal was to come from, yet they never were reduced to actual extremity of want. The first war lasted about a year, when, Mazarin having regained his authority, some degree of peace was restored; but after a while fresh disturbances broke out, and all the former scenes of bloodshed were renewed for three years more. Angélique wished to brave the danger out, as she had done before; but the friends of Port Royal prevailed on her to take refuge at Paris for a time, and she went, with most of the nuns; but two of the elder ones heroically remained behind, to do what they could for the suffering peasantry, and we are assured that they supplied food daily to two hundred persons. We must suppose that they were assisted by contributions from other charitable persons. Meanwhile the recluses and some of their friends took temporary possession of the convent, and fortified it so as to withstand the attacks of pillaging parties. De Sericourt was dead; but there were other old soldiers among them, under whose direction they practised military manœuvres, and planned a warm reception for any enemy. But De Saci, their confessor, did not approve of these warlike preparations, thinking, mistakenly as it would seem to us, that self-defence showed a want of faith in God's Providence. At last he

reluctantly conceded that in case of an attack they might fire muskets without ball, to alarm the assailants. The old soldiers probably felt cold water thrown upon them by this suggestion, and their martial ardour did not long survive it.

During the absence of the nuns the convent was repaired and greatly enlarged, a new dormitory of seventy-two cells being built. Some of Angélique's friends advised her to suspend operations till the end of the war; because the price of all building materials was then very high, and a strong escort was required to convey them safely; but she replied that the need of guards and watches would enable her to give employment to so many the more starving peasants. She persevered in her benevolent scheme, and the buildings were completed; having cost twice the sum they would have done in more peaceful times, but having given bread to five hundred workmen, who must otherwise have been destitute, or as many did, have betaken themselves to a marauding life as the only means of subsistence.

When the new dormitory was complete, and before the war was well over, Angélique and her nuns returned to Port Royal des Champs, and resumed in person their charitable labours. They exerted the utmost ingenuity in turning the most trifling things to some account, suffering nothing to be wasted which might be converted into food or clothing. Though at this time greatly embarrassed for want of money, the abbess never withheld relief from those who were in need, out of consideration for the future. Nor was it only the very poor who were assisted by her. She gave to many tradesmen, whom the war had ruined, sums of money sufficient to set them up again in business; or relieved

them from expense by receiving their children into the convent gratuitously as pupils. She was also very generous to convents which, less fortunate than her own, had been plundered during the war, presenting them with large sums to repair the injuries they had received.

The succeeding period was perhaps that of the highest prosperity of Port Royal. The unceasing exertions of the abbess and her nuns to relieve the miseries around them had attracted general admiration, and abundant gifts poured in to repair their wasted finances. Many visitors of the highest rank came to see the convent so famed for charity, and could not sufficiently admire the incessant industry, the cheerfulness, order, and regularity, which prevailed. Every nun, as well as every recluse, had some special employment, for which each was found best suited. Some nuns attended to the children who boarded in the convent, some to the peasant children who came daily for instruction, some superintended the cookery for the poor, others nursed the patients in the infirmary, while others spun, wove, and made up clothes for the poor; and the tasks of the recluses were equally varied and useful, the chief difference being that some of the latter passed their time principally in study, and produced several valuable works. But among all these charitable labours the directors of Port Royal enforced the paramount necessity of private prayer, meditation, and study of the Holy Scriptures. On the latter especially great stress was laid; and the recluses were advised to study the Bible without any commentary—a most unusual practice in the Romish Church. ‘Draw continually from this pure source,’ wrote De Saci; ‘the sacred waters have this peculiarity, they proportion

themselves to the wants of everyone ; a lamb may ford them without fear, to quench his thirst ; and an elephant may swim there, and find no bottom to their depths.' Singlin was also very anxious to impress the importance of Scriptural studies upon those under his direction, as is amply testified by his 'Instructions to the Nuns of Port Royal, on the Scripture of the Day,' which are still extant, and fill six large volumes. De Saci himself made a translation of the Bible, which is considered the best in the French language, and is that now used by the Bible Society.

But a storm had for some time been gathering, which was soon to burst on the heads of the Port Royalists. The Jesuits, implacable in their animosity towards the name of Arnauld, and jealous of the superior influence exercised over the public mind by St. Cyran and his followers, had never ceased in their endeavours to render their rivals suspected of heresy. The special point on which they grounded their accusations was the abstruse one of grace and free-will ; on which disputes had frequently been rife in the Church, and which had been considered in some measure an open question. The Jesuits, with their sure but shallow instinct for popularity, had adopted that view of the subject which appeals to the intellect and to the pride of the heart rather than that which satisfies man's deeper cravings, and had developed a scheme which claimed so much for the free-will of man as to leave little scope for God's grace—a scheme for which their influence procured very general acceptance. St. Cyran, and his friend Jansenius, had been led by their study of the Scriptures and the Fathers to a very different conclusion—that which had been taught by St. Augustine, and defended with Middle Age subtilties by Thomas Aquinas. Both

these writers were held in great veneration by the Romish Church, but to the general public their doctrines were something less familiar than their names; and few but professed theologians were qualified to refute the persevering assertions of the Jesuits, that St. Cyran's principles bordered dangerously on Calvinism. They prevailed on Cardinal Richelieu, as we have seen, to imprison St. Cyran, lest the new doctrine should cause dangerous commotions in the state; and an opportunity for attack soon after presented itself, on which they seized with avidity.

While St. Cyran was in the Castle of Vincennes, Jansenius died, leaving behind him a voluminous commentary on St. Augustine's works, on which he had laboured for twenty years. By his will, he directed that this work should, previous to publication, be presented to the Pope for approval. But his executors, fearing that the Jesuit influence at Rome would obtain the condemnation of the book, published it in haste without seeking the Papal sanction, and incautiously added some severe remarks on the Jesuit theologians, whose teaching they identified with that of the Pelagian heretics, against whom St. Augustine had written. It did not require these comments to rouse the Jesuits, and an unparalleled storm of controversy ensued. The Port Royalists and their numerous friends welcomed the book, as containing a full statement of St. Cyran's views, which were known to correspond completely with those of Jansenius. The Jesuits appealed vehemently to Rome for judgment against this new heresy, as they termed it. The Papal policy was opposed to giving hasty judgments, especially on questions of abstruse theology; and the matter remained in suspense for several years, during which the war of tongues and

pens raged fiercely in France. The Jansenists had a decided superiority in talent, and, in addition to the more serious controversies carried on through pamphlets, took care to regale the laughter-loving Parisians with an occasional good story at their adversaries' expense. A deputation was sent to the recluses at Port Royal des Champs, to discover what heretical practices prevailed there; but Antoine le Maitre, who, as a skilled barrister, was put forward by the rest to answer interrogatories, proved himself fully a match for his opponents.

It was a common idea that the recluses pretended to special revelations, a misrepresentation, in all probability, of their teaching on the subject of Divine grace; and the inquisitor, accordingly, asked M. le Maitre whether he ever had visions. He replied, with all the gravity that so important a question demanded, that when he looked out of one window he had a vision of the hamlet of Vaumurier, and that from the other he had a vision of the village of St. Lambert. Another story ran, that a bishop, strongly attached to the Jesuit party, one day entered the refectory of a monastery just as the reader was pronouncing the words, 'For it is God that worketh in us, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.' He indignantly called out to know what Jansenist book they had been reading, and was utterly discomfited when the monks respectfully presented to him the New Testament. So fierce was the controversy, that the Archbishop of Paris, though generally friendly to Port Royal, suspended Singlin from his functions at Port Royal for some months, because he had introduced the disputed topic into a sermon preached in the convent chapel; the archbishop having, for the sake of peace, interdicted all mention of the subject in the pulpit.

In 1649 the controversy took a new and very singular turn. Father Cornet, a Jesuit, presented to the Sorbonne for judgment some propositions on the subject of grace, which he said were sometimes advanced by theological students. These propositions clearly involved the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, and would have been condemned without hesitation by the Sorbonne, but for an accidental interruption which broke up the assembly. The Jesuits referred the point to Rome, begging for a decision which should clearly define the doctrine of the Church. It now began to be whispered, that these propositions were extracted from the book of Jansenius, and that his upholders would soon be declared heretics by the Papal See—a prediction so far fulfilled, that, after long deliberations, the five propositions were pronounced heretical and impious. The contending parties grew fiercer than ever; the Jansenists called on their opponents to point out the propositions in the commentary; the Jesuits, who found it difficult to answer the challenge directly, replied by showers of calumnies on Jansenius, on St. Cyran, Mère Angélique, her nuns, and the Port Royalists generally. They were infidels, they were Calvinists, they had entered into a secret league with the Huguenots, they led immoral lives, they despised the Sacraments of the Church. Jansenius' life was canvassed in the minutest particulars, in hopes of finding some plausible accusation. Happily, few men could better afford to undergo such a strict investigation: he had led a singularly blameless life, and was so much beloved by the people of Ypres, that when the bishop, his successor, gave orders that his tomb should be destroyed, and his body torn from the grave as that of a heretic, the command was carried into effect by night with all possible secrecy. The

Port Royalists and their friends were looked on at least with suspicion. M. Arnauld d' Andilly's second son was dismissed from his situation at court; another nobleman was told by his confessor that he would not grant him absolution till he had taken his granddaughter from Port Royal, where he had placed her for education.

The Jansenists, who condemned the five propositions as unreservedly as the Jesuits themselves, and only denied that they were the doctrine of Jansenius, were naturally indignant at being treated as heretics; and several of their first men endeavoured to prove their orthodoxy. Antoine Arnauld, the youngest brother of Angélique, first undertook the defence of his party, and was forthwith expelled from the Sorbonne, of which he was a member. The great Pascal, who had long been intimately connected with Port Royal, then entered the lists, and in a series of publications, famous under the name of *The Provincial Letters*, he held the Jesuits up to the contempt of all France, for their selfish intrigues and time-serving casuistry. But though a good cause and immense superiority of talents were with the Jansenists, physical force was with their opponents. Cardinal Mazarin, unhappily for the Port Royalists, was strongly prejudiced against them, because Cardinal de Retz, his avowed enemy, who was nephew and coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris, had, like his uncle, greatly favoured them.

A lieutenant of police appeared at Les Granges, with orders to expel the recluses and close their schools. Timely warning had been conveyed to them, however, and they had all fled, except two, who had disguised themselves as peasants, and played their part so well, that the lieutenant never suspected them of being

other than they seemed. The officer then proceeded to the convent, and interrogated Angélique, but more courteously than she had anticipated. Of course, he entirely failed to elicit from her any admission of heretical opinions or practices. She was at this time no longer abbess, the Mère Marie des Anges having been chosen at the last election ; but she was always considered, and with reason, as the soul, if not strictly the head, of the establishment. Up to this time the nuns, with the exception of Angélique herself, had known very little of the controversy, and she had been silent on the subject, quietly pursuing her round of duties. After this alarming visit, however, it was no longer possible to conceal from the nuns that something was impending ; and rumours of the severe measures resolved on by the Government, were in constant circulation through the anxious sisterhood. Imperfectly acquainted with the cause of so much disturbance, and altogether unconscious of any offence, they heard that the scholars and novices were to be sent away, and the nuns imprisoned. It seems probable that some such plans were really under discussion, when a stop was put to the progress of the persecution by a very singular and perplexing incident, commonly known as the Miracle of the Holy Thorn.

Among the scholars of Port Royal de Paris was a child of eleven years old, Marguerite Perrier, niece to Pascal. This child had suffered for three years from a frightful fistula in the corner of her eye, which had eaten away internally through the bones of her nose and the roof of her mouth. It was considered nearly a hopeless case, but the surgeons, as a last resource, were about to try the effect of an operation little less terrible than the disease itself, the burning it out with red hot

iron. On the 23rd of March, 1656, a priest brought a relic to the convent, which he said was one of the thorns from our Saviour's crown; this was placed on the altar of the chapel, and after divine service the nuns, novices, and scholars approached by turns, and reverently kissed it. When Marguerite Perrier's turn came, Sœur Flavie Passart, the mistress of the scholars, advised her to touch her bad eye with the relic, which she did. In the evening, the same nun came to the abbess, Mère Marie des Anges, and told her that the child was cured, that the disease had passed away from the moment that she applied the relic to her eye. The abbess hastened to see with her own eyes what had happened, and gave thanks to God for so wonderful a cure. She communicated the event to Agnes Arnauld, and to Jacqueline Pascal, the child's aunt. The latter next day wrote a minute account of what had happened to her sister, Madame Perrier, describing Marguerite's previous sufferings and shocking appearance, and her present state of perfect health. Monsieur Perrier instantly hurried up from Auvergne to convince himself with his own eyes; and in his delight at finding his daughter perfectly cured, he proclaimed the miracle among all his friends. The abbess had desired the nuns not to mention the occurrence to strangers, as it was better to attract no public notice at such a dangerous time; and Racine, whose aunt was at this time a nun in the convent, assures us, that a week afterwards some of the sisterhood had not heard of it, which, if true, is hardly the least remarkable part of the transaction. Notwithstanding the abbess's reticence, M. Perrier, and the surgeon who had attended the child, soon spread the news, so that in a few days it was generally known in Paris, and even at court. The

Queen Regent sent her own surgeon to Port Royal to examine the child, and the Archbishop of Paris also made a close investigation; and the result was, that the miracle was generally believed in, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the Jesuits to discredit it—that it was considered a Divine attestation of the innocence and orthodoxy of the Port Royalists, and that, in consequence, the nuns were left unmolested, and the recluses permitted to return to Les Granges. These circumstances are as well attested by many and credible witnesses as any other historical event; but we are not obliged, because we accept the facts, to accept also the explanation which was then given of them. The authenticity of the relic, and its virtues, are certainly questions not worth discussing; but we need not therefore conclude the whole story an imposture. The Sœur Flavie, who advised Marguerite to touch her eye with the relic, and who was the first to proclaim the miracle, was certainly a very artful woman, and afterwards attempted to pass off as miracles several palpable impostures; but it is difficult to believe that, in a matter so palpable to all the senses, she could have deceived the abbess, her nuns, especially the child's aunt, her parents, the surgeons, and the priests sent by the archbishop.

It is impossible to suspect such persons as Agnes Arnauld, Jacqueline Pascal, the Mère des Anges, of conniving at so blasphemous an imposture, especially as they did not try to make it known; and if we were uncharitable enough to suspect them of it, and even suppose M. and Madame Perrier to have acquiesced, for Jacqueline's sake, or out of attachment to the convent, what motive had the surgeons and priests for assenting, or how could they have been deceived? The

explanation suggested by Mr. Beard, in his interesting history of Port Royal, seems the most satisfactory—that the disease was first caused by a stoppage in the tear-duct, and gradually, by eating away the bone, formed a fresh passage; that the slight pressure of the relic was sufficient to clear away the remaining obstruction, and that the immediate relief was so great, and the healing of the parts affected so rapid, as to appear quite unaccountable to the imperfect medical knowledge of that day.

Angélique, who was still at Port Royal des Champs, of course was soon informed of the wonderful event, and received the intelligence with her usual calm good sense. She warned the sisterhood against thinking and talking of what had happened, and especially against expecting more miracles, saying that she expected no others, and if it were for her to wish for any special manifestation of God's power, it should be for the conversion of souls, and not for the cure of bodily diseases. It was utterly in vain to give such advice to the majority. Such a break on their monotonous lives inflamed the imaginations of nearly all; and for months after, reports of marvellous cures were circulated, and the convent was thronged by fashionable crowds who came to see the relic which had worked so wonderful a cure, and who hoped to see others equally wonderful. Many even royal ladies chose, as a place of temporary retreat for devotion, the convent which had been so distinguished; and of some we may believe that they came with better motives than the indulgence of a somewhat morbid curiosity, and that they reaped real benefit from their sojourn. Among these was the celebrated Duchess de Longueville, who learnt, at Port Royal, to repent sincerely of the unscrupulous purposes to which she had

applied her surpassing beauty and remarkable talents. From thenceforth she passed much of her time in a house which she had built for herself within the enclosure of Port Royal des Champs. She had to answer for a large share of the misery endured in the late civil wars, which had been fermented by her ambitious intrigues; and she gave the best proof of the sincerity of her repentance, by living in very simple style, and devoting the larger part of her vast fortune to the relief of those who had thereby been ruined. For five years more the Port Royalists lived undisturbed; and all things went on as formerly, except that the schools superintended by the recluses never regained their former number of pupils, the parents having probably been too much alarmed by the late police visit.

Still the Jesuits were untiring in their animosity, and ceased not to petition the Court of Rome to put an end to the schism in France, by a clear declaration on the Five Propositions. At length a Papal bull reached France, containing a second formal condemnation of these propositions, which were now expressly declared to be extracted from the commentary of Jansenius. There seemed to be now no loop-hole of escape for the Port Royalists, but that they must either retract all their recently expressed opinions, and declare a heretic a man whom they regarded as a saint, or place themselves in direct opposition to the Pope, a terrible alternative for sincere Roman Catholics. They, however, found a middle course; they expressed the fullest belief in the Pope's infallibility in matters of doctrine, and with him condemned the Five Propositions as heretical, but asserted that in a matter of fact he was as liable to be deceived as any other man, and had been induced by crafty misrepresentations to believe that the com-

mentary of Jansenius contained doctrine quite different to that which was really to be found there. The Jesuits invoked the secular power to force conviction on these schismatics, who so obstinately refused to impale themselves on either horn of the dilemma so carefully prepared for them; but Cardinal Mazarin, who declared that the Jesuits gave him more trouble than all the rest of the kingdom put together, and perhaps was jealous of their influence with the young Louis XIV., roughly declined to interfere in the matter. Towards the end of 1660, Mazarin died; Louis assumed the reins of government, and now the Jesuits joyfully anticipated their approaching triumph. The King, at their instigation, sanctioned the drawing up of a formulary which embodied the substance of the late Papal bull, and issued an edict, by which all bishops, clergy, and members of religious communities, both monks and nuns, were required to sign it. The consternation among the Jansenists was very great, and a spirit of greater resistance than had been anticipated, was aroused. Antoine le Maitre, when the formulary was first proposed, had written in a spirit of fiery indignation against such an inquisitorial measure, and many others protested against the infringement of the liberties of the Gallican Church. The Parliament, which was not at the commencement of Louis XIV.'s reign the mere shadow of the great name to which it had sunk by its conclusion, refused to register the royal edict. Four bishops declined to sign the formulary themselves, or to advise their clergy to do so; and it is worth noticing, that one of the four was Henri Arnauld, Bishop of Angers, and brother of Angélique. It is a proof that the whole persecution was simply an attack on Port Royal, that the bishops, who, if purity of

doctrine had been the real object, were certainly more likely to do harm than the nuns of a poor Cistercian convent, were left unmolested in their sees, while the whole weight of the storm fell on Port Royal. The Lieutenant of Police again appeared at Les Granges, with orders to close the schools and drive away the recluses. As before, they had received timely notice: Singlin, De Saci, St. Matthi, and Antoine Arnauld; who were to have been arrested, concealed themselves, and the rest dispersed. D'Andilly alone would not leave the cherished spot, and the lieutenant found him and his son the only inhabitants of the place. As the community was dispersed, he did not think it necessary to disturb one old man of nearly eighty years of age, but retired without interfering with him. Orders, meanwhile, had been received at the two convents of Port Royal, that all the scholars and novices were to be sent away within a week, and no others received. The formulary could not be presented to them for signature till Parliament had confirmed the edict; but the king took their resistance for granted, and treated them accordingly. Angélique was at this time at Port Royal des Champs, in her seventieth year, and in very feeble health; yet she was felt to be the mainstay of the community in this hour of trial. Hearing from Agnes, who was now again abbess, that her presence was much desired at Port Royal de Paris, she prepared to set out thither, but first took a solemn farewell of those whom she was about to leave, comforting them, exhorting them to trust in God, and giving them advice applicable to their probable future difficulties. She was carried in a litter to Paris, being too feeble to bear the motion of a carriage, and there she found all dismay and confusion. The nuns, deprived of the support of

their director's advice, and dreading what might be in store for them, gave way to tears and lamentations; the scholars and novices, many of whom had been brought up in the convent almost from their cradles, were in great distress at being thus suddenly forced to leave their kind friends, and some entreated to be kept as servants.

Into the mourning house Angélique entered like a sunbeam. 'What, do I see tears here? What means this, my children? Have you no faith? Trust in God, and fear Him only, and all will go well.' But her own fortitude was sorely taxed, when, one by one, the scholars and novices came to take a tearful leave of her. She had personally superintended the education of many among them, and was much attached to them; and she thought of their return to the temptations of the world, with the dread natural to one whose own life had been passed within a convent enclosure. When the grand-daughters of the Duke de Luynes, whom she especially loved, and who were to have taken the veil in a short time, came to bid her farewell, she threw herself upon her knees, and prayed aloud to God for faith to support her through the time of trial. She then accompanied them to the carriage, and was able calmly to commit them to the Divine protection. Madame de Chevreuse, who was waiting in the carriage to receive her young relatives, complimented Angélique on the firmness with which she bore her troubles; to which she replied, 'Madame, when there is no longer a God in Heaven, I shall begin to lose heart.'

The painful leavetakings were at length over, and all the children and young people gone, but Angélique was far from being left to the tranquillity which her age and weakness demanded. To the regular occupations

of the convent succeeded a turmoil of harassing business. Friends came daily to offer advice and counsel on the best means of averting further persecutions; others, out of mistaken kindness, urged her to submit to the court; and ecclesiastics were sent to ply her and the other nuns with threats and arguments. Besides being summoned to continual interviews of the most harassing description, she was frequently occupied far into the night by writing letters, petitions, and remonstrances to the court, letters of business and of friendly advice to those who needed it. Some of the latter, which have been preserved among her published letters, are very interesting. The blessedness of suffering for the truth's sake seems to have been continually in her thoughts; and in a letter addressed to M. de Seigné, a firm friend of Port Royal, she recommends him to speak of the proceedings against them as little and as simply as possible, that so humility might be preserved, as though she felt persecution so honourable a distinction that she dreaded being unduly exalted by it. She caused additional hours of devotion to be observed in the convent, that special prayers might be offered for help in the approaching trials; and she herself offered many fervent petitions, both for those still around her, and for the young people lately returned to the temptations of the world. It is not wonderful that under such continual exertions, her bodily powers soon gave way. In less than a month after her arrival in Paris, she fainted away one day on leaving the chapel, and was carried to her bed, whence she never rose again. Her complaint was dropsy, and she suffered greatly from a feeling of suffocation, which made it impossible for her to lie down, and caused her life for the last two months to resemble one long death agony. Feeling that her

end was near, she collected all her energy for one final effort to benefit the community, and dictated a long letter to the Queen Mother, explaining the scruples which the sisters felt against signing the formulary, and requesting indulgence for them. It is a singular proof of the energy and ability of this most remarkable woman, that though the letter was dictated by fragments, when she was in the last stage of weakness, and was frequently interrupted by her faintings and convulsions, so eloquent and impressive was it, that the court at first believed that the three most able men of Port Royal, Arnould, Nicoli, and Saci, had united their talents for its composition.

When the letter was finished, corrected, and dispatched, 'Now,' she said, 'my earthly business is done,' and never again paid any attention to worldly matters. When a young nun one day began to speak to her of some business, she checked her, saying, 'My work is done, it is time for me to sabbathize.' Singlin and De Sacy were concealed in a house close by, and both occasionally ventured in disguise to visit their dying friend, and offer her the consolations of religion; but a rumour reached the Government that they were secreted in the convent, and bodies of police frequently came, unexpectedly, to search for them, so that they were warned not to come to the convent again; and Angélique was told that she had seen them for the last time.

'My poor nephew,' she said, 'he must come no more; well, he could do nothing for me without God; and God, without him, can do for me all that I require.' Singlin had been her confessor for more than twenty years, and she felt deeply the loss of his counsels, but she never allowed herself to complain. 'I have

always,' she said, 'esteemed M. Singlin's direction more than any earthly blessing, and I do so still; but I have never put man in the place of God. Let us go straight to the fountain, which is God Himself. He never fails those who trust in Him.' At another time, hearing the nuns who were sitting with her, bewailing the loss of their directors, she roused herself to say, 'Let us show our sense of their value by emulating their faith and practising their instructions, not by bewailing their loss. There was no religious house in France more blessed than ours with pious and learned directors. But spiritual wealth has temptations at least as dangerous as temporal wealth. While men gave us credit for the knowledge of the truth, God has mercifully afforded us this means of self-examination how far we have the love of it.' Many other such weighty sentences fell from her lips; yet she seemed even annoyed if what she thought too much importance was attached to what she said. On one occasion she observed one of the nuns writing down some of her remarks, and immediately desired her to burn the paper, saying that it was a snare of the adversary of souls that they should think more of the words of a sinner like herself, than of the promises of the Gospel; and when she was reminded that many sayings of the Mère des Anges were remembered after her death with great profit, she replied, 'That dear Mère was very simple and very humble, and I am neither.'

It is strange, but instructive, as showing how little reliance should be placed on mere feeling, especially in the dying, to learn at the commencement of her illness, she looked forward with dread to the eternal future. When Singlin took leave of her for the last time, she said, 'Good-bye, Father, I promise you that I will no

longer be afraid of God.' If any might have been expected to await death with joy and triumph, surely it was Angélique Arnould. From the middle of May to the beginning of August, Angélique remained in a state of great bodily suffering and continually increasing weakness; and her death seemed frequently to be so near, that the last Sacraments were three times administered to her. As her strength failed, she more rarely spoke, though her mind was clear and strong to the very last. She liked to have the curtains drawn closely round her bed; and when those who watched her drew them back, to see if she wanted anything, they generally found her hands clasped, and her lips moving in prayer, and now and then they heard an ejaculation, or a verse of a Psalm. At length, on Sunday, August the 6th, the Feast of the Transfiguration, she passed quietly away; and the tolling of the great bell announced to Singlin and Sacy, in their poor place of concealment, that their dear friend was released for ever from trouble and suffering. Thus drearily, as men see, died the great Abbess of Port Royal; one who, for talents and piety combined, can find few equals among women.

There is little need to give a summary of her character, for it was written in her actions. To her natural energy and conscientiousness, Christianity had added a meekness and gentleness which were not innate, and a large hearted charity. From the time when, a girl of seventeen, she set herself resolutely to enforce the rule which she had vowed to observe, to that when, at seventy gasping for breath, she persevered in dictating the remonstrance to the Queen—to recognize a duty, and to enter on it, were with her the same thing. 'Neglect nothing,' she would say; 'the most trivial

action may be performed to God. Seek after holiness as a miser hunts for gold; nothing is so small that he cannot make on it some profit. If Christian charity be in your heart, your whole life may be one continual exercise of it. The shutting a door gently, walking softly, speaking low, rising quietly in the morning so as not to disturb the sick, or the choice of a seat so as to leave the most convenient for others—all might become occasions of its exercise.' To show that she thoroughly carried out this principle, I may mention that one of the lay sisters hurt her hand, and lay screaming with the pain, when Angélique, that no one else might have their nights disturbed, took her into her own cell. 'Cry out, daughter,' she said to her, 'don't restrain yourself. I brought you here that you might cry out.' Her natural vehemence of disposition flashed out occasionally to the last, in the manner in which she would dart direct at her object. One of the nuns, who took refuge at Port Royal during the civil war, came with gloves and other finery, and her robe set out into fashionable amplitude. Instantly the abbess seized her, and before the nun could guess what was going to happen, she found her skirts much contracted, and all the superfluities tossed into a corner. Such vehement ways rather startled timid persons. Antoine le Maitre acknowledged that he could never conquer his fear of her; and Madame d' Aumont said, 'I agree better with La Mère Agnes; our Mother is too strong for me.' But the suffering, the starving, the penitent, found the gentlest of comforters in the quick energetic woman. The poor of Paris came in crowds to the convent chapel, where her body was laid out, to look once more on their benefactress, and to entreat some little memorial of her,

which the nuns gladly gave, for their chief comfort for her loss was in seeing how many sympathized with them.

Angélique improved to the utmost the very small opportunities of instruction, which were at first granted to her; and in after life she enjoyed unusual advantages in the continual advice and direction of some of the wisest and holiest men in France. Through them she gained far clearer light, and escaped the temptation so especially strong in the Church of Rome, of resting content with a life of outward religion instead of aspiring ever to higher holiness. Their commanding talents and influence preserved her, too, from filling a position most dangerous to a woman—that of supreme authority in her little kingdom.

The ruin which at her death was impending over her family and her cherished institution, soon came upon them. Not long after her death, the new Archbishop of Paris came to the convent and took away eighteen of the principal nuns, including all who bore the hated name of Arnould. D'Andilly entreated that his only surviving sister Agnes, and his daughters, might be allowed to live with him, but in vain; they were separately imprisoned in different convents, while some nuns of a different Order were set over the rest of the community. After a time, a compromise was arranged with the Court of Rome, through the influence of the Duchesse de Longueville; and the nuns who had held firmly to their principles were re-united at Port Royal des Champs, under the aged Mère Agnes, to whom her niece, Angélique d' Andilly, succeeded as abbess.

But their protectress died, and Jesuit influence procured the complete destruction of Port Royal. The

recluses were thrown into the Bastille, the nuns imprisoned in different convents; and just a hundred years from the time that Mère Angélique commenced her reformation, Port Royal des Champs was demolished, the bodies of those who were buried there torn from their graves, and the site ploughed out. Antoine Arnauld, the last survivor, as he was the greatest, of as remarkable a family as the world has often seen, had died some years before, in extreme old age, in poverty and exile, at Brussels. One of the latest of his numerous works was written in defence of the Jesuits, those implacable enemies of his family. For many years he had waged controversial war with them; through their intrigues he was now a poor exile; but when he thought that the English Government, in the panic of the Popish Plot, were disposed to treat them unjustly, the pen which had so often denounced them, was ready in their vindication. Are there many controversialists of whom we could say the same?

How much injury was suffered by France through the expulsion of some of the best and wisest of her children, it is not easy to estimate. The Jesuits gained little by their triumph; in the eager struggle after worldly power, they had lost all the true influence they formerly possessed; and in the succeeding reign they were expelled from France, followed by few regrets. Their casuistry has brought lasting discredit, not only on themselves, but on the Church, which for a time was not ashamed to sanction it, and to this day there are many who believe that some of the principles put forth by the Jesuits to serve temporary purposes, as the lawfulness of murdering kings excommunicated by the Pope, &c., are the avowed maxims of the Romish Church. The Jesuit casuistry may well have

helped to smoothe the downward path of France, to the shameless profligacy of the Regency, and the hideous atheism of the Revolution ; and we may hope, on the other hand, that the remembrance of the Port Royal saints has continued to exercise, in secret, a purifying influence over many minds.

JEANNE BOUVIÈRES DE LA MOTHE.**(MADAME GUYON.)****BORN 1648, DIED 1717.**

JEANNE MARIE BOUVIERES DE LA MOTHE, who, under her married name of **Madame Guyon**, afterwards became so celebrated in France, as the leader of the sect called **Quietists**, was born on the 13th of April, 1648, of a noble family, residing at **Montargis**, in **Orleannois**. She was the offspring of a second marriage on both sides, both her father and mother having had children by previous unions; her father a son and daughter, her mother a daughter. **Jeanne Marie** was a very sickly infant; and though she lived till nearly seventy years of age, she suffered from ill health more or less throughout her whole life. She seems to have been very early distinguished for lively agreeable manners, for brilliant talents, and for strong but fitful religious impulses. Very little care was bestowed upon her by her mother, who, as **Madame Guyon** subsequently recorded in her autobiography, left her almost entirely to the servants. The greater part of her childhood, however, was spent in different convents, which then afforded almost the only means of

education for girls. When only two years old, she was sent away from home, and placed for a time in the Ursuline convent of Montargis. At four years of age, she was sent to the Benedictine convent in the same town, at the especial desire of the Duchess de Montbazon, an intimate friend of the Seigneur de la Mothe, who was then boarding in the convent, and wished for the company of his little daughter. Even at this early age she attracted notice by the fervour of her religious professions. On one occasion she declared before the other scholars that she would gladly die a martyr for God's sake; and they, either as a thoughtless joke, or possibly suspecting the poor child of acting a part to attract attention, played upon her a very cruel trick. They persuaded her that she was really called on to die in testimony of her faith; and after allowing her a short time for prayer, conducted her to a room where they had made preparations for a mock execution. One of the elder girls stood as executioner, with a great sword in her hand. Jeanne Marie was ordered to kneel down and receive the fatal blow; but naturally, the little creature's courage gave way, and catching at the first excuse she could think of, she exclaimed that she was not at liberty to die without her father's consent. The girls, having gained their object of frightening her into a retractation of her former boast, let her go, with many taunts on the difference between her profession and her practice, which deeply wounded the sensitive girl, and had the effect for some time after of restraining her enthusiastic expressions of devotion.

At the age of six, after another short interval of home life, she was again sent to the Ursuline convent, where the special duty of the nuns was the education

of the young. Her two half sisters had taken the veil in this convent ; and the Seigneur de la Mothe recommended the little Jeanne Marie more particularly to the care of his own daughter. This lady, who was a person of great piety, as well as talent and energy, devoted herself heartily to fulfilling the trust ; and the four years spent under her care seem to have been the only period of Jeanne Marie's life passed in regular study. Even during this time her lessons were often interrupted on account of her ill health. The standard of female education in France, in the reign of Louis XIV., was not very high ; and Madame Guyon afterwards considered that, under the care of her good sister, she had enjoyed at least the ordinary advantages.

On returning home for a visit, when seven years old, she found that Henrietta Maria, the widowed Queen of England, was staying at her father's house ; and she gives the following account of the interest she herself excited in the royal party. 'My father told the Queen's confessor that he might amuse himself by asking me questions. He propounded some very difficult ones, to which I returned such correct answers, that he carried me to the Queen, and said, 'Your Majesty must have some diversion with this child.' The Queen was so much charmed by her engaging manners and lively answers, that she pressed M. de la Mothe to place his daughter under her charge, promising to take the greatest care of her, and to make her maid of honour to her own daughter, the Princess Henrietta ; M. de la Mothe, however, declined the proffered honours ; and his resolution was in after years a subject of thankfulness to his daughter, who was convinced that it would have been very injurious to be thrown among the gaieties of court at so early an age. Instead, therefore,

of accompanying the Queen on her return to Paris, Jeanne Marie returned to the Ursuline Convent, and to the care of her half-sister, who spared no pains in developing her faculties, and training her up religiously. In the minute account which Madame Guyon gives of her early life, she mentions as the principal among her girlish faults, great vanity, and failure in strict adherence to the truth. The latter was most likely due to that habit of mental exaggeration, so common with persons of lively imagination, which makes it difficult for them to relate any circumstance that has interested them precisely as it happened. Traces of both these faults may be found in Madame Guyon's after-life, and furnish a key to the peculiarities which were sad flaws in her undoubtedly genuine and ardent piety. At ten years of age she was removed from her sister's care, and brought home; and soon after was sent to the Dominican convent in Montargis, where the prioress, an old friend of the family, proposed to take the especial charge of her. The prioress, however, had many other claims on her attention, and Jeanne Marie was in consequence left a great deal to herself. She relates, that while in this convent, a Bible was left in her cell, whether by accident or not she never knew; and on this book, unknown to her previously, her mind seized with avidity; 'I spent whole days,' she says, 'in reading it, giving no attention to other books, or other subjects, from morning to night; and having great powers of recollection, I committed to memory the historical parts entirely.' Making some allowances for the tone of exaggeration which pervades her Memoirs, especially where she speaks of herself, we may well believe that the Scriptures made a considerable impression on her mind; and perhaps the eager perusal,

thus recorded, laid the foundations of the Biblical knowledge afterwards displayed in her Commentaries on the Bible, published in twenty volumes.

She remained but eight months at the Dominican convent, and was then sent once more to the Ursulines, to prepare, under her sister's instructions, for her Confirmation and first Communion. The solemnity of the occasion, and her sister's careful teaching, led her to make many earnest resolutions of devoting herself entirely to God's service; resolutions which seemed at the time to be fleeting, but which bore fruit in after years. Though at the time of her confirmation she was but twelve years old, her parents seem to have considered that, in modern phrase, her education was finished, for she returned home soon after, and was introduced into society. Her appearance is described to us, both by herself and others, as remarkably attractive. She was tall, of a good figure, and fast developing at this time into a very beautiful young woman, while her refined manners and great conversational powers much increased her charms. Her mother, proud of her daughter's appearance, dressed her expensively; and the beautiful Mademoiselle de la Mothe attracted, even at that early age, many admirers, and some lovers. Her vanity thus found abundance of food, and increased accordingly; and all the good resolutions which had been made in the quiet convent seemed forgotten in the pleasures of society. Yet if they readily passed from her mind, a trifling circumstance would as readily recall them. One day, while she was walking out with some young friends, her cousin, M. de Toissi, called at her father's house. He was about to go as a missionary to Cochin China, and had come to Montargis to take leave of his relatives.

He was gone before Jeanne Marie returned, but the accounts she heard of his devotedness and holy conversation, caused a sudden revulsion in the mind of the impulsive girl. 'What,' cried she, 'am I then the only person in our family to be lost?' 'I wept,' she says, 'all the rest of the day, and all night.' She immediately renewed her resolutions of serving God; she set apart a portion of time daily for prayer and meditation; she attended to the wants of the neighbouring poor, and practised the austerities generally recommended by the Romish Church. Perhaps these earnest efforts after holiness proceeded too much from an excited imagination; at all events, the flame was as transitory as it was ardent for the time. An attachment sprang up between herself and a cousin, and soon the attractions of his company, of her dress, and of her looking-glass, occupied the time which should have been given to her devotions and her missions to the poor. M. de la Mothe, however, refused to sanction the engagement, on account of the near relationship between them; and the intercourse which she had found so pleasant, was soon at an end. She does not seem to have felt the disappointment very deeply; indeed, at the age of fourteen, very strong feeling on such a subject was not to be expected. Shortly after, in the year 1663, M. de la Mothe and his family removed to Paris, then the centre of refinement, intellect, and splendour. It is difficult now to realize how completely Paris, under Louis XIV., monopolized the pleasures of society. The French noble, accustomed to the splendours of Versailles, regarded a residence at his provincial chateau in much the same light as a cultivated Englishman would look on a life in the Australian bush; and a sentence of banishment to one's country estate, fre-

quently pronounced by the arbitrary king on offending courtiers, was regarded as a terrible infliction. Of course this feeling directly tended to make the provinces less agreeable, by attracting to Paris those who by their talents and cultivation were best qualified to adorn society.

‘L’on vit à Paris, l’on végète ailleurs,’

was the universal feeling.

Doubtless it was with no small pride that Monsieur and Madame de la Mothe saw the attention paid even in the brilliant capital to their beautiful daughter. A very agreeable society was soon collected to their house, and by all who came, Jeanne’s beauty, wit, and talent, were greatly admired. She took a prominent part in all conversation, and was flattered to her heart’s content. She tells us that her vanity was never so great as at this time, and that she often lingered before her looking-glass, thinking it was no wonder that everyone liked to look at such a face. Balls, theatres, and the public promenades, occupied most of her time.

M. de la Mothe’s principal object seems to have been to marry his daughter advantageously; understanding, by that term, simply, to the richest suitor that could be found. Out of several who sought his daughter’s hand, he chose M. Guyon, a very wealthy man, but in other respects a most unsuitable match. M. Guyon was the son of a man who had made an enormous fortune by completing the Canal of Brieu, which joins the Loire to the Seine. The father had received from Cardinal Mazarin, in acknowledgement of this service, a patent of nobility, a distinction which was apparently held to equalize the social standing of the son with that of his intended bride. M. Guyon was eight and thirty, while

Jeanne Marie was but fifteen; and this disparity of age was increased by his being already a diseased man. He was bad tempered, perhaps from his frequent sufferings; his manners were far from having the refinement to which the La Mothe family were accustomed, and he was completely governed by his mother, a coarse, violent, and avaricious woman, who lived with him. It is strange that M. de la Mothe should have forced such a husband on the daughter he loved so tenderly, who would herself, she tells us, have preferred another suitor; unless, indeed, he calculated on her being soon left a widow, with an ample fortune at her own disposal.

The ill-omened marriage took place on the 21st of March, 1664, and the young bride was conducted to her future home. She entered on her new life with high ideas of the liberties and privileges of a married woman, expecting to enjoy more of the pleasures of society than she had yet done. But her dreams were very quickly dispelled; and no doubt it was well, as she afterwards learnt to acknowledge, that the beautiful, vain, excitable and excitement-loving girl was not left her own mistress in the brilliant and corrupt society of Paris. 'No sooner,' she says, 'did I enter my husband's house, than I saw it would be for me a house of mourning.' The elder Madame Guyon, who was still to live with her son, had no thought of surrendering her absolute ascendancy in the family, to the attractive young wife, whom she at once despised as a child, and hated as a rival. 'This woman's leading trait,' says her daughter-in-law, 'was an ungovernable self-will.' She had always been accustomed to govern her son, and was determined to do so still; and from the very first she set herself to show the young bride who was

to be mistress of the house, and to crush any airs of superiority which she might assume on account of her noble birth and superior refinement. So far from Jeanne being allowed to exercise any authority in the establishment, she was placed under the supervision of a woman who lived in the house as nurse to M. Guyon in his frequent attacks of illness, and who, she says, kept her constantly in sight, and behaved as though she were her governess rather than as a servant. If she went out of doors, the footman who attended her had orders to give a full account to the elder lady of all her proceedings.

On public occasions she was forced to give precedence to persons far below her in rank, to the great annoyance of her own mother, who, not understanding the trials to which her daughter was exposed, often enjoined her to keep up her position. When Jeanne endeavoured to enter into general conversation, as she had been accustomed at her father's house, she was scolded for conceit and forwardness, and desired to be silent. Every obstacle was thrown in the way of her intercourse with her own family; and each visit she made to them was the occasion for such abuse and such unpleasant scenes, that she went to them much less frequently than she wished, or they expected. As her mother-in-law designed, the poor child's high spirit broke down altogether under such a course of treatment. She became quite passive under the sway of her task-mistress, and when in company, she says, sat silent, looking like an idiot, so that her changed manners and appearance excited comment. Her own family were much perplexed, for she affectionately endeavoured to conceal her misery from them. Thus wretchedly passed the first year of Madame Guyon's

married life. Her husband was, after his own fashion, attached to his wife ; but, ill-tempered, suspicious, and governed by his mother, he was easily worked upon by arts and misrepresentations, to be at times very harsh and unkind. In about a year a son was born, who was named Armand Jacques ; and this event, by gratifying all parties, produced for a time more domestic peace. Another circumstance made her life somewhat more endurable. The usual residence of the family was in the country, at a short distance from Paris ; but soon after the birth of his eldest son, M. Guyon, who had experienced some pecuniary losses in connection with the Canal of Brieu, made by his father, found himself obliged to reside very frequently in Paris, to attend more closely to his affairs ; and Madame Guyon, after violent opposition from her mother-in-law, and not without being obliged to appeal to her father to support her claim, obtained permission to accompany him in his visits. This change was in all respects very pleasant to her. To be away from the vile woman who persecuted her was delightful ; the more so as her husband was generally affectionate to her when removed from his mother's immediate influence ; besides which, she was close to her own family, and could see them without restraint ; and she also enjoyed the society of many kind friends. Still these visits were but temporary alleviations, and her life continued a very wretched one.

Her continual trials did not fail to bring to her mind the holy resolutions formed in her girlhood—and since so completely forgotten in a course of vanity and self-pleasing. These religious impressions were deepened by a serious illness which she had during her first visit to Paris, from which, for a time, she scarcely expected to recover. She could have been

well content to die, and escape at once from all her troubles; for though scarcely eighteen, she felt as though there were no happiness left in the world for her. Those around her fancied that her indifference to life arose from holy resignation, but in her own heart she was conscious that it proceeded rather from want of resignation; and when she recovered she resolved to take up her cross with more resolution than formerly, and to devote herself anew to God's service. Her mother's death, soon after, was a fresh cause of sorrow. She died somewhat suddenly, after an illness of only twenty-four hours; and Madame Guyon records lovingly her many virtues and her peaceful end. M. de la Mothe being thus left a widower, and in bad health, was very glad to obtain as much as possible of his daughter's society; and during her visits to Paris she was much at his house. Here she found two valuable friends, whose advice was a source of great comfort to her. The one was a lady who lived in M. de la Mothe's house. We are told neither her name nor her country, only that she was a destitute exile in France, and that M. de la Mothe had generously opened his doors to her, and given her a peaceful and comfortable home. Perhaps she was an Englishwoman, driven from home and country, and ruined, like so many others, by the Civil Wars. She was, at all events, a good and pious woman, to whom Madame Guyon could safely and gladly turn for counsel in her many trials and perplexities. Her other guide was her cousin, De Toissi, the missionary, whose self-devotion had excited her girlish emulation; who, after four years spent in Cochin China, had now returned to France for a time, on business connected with the mission. He was a constant visitor at his uncle's house, and his frequent

conversations with his cousin served very much to strengthen and deepen her religious impressions.

Madame Guyon now began to lay down a strict routine of religious duties for her daily life. She allotted a certain portion of her time to prayer and meditation, another portion to instructing her servants in religious knowledge; she gave liberally to the poor; she renounced all reading except of religious books; and as she rather naively says, being fearful of vanity, she *diminished* the time she had been accustomed to spend at her glass. Still she seems to have performed all her duties in a cold and perfunctory manner, looking only at the outward act as meritorious in itself, and giving little heed to the inward dispositions of the heart, of which her deeds should have been the expression. For a long while she continued restless, weary, and desponding; till her father, perceiving her mental distress, advised her to consult a Franciscan friar, on whose discernment he had great reliance. The friar's advice was short, but went to the root of the matter. 'Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will not fail to find Him.' These words directed her to the central point of religion—love to God, which hitherto she had neglected; and when once the idea was clearly presented to her, her impulsive excitable mind seized on it with a startling vehemence. From this day, the Feast of St. Mary Magdalene, 1668, she dates her entrance on a new life, in which the love of God was her prevailing motive. Only her own words can give an idea of the state of her mind at this time. She says, 'I slept not all that night, because Thy love, O my God, flowed in me like delicious oil, and burned like a fire which was going to destroy all that was left of self in an instant. I was all on a

sudden so altered, that I was hardly to be known either by myself or others. I found no more those troublesome faults, or that reluctance to duty, which had formerly characterized me. They all disappeared, as being consumed like chaff in a great fire.' Looking at the whole of her after life, we must needs believe that the change within her at this time was a great and real one, yet we must wish to see more of Christian sobriety and self-distrust in her expressions. The idea that faults would disappear of themselves, without any active or conscious struggle against them, provided the love of God be in the heart, was a favourite article of her teaching afterwards; but her own example does not bear out her theory as completely as she imagined. Vanity was her besetting sin in youth, and continued to be her stumbling-block throughout life; changed in its object, no doubt, but the same in its essence. If she no longer took pride in her beauty, nor desired to exhibit her wit in conversation, she still contemplated herself fondly as one set apart from others by God's especial favour, and nourished her vanity by looking no longer at her features in a mirror, but at her holiness, as magnified by her flattering imagination. It seems ungracious thus to insist on the faults of a very good woman, but spiritual vanity is so subtle and dangerous a temptation, that the warning Madame Guyon's life affords against it is too valuable to be lost.

She was anxious that the Franciscan friar, whose advice had produced so great an effect upon her, should be her spiritual director; but to this he was averse, as he had a strong objection to undertaking the guidance of women. She continued, notwithstanding, to press him; and she relates in her autobiography, that one

day, when he was at prayer, it was said to him, 'Fear not to undertake that charge, for she is My spouse;' and that he came to her immediately, told her what he had heard, and agreed to comply with her wishes. It is not necessary to suppose that this story, together with many others equally or more strange, which may be found in her autobiography, were wilful inventions, or that she was the subject of a special communication from Heaven. Her autobiography was written sixteen years after this time, when her recollection might have become somewhat imperfect; her imagination was frequently in so excited a state, that miracles and revelations seemed to her occurrences rather to be expected than otherwise; and when looking back on long past events in such a frame of mind, ordinary occurrences, which appeared to have influenced her for good, would readily assume a supernatural character. From this time forward she frequently speaks of herself as the spouse of Christ; but whether she uses the term merely in the sense of that union promised to all who believe in Him, or whether she looked upon herself as really His favourite above all others, it is not easy to determine. We would gladly believe the former interpretation the true one, but her general mode of expression points rather to the latter.

Meanwhile, her family had been increased by the birth of a second son and of a daughter; but in other respects, there had been but little change in her external circumstances, except that advancing years naturally gave her more authority in the household. The family dwelling was still in the country, but she and her husband frequently resided in Paris. Her mother-in-law was still an inmate of the family, and still continued to occasion discord between her son and

his wife. Madame Guyon tells us that her religion was now the unceasing theme for the reproaches both of her husband and mother-in-law; that they constantly upbraided her with the length of time she spent at her devotions, public and private; and that when she was ill, as was very frequently the case, they would take the opportunity to quarrel with her, and declare that her ill-health was all caused by her religion. There was perhaps some little excuse for Monsieur Guyon's conduct, unamiable as it was. He was often a great sufferer, and no doubt felt it hard that his wife should spend hours daily in retirement, when he wanted her to help him pass the weary hours with her kindly attentions and cheerful conversation. When she was with him, she would often ask leave to retire for her devotions, which he granted on condition that her absence should not exceed half an hour; and when, as often happened, she outstayed the time, she was received with complaints by the peevish invalid. Her position was no doubt a very trying one; but she afterwards acknowledged that in some respects she had taken an erroneous view of her duty, that she should have taken the outward circumstances of her life as the expression of God's Will; and that affectionate care of her suffering husband might have been as true a service of God, and perhaps a less selfish one, than the private meditations in which she so much delighted. M. Guyon was very fond of his garden, and when ill, would watch for his wife's return from taking exercise there, to question her about the growth of the fruits and flowers. But he was frequently doomed to disappointment; his wife, absorbed in higher contemplations, had noticed nothing; so again and again the fretful complaint was repeated, 'You love God so much that you love me no longer.'

His mother meantime was ever on the watch to increase his discontent with his wife's proceedings, and to declare that her extravagant almsgivings would bring the family to ruin; while the nurse, who took the mother's side in these family jars, would watch Madame Guyon whenever she went out of doors, and if she saw her enter a church, would immediately report the circumstance at home, and prepare an uncomfortable scene for her return. The eldest boy's conduct was another sore trial. Adopting his grandmother's tone, he very early learnt to treat his mother with the greatest disrespect, so that, she says, his presence was always a grief to her. In her younger son and daughter she found some consolation, for they were both lovely children, very amiable, and of precocious intellects. As was to be expected, the joy of mind, with which she had at first received the Franciscan's teaching, did not last very long. She became unhappy at discovering that the ardent emotion, which for a time had made prayer so easy and delightful to her, could not always be maintained at its height, and that vanity and love of excitement were by no means dead within her. She had for a time been very careful to dress simply and modestly; she had left off curling her hair, which she formerly had worn, like most ladies of the time, in long loose ringlets; and had had her dresses made much higher than the prevailing mode, which indeed was scarcely decent. During one of her visits to Paris, however, she entered somewhat into the amusements of the capital, and adopted in some degree the fashionable style of dress, to her husband's great satisfaction; but she felt so bitterly self-condemned, that to avoid further temptation, she hastened from Paris sooner than she had intended.

During her whole life, she had a great horror of any display in dress ; and many years later than this period, she wrote a serious admonition to a friend, regarding some superfluous ribbons on her dress.

During a tour, which she made with her husband in the summer of 1670, through the provinces of Orleannois and Touraine, on business connected with the Canal of Brieu, she met with great attention from the provincial nobility, and received many compliments on her beauty and talents ; but she became so alarmed at the pleasure such notice gave her, that she tells us she often wished that God would at once take her out of the world, that she might be secure from further sin. Her sincere grief at the thought of offending God seems to have been somewhat mixed with impatient mortification at finding herself less advanced in the path of holiness than her first ardour of feeling had led her to imagine.

During the next six years a continual succession of heavy trials came upon her. She was seized with small-pox ; and after being dangerously ill, recovered to find that she was quite disfigured. She was quite ready to acknowledge God's mercy in depriving her of the beauty which had been such a snare to her, and even refused to make use of a pomatum for restoring her complexion which some friends recommended ; but she nevertheless felt the change severely, especially as it in some degree alienated her husband's affections. The marks of the disease must have worn themselves out gradually, for we find her spoken of as a beautiful woman several years subsequently. But sorer troubles were to come. Her youngest and favourite son caught the disease, which had nearly proved fatal to herself, and died. She sadly hints that she could better have

borne the death of the elder, 'but God was pleased to take my Jacob and leave my Esau.' Her father's death, and that of her only daughter, followed within two years. Another trial was the death of a valued friend, Geneviève Granger. This lady was the prioress of a Benedictine convent, and Madame Guyon had first become intimate with her from her husband's two young sisters having been placed there for education. She was in the habit of staying for days together at this convent, and held continual conversations with the prioress on religious subjects, relating her troubles and asking advice. Her dread of dress and worldly pleasures seems to have been implanted, or at least strengthened, by Geneviève Granger's counsel. By her advice also Madame Guyon had signed a written dedication of herself to God, in the form of a marriage contract.

The death of one in whom she so much confided, if less bitter than her former bereavements, was still heavily felt. It was about this time that she sank into a deep melancholy, which lasted for several years. It might naturally be accounted for by the losses she had sustained, her ill-health, her continual domestic unhappiness, and perhaps reaction from the emotion to which she had at one time worked herself up. But unhappily, like the poet Cowper, she took this despondency as a sign of God's displeasure, and brooding hopelessly over it, of course increased the evil. She did not, however, relax in her religious duties, though she could no longer take pleasure in them as formerly. She was also very charitable to the poor, visiting them at their own homes, especially in sickness, giving them food and medicines, dressing their wounds and sores, in which, and in making ointments, she was very

skilful, and frequently paying for the education and apprenticeship of their children. In particular, she exerted herself to find employment for girls of attractive appearance, for whom there were especial dangers in idleness.

An incident, which happened about this time, is worth relating, both as illustrating the influence which Madame Guyon could exert over others, and the mode in which justice was then administered in France. A certain man made a claim upon Monsieur Guyon for a large sum of money, which he said was owing to him from Madame Guyon and her brother jointly. How M. Guyon could be made answerable for his brother-in-law's share of the debt is not explained. The brother, who was quite a boy, had been induced to sign certain papers which gave plausibility to the claim; but the chief strength of the plaintiff's case lay in the influence of the Duke of Orleans, the King's brother, which was openly exerted in his favour. M. Guyon thought his cause hopeless; but his wife sought a private interview with the judge, just before the suit came on for trial, and explained her side of the question to him. The judge, on hearing her statement, declared that the matter had been quite misrepresented to him, and that he should have been willing to give judgment against the plaintiff, and condemn him to pay all the costs of the suit, were it not that the Duke of Orleans had taken up his cause; so that, to save the prince's honour, M. Guyon must pay the man a hundred and fifty livres. M. Guyon was but too happy to compromise a claim for two hundred thousand livres by such a trifling sum, and was very grateful to his wife for her conduct in the matter; while no one saw anything unusual in a legal judgment

being guided by court influence, and private *ex parte* statements.

M. Guyon's health had long been in a declining state, and at last it was evident that he could not live much longer. When his wife perceived his approaching end, she resolved that the short period which remained to them to spend together should not pass in the same state of partial estrangement which had so long prevailed, and roused herself successfully to assert her rights. She no longer permitted his mother or the nurse to interfere between them, as they had so constantly done; she took the care of nursing him entirely into her own hands, and during the last weeks of his life, rarely left his presence for long together. Making the first advances towards a better understanding, she entreated his pardon for the occasions in which she had failed in her duty towards him. 'No,' he replied earnestly, 'it is I who have done you wrong. I entreat your pardon. I did not deserve you.' During the remainder of his illness, there was nothing left of the former cloud between them. She was unremitting in her attentions to him; while he repaid her with grateful affection, endeavouring to prove the truth of his assurances, that he had always loved her, though the arts of others had at times made him discontented with her. This final reconciliation was a great comfort to Madame Guyon, who also records with thankfulness that he became more resigned in his sufferings, and at length, after having received the Sacraments, made a truly Christian end. His death took place on the 21st of July, 1676.

Madame Guyon was thus, at twenty-eight years of age, left a widow with three children, for another son and daughter had replaced those she had lost. Her

eldest son was now ten years old, her second three, and her daughter but a few months old. Shé was now her own mistress, and very wealthy, her husband having left most of his property to her. Of this a portion was settled on the children, but much of it was at her own absolute disposal. She was, however, in no haste to begin a new course of life, and even continued for several months to reside with her unamiable mother-in-law, although her friends strongly advised her to separate. She seems to have been actuated by a Christian desire to be at peace with one so nearly connected with her, and partly by a morbid fear that she might be acting contrary to God's Will in seeking to escape from the trial which this woman's company was to her. If the grandmother's influence was really so injurious to her eldest son, as she elsewhere represents it to have been, surely a mother was more than justified in removing him from it. Perhaps, after all, business matters had an influence on this arrangement, for Madame Guyon was occupied for a considerable time in winding up her husband's affairs. These had been left in a disordered state, in consequence of his long illness; and she had to examine personally into everything, and superintend all the needful arrangements. Among other matters, a very complicated dispute between several persons had been referred to her husband's arbitration, and left by him unsettled. The parties interested were so much impressed by what they saw of Madame Guyon's business talents, that they requested her to decide the question, which, though unwillingly, she was prevailed on to undertake. After devoting several days to the perusal of a mass of papers relating to the affair, she delivered her opinion in writing, and had the extraordinary good fortune to

satisfy all parties. It is characteristic of her, that she thought herself quite destitute of any talent for business, and believed that God had inspired her with a temporary ability, till her affairs were settled.

It was, apparently, about six months after her husband's death that the mother-in-law signified to her a desire that they should part; and Madame Guyon accordingly left her married home, which seems to have been the mother's property, and took a small house in a retired situation near Paris, where, for the next four years, she lived quietly with her children. As far as outward circumstances were concerned, these years were among the most peaceful of Madame Guyon's life. She, of course, did not enter into society, but she held intercourse with a few friends whom she valued, and gave much time to private devotion. She had also the education of her children to attend to, and she took advantage of this time of retirement to extend her own knowledge, though apparently only on religious subjects, as she had given up the reading of all worldly books for some time. She began the study of Latin, in order to peruse the Fathers in the original; and, from some of her subsequent writings, she must have made some progress in carrying out her intention. She also continued her charities to the poor. As an instance of her ready benevolence, we are told that one day, seeing a poor sick soldier who had fallen down in the road, she brought him into her own house, and nursed him tenderly herself for several days, until his disease terminated fatally. Yet all this time she was a prey to extreme depression, often amounting to intense misery—one of the saddest afflictions possible; however, it may be accounted for. It perhaps generally indicates a certain unsoundness and want of balance in

the intellect, not inconsistent with the possession of considerable talent, as in her case, while it may sometimes be the indication of insanity. Some persons, and she herself afterwards, have regarded such a state of mind as a necessary or very common phase of religious experience, a mistake likely to do great harm to the excitable, morbid, self-conscious minds, which are the usual subjects of such depression.

It was at this time that she began a correspondence, which had important consequences, with Father La Combe, the superior of a monastery of Barnabite monks, at Thonon in Savoy. She had been introduced to this person some years before by her half-brother, La Mothe; he had visited at her husband's house, and had conversed with her on religious subjects, leaving, apparently, a very favourable impression of himself on her mind. Since that time they had not met, their places of residence being so far apart; but when one of her servants wished to enter a Barnabite convent, she gladly took the opportunity of renewing her acquaintance with La Combe, and wrote to request from him some needful information, adding some account of her own state of mind, and requesting his advice and prayers. From this time, and in consequence, as she believed, of La Combe's consolatory letters, and of his intercession for her, her former cheerfulness began to return; and in a few months the long depression had altogether passed away. Whether this change was as safe as it was pleasant, seems doubtful, for she always required some check on her flighty imagination, and strong tendency to self-esteem. She now considered herself to have passed through all the necessary stages of Christian discipline; and henceforth, in all her accounts of herself, not an expression occurs to show that she

was ever conscious of falling short of perfection. She speaks of her own will as being made so entirely one with that of God, that she never desired anything but to do and suffer His Will, never suspecting that her desires might at times influence her judgment as to what God's Will really was. At various times she met and conversed with some of the ablest and most learned divines in France; but she always took for granted that all the advantages of the intercourse were on their side, that she had nothing to learn from them.

In the course of life which she adopted, she had to encounter much persecution; she had to leave home, children, and friends; and she thought and said that she had given up all for God, but she never sacrificed her love of admiration, of influence, of notoriety. To give up all thoughts of doing great things for God, and to pass her life unnoticed in womanly duties, would probably have been the hardest of all possible sacrifices to her peculiar temperament. No doubt she did, as she said, earnestly desire to serve God; but it would have been hard indeed to persuade her that her appointed path of service was in retirement. She thought that she proved her humility by ascribing the merit of all she did to God only; but spiritual vanity may as easily be nourished by regarding oneself as the special object of God's favour, as by taking credit for individual good actions. Madame Guyon, then, as soon as her melancholy had passed away, became convinced that she was required to devote herself in a more especial manner to God's service. She received several proposals of marriage at this period, one of which, she says, was personally agreeable to her; but looking on herself as one set apart for higher things than the ordinary duties of married life, she felt herself obliged to decline it.

At first she thought of entering a convent, but to this plan her children formed an obstacle. Had the eldest, she says, been her only child, she would have placed him at college, and herself taken the veil among the Benedictine nuns, probably in that convent formerly presided over by her friend Geneviève Granger; but her younger son and her daughter were less easily disposed of. At last she decided to go and labour among the poor inhabitants of Savoy, on the shore of the Lake of Geneva. Whether this province was suggested to her by La Combe as a field of labour, we do not learn; but his vicinity seems to have been the only external motive to lead her there rather than elsewhere. She relates, that her determination was very much strengthened by a singular incident, which occurred when she was still somewhat undecided as to her future course.

Being in Paris on business, she went into a church to make her confession. The priest, to whom she addressed herself, was an entire stranger, nor did she ever meet him again. When she had finished her confession, a very short and simple one, she observes, he surprised her by saying, 'I know not who you may be, but I feel a strong impulse to bid you do whatever the Lord has revealed to you as His Will.' 'Father,' she replied, 'I am a widow with little children; what can God require of me but to take care of their education?' 'I know nothing about your circumstances,' he answered, 'but you know that neither children nor anything else should be allowed to hinder us from doing God's Will.' Nothing more passed between them; and Madame Guyon left the church, convinced that she had thus received a token from God, that it was His pleasure that she should follow

out her plan of going to Savoy. This is her own account, written many years after—a strange one certainly, and one which I do not think we are called on to believe literally, though she could have had no intention of deceiving. An old friend, calling on her soon after, learnt the plan she was meditating, and advised her to make it known to Bishop d'Aranthon, and abide by his opinion. This prelate was titular Bishop of Geneva, but resided at Anneci in Savoy, Geneva being wholly Calvinist. As it was in his diocese that Madame Guyon intended to labour, he was clearly the proper person to be consulted; and on learning that he was at that very time in Paris, she gladly took her friend's counsel to visit him and explain her plans. She told him that she wished to spend her time and wealth among the poor of his diocese, in relieving the distressed, nursing the sick, and teaching the children. The bishop, a good and benevolent man, was much pleased at the idea of securing such a wealthy, talented, and energetic worker for his poor ignorant flock among the mountains, and encouraged her heartily to carry out her scheme. Her mind being thus completely set at rest, she began her preparations for departure; which, however, occupied so long, that she did not leave home until the summer of the following year.

During the intervening winter, which was a time of unusual distress among the poor, she exerted herself vigorously for their relief, distributing food, and providing work for those out of employ. She did not depart without encountering violent opposition from some of her relations, especially from her half-brother, Père La Mothe. Madame Guyon seems to ascribe his dislike to her scheme to mercenary motives, but does

not make it clear how her departure could injure him ; and he may be pardoned for thinking his sister's a wild scheme, and that her proper place was at home with her children. She feared that he would apply to the authorities to prevent her departure, and left Paris hastily and secretly. She had placed her two sons under the care of her late husband's family, making liberal pecuniary arrangements for them, whilst she took with her her little daughter, now five years old. She was also attended by two maid-servants. Entering a small boat, they went up the Seine as far as Melun. Her little girl, she tells us, amused herself during the voyage in making a number of crosses of reeds and water-weeds, which she fastened to different parts of her mother's dress ; then weaving a wreath of wild flowers, she put it on her head, saying, ' After the cross you shall have the crown.' This innocent action of the child's, Madame Guyon took to be an intimation of what lay before her. Disembarking at Melun, they travelled rapidly on towards Savoy, resting only at Lyons for a few days. She arrived at Anneci on the 21st of July, 1681, and was kindly welcomed by Bishop d'Aranthon. It was not her intention to reside at Anneci, and after two days she went on to Gex, a small town lying at the foot of the Jura, and within the boundaries of France, though included in D'Aranthon's diocese. There she, with her daughter and maids, took up her residence, in the house of the Sisters of Charity, who gladly received a guest likely to become a useful assistant in their labours.

She had lost her former director by death, not long before she left Paris ; and La Combe was appointed in his stead by the Bishop, probably at her own request. To judge by her own account, La Combe's office was

an entirely nominal one, and so far from directing her, he was completely under her guidance. She always strenuously denied that her peculiar ideas on some religious points had been derived from his teaching; but this declaration was not generally credited but by her own adherents, as her views corresponded with those of Michael de Molinos, who is usually considered the head of the Quietist sect, with whom Madame Guyon had never had any intercourse, but with whom La Combe, during a residence at Rome, had been intimate. It was therefore taken for granted, that Madame Guyon had imbibed the views of Molinos through the medium of La Combe, though she herself always considered that La Combe had learnt those doctrines from her. The effect of reading Madame Guyon's account of herself is not to inspire us with respect for her accuracy; her vanity would render her apt to forget and slur over the influence which others had had in shaping her views, especially where the acknowledgement of such influence would endanger the position she always maintained, that she only explained and developed the doctrines held by the first writers of the Romish Church; but, at the same time, the development of novel views by different persons, without previous concert, is not unexampled, either in religious or in scientific disputes.

For a while, Madame Guyon zealously pursued the charitable labours to which she intended to devote her life. She gave liberally to the poor; and employed herself especially in the service of the sick. Bishop d'Aranthon was so much pleased with what he heard of her efforts, that he wrote to her to express his approbation. By degrees, however, she became convinced that these were not the labours for which

she was especially designed ; and that her work was to be to influence others for good by religious conversation. Nor was her conversation directed to enforcing the fundamentals of Christianity ; but to teaching special dogmas, whether derived from La Combe, or, as she herself asserted, learnt from the pages of the mystic writers, such as St. Francis de Sales. In some points she approached the system of the Quakers ; in laying great stress on tranquillity, or rather passiveness, of mind—a peculiarity which gave to her party the name of Quietists—and in trusting to internal impulses, which she regarded as direct inspirations from Heaven, to such an extent as almost to preclude any exercise of her reason, even in the minuter details of life. She also distinguished two modes of religious life ; under the one, which she called the common or mixed mode, she classified the conduct of all who looked on their lives as a perpetual struggle against sin, one in which they must continually fear to fall, must often see their efforts fall short ; while she insisted on the superiority of what she called the interior way, (*voie de l'intérieur*,) to be attained, not by struggling with evil, but by faith alone, by passive reliance on God. She admitted that the ordinary observances enforced by the Romish Church were desirable for those in the lower state, but quite useless for those who had reached the higher. She somewhat disparaged even prayer, in its ordinary sense of offering distinct petitions, and preferred what she termed the prayer of silence, mere feelings of submission to the Divine Will. The tranquillity on which she laid so great a stress, by no means excluded the indulgence of strong emotion, for she sometimes became so excited while praying with others, that she was obliged to loosen her dress ; and she declared, that

when anxious for the spiritual enlightenment of another, she sometimes experienced a sensation as though the superabundance of the Spirit which worked within her were gradually passing off to take possession of the other.

A woman who preached such novel doctrines, and who possessed all the natural advantages of youth, beauty, fascinating manners, and the eloquence produced by a vivid imagination, and strong enthusiasm, as well as the mute argument of a life spent in doing good, naturally attracted many disciples, especially among the young and ardent ; while, on the other hand, experienced and sober judging men were inclined to ask in alarm whither these things were tending. She seems to have no idea that she was teaching anything unauthorized by her Church, and to have been thoroughly surprised when she found herself denounced as a heretic.

At La Combe's pressing request, Madame Guyon went to Thonon on a visit of ten days, during which she remained in retirement at the Ursuline Convent. Much of the time was spent in long conversations with La Combe, whom she made a thorough convert to her doctrines, if her own account is accurate, and who, from this period, was completely identified with her in the public mind, and as a joint propagator of Quietism. During her stay at Thonon, he took her to visit a hermit named Anselm, who resided in a solitary place in the neighbourhood, and was held in great veneration. This man, she says, predicted to her that she should be a guide to many, but would also have many strange crosses to bear. Soon after Madame Guyon's return to Gex, La Combe preached a sermon, in which, taking for his text the words, 'The king's daugh-

ter is all glorious within,' he set forth the Quietist ideas of the highest holiness, and the best means of attaining it. This sermon excited a great commotion in the diocese; and an ecclesiastic of high rank, who had the folly to declare his belief that some of La Combe's denunciations of professing Christians, who lived in sin, were directed against himself, sent to Rome a formal accusation of heresy against the preacher, which however remained unnoticed.

Good Bishop d'Aranthon, meanwhile, was in a state of the greatest perplexity. He had great personal regard for both La Combe and Madame Guyon, and was unwilling to treat them harshly; nor did he wish to lose from his poor diocese a person of Madame Guyon's wealth and liberality. On the other hand, he dared not run the risk of conniving at the rise of a new heresy, and felt that, at all hazards, the dissemination of these doctrines must be stopped. He thought that if he could induce Madame Guyon to bestow her property on a nunnery at Gex, and become its prioress, she would be more under his control, and that the regular duties of her position would leave little time for proselytizing. He bent all his energies to the accomplishment of this ingenious scheme, urging it on Madame Guyon, and desiring La Combe to recommend it to her. She however altogether refused to comply, chiefly on the ground that she would thus be binding herself for life, and no longer be free to follow the guidings of Heaven; while La Combe, with equal steadiness, declined to attempt to influence her determination. It was soon known that the Bishop had ceased to be her friend; and those who opposed her gained courage, united together, and being headed by a priest of profligate character, but of considerable

influence in the town, they used the most iniquitous means to drive her away. Some of the nuns with whom she lodged, and among them the prioress, were gained over by the assailants; and with their help a continued series of petty persecutions was carried on. She had allowed her two maids to assist in the household work of the convent, and advantage was ungenerously taken of this permission to employ their time so completely, that their mistress had to wait upon herself, and even to sweep out her room and wash her dishes. Her windows were broken, and her rest disturbed at night by pretended apparitions and horrible sounds. Her letters were intercepted and opened, and reports injurious to her character industriously circulated. She felt that under such circumstances, there was little prospect of meeting with much success in her labours, and decided on leaving Gex, though with some regret, for she left behind her several warmly attached friends. She departed for Thonon, accompanied by her daughter and maids, after a twelve-months residence at Gex.

On arriving at Thonon she was much disappointed to find that La Combe, on whose society and sympathy she had reckoned, was about to leave his abode, first for Aosta and then for Rome, on business likely to detain him for a considerable time, and that one hasty interview with him was all that she could obtain. She settled herself at the Ursuline convent at Thonon, and passed the first few days in retirement. But the report of her proceedings at Gex had reached Thonon; and first some of the sisters of the convent, then persons from the town, sought interviews with her—some really wishing for advice on religious subjects, others from mere curiosity, and a few desirous to substantiate the

accusation of heresy, which was now freely whispered. Soon she had a continual stream of visitors, and as she refused admittance to none who expressed a wish to consult her, she was frequently engaged in religious exhortation from morning to night. The excitement of unceasing conversation appears to have stimulated her powers to the utmost, for she notices with surprise her own eloquence and readiness in answering questions, ascribing it, as she did every other impulse, to the immediate inspiration of God.

Madame Guyon had not long been settled at Thonon when Bishop d'Aranthon came there on business, and paid her a visit, still urging his plan for her becoming prioress of a convent at Gex. She repeated the reasons she had formerly given for refusing, but he still insisted, and wrote to her on the subject after his return to Anneci, of course to no purpose.

During the two years which Madame Guyon remained at Thonon, she was visited continually by persons of all ranks, who wished to consult her; and she began to hold conferences, as she called them—meetings for the purpose of prayer and religious exhortations. It appears that some of her disciples, her ‘little children,’ as she always called them, began to follow her example, and to exhort and pray extempore with others. Madame Guyon mentions a laundress, supporting by her own labour five children and a paralyzed husband, who, though ignorant in other respects, endeavoured to give religious instructions to her neighbours. There were also several poor girls, who supported themselves by spinning and weaving, who made arrangements for working together, and taking their turn in reading some religious work aloud to the rest. The report of these practices, so novel in the Romish Church, and indeed

opposed to its whole spirit, alarmed those who were zealous for orthodoxy, who considered, perhaps with some reason, that they had a tendency towards Protestantism. It was soon understood that Madame Guyon encouraged the private study of the Bible, and taught that ceremonial observances were necessary only for beginners in religion. A strong party was quickly formed against Madame Guyon, whose proceedings they tried to check by violence. Those who were known to practise extemporary prayer, were threatened with excommunication unless they desisted—a threat which in some cases was carried into effect; the meetings of the poor spinning girls were forcibly prevented, and some of them driven from the town. So violent was the feeling, that a priest who was reported to have prayed extempore, was seized and severely beaten in the public street. In their unreasoning vehemence, the promoters of the movement caused a search for all the books recommended by Madame Guyon, and burnt them, though several were writings generally esteemed in the Romish Church.

For a time Madame Guyon continued her conferences, undaunted by the violence of her opponents; nor did she altogether cease the charities which had at first been her chief employment. Among her other undertakings, she established a hospital at Thonon, with the assistance of her friends in the town, several of whom undertook to give their personal assistance in nursing the sick. Hitherto she had enjoyed immunity from personal insult, respect for the convent having perhaps deterred her opponents from attempting violence, for on leaving it she was very differently treated. Thinking that the Ursuline convent was unhealthy from its situation on the shore of the lake, she hired a small

cottage on higher ground at some distance from the town, and removed thither with her daughter and maids. She had furnished the house, laid in a store of provisions, and made all preparations for a lengthened residence; but she soon found that by quitting the convent and settling in so lonely a spot, she had placed herself at the mercy of her unmanly persecutors. A rabble, instigated by men who from their station should have been above such conduct, frequently surrounded the house at night, hooting, shouting, and giving her the most abusive epithets. Her garden was ravaged, and her windows broken. While she was uncertain what steps to take, her hesitation was effectually ended by a decided command from the bishop to quit the diocese, in which La Combe, who had just returned from Rome, was included. Both remonstrated warmly against being thus treated, but without effect.

Madame Guyon had just received a very opportune invitation from one of her numerous correspondents, the Marchesa Prunai, a widowed Italian lady residing at Turin; and not knowing where else to turn, she gladly accepted it. The little party, consisting of Madame Guyon, her daughter and maids, La Combe and another ecclesiastic, set off across the Alps—the women in litters, the men on mules. The route was one often taken for pleasure in the present day; but the taste for fine scenery is a very modern one, and Madame Guyon would probably have been amazed at anyone's admiring such savage dangerous-looking places. She seems to have been naturally a timid woman; and by her own account, she seldom took the shortest and easiest journey without being in danger of her life, though she always is careful to assure the reader that the prospect of death never in the least disquieted her.

If she was readily alarmed, her moral courage in facing opposition and persecution becomes the more remarkable.

The laborious journey over, they reached Turin, and were warmly welcomed by the Marchesa Prunai, with whom Madame Guyon resided for some months; but La Combe soon went to Vercelli, having received an invitation from the Bishop of that city.

Madame Guyon's stay at Turin seems to have passed quietly. Though she understood Italian, she had not sufficient command of the language to hold religious conferences, and she attracted no general observation in the city. Her extensive correspondence was probably her chief occupation.

In the autumn of this year (1684) she returned to France, and settled at Grenoble, where resided a lady who had for some time been one of her warmest friends, and who was most anxious that she should come to live near her. Having apparently found it impossible, consistently with her other occupations, to give proper attention to her daughter, she placed her as a boarder in a convent, and took a small lodging in the town for herself. Madame Guyon's name was now so well known, that almost immediately on her arrival she had crowds of visitors, some curious to see the heretic who had created so much excitement at Gex and Thonon, some anxious to judge for themselves of her teaching, and some who came in all simplicity for instruction. We have some means of judging of the general character of her teaching, by the writings which she has left behind her. The best known of her books are 'The Spiritual Torrents' and 'The Short Method of Prayer.' The former had been written during her stay at Thonon, the latter at Grenoble; and she seems

to have been in the habit of distributing both freely among those who consulted her. The Short Method of Prayer was addressed principally to beginners in religion, and some of the advice it contains is very sensible. For instance, she recommends those who do not know how to pray, to begin with the Lord's Prayer and go through it very slowly, not being anxious to repeat it hastily many times over, as is the custom in the Romish Church; but to dwell on each word, endeavouring to realize the meaning of each petition and its personal application, before proceeding to the next. But then she proceeds to enforce her own ideas of spiritual perfection, and the superior excellence of what she called the prayer of silence, that is, a mute movement of submission to God's Will, and an utter abnegation of all desires, even for spiritual blessings. Her system was further developed in the *Spiritual Torrents*, which consisted in great part of a description of her own religious experiences and of her then state of mind, according to her own view of it, which she seemingly took as the standard of perfection. Her writings abound in conceits, strained analogies, exaggerated, bombastical, and not invariably decent or reverent expressions; and as might be expected from an imaginative half-educated woman, who had plunged very much out of her depth, metaphysical and theological expressions altogether misapplied, so that her real meaning is often very doubtful. It is possible that she never really held what she has often been reproached with teaching, that our resignation to the Will of God ought to reach the point of perfect contentment even with our sins, till it should please God to remove them; and that if the soul be filled with this entire resignation and with pure love to God, the life would in time

correct itself without effort, and meanwhile was of very little consequence. St. Augustine's saying, 'Love God, and do what you will,' was much misapplied, if not by her, yet certainly by some of her disciples.

The life of excitement which she now led, the crowds who came to see, and the importance which friends and foes alike attached to her teaching, all contributed thoroughly to intoxicate her ; and she began to fancy herself endued with supernatural powers, to see visions, and to deliver prophecies. The general subjects of her visions and predictions were the great work she was destined to perform, the number of disciples she would make, the fearful storm which Satan would raise against her, and the sufferings she would undergo. She sometimes spoke of herself as the woman clothed with the sun, who fled into the wilderness ; as the corner-stone rejected by the builders ; and though she did not quite go the length of holding that she was primarily intended in these passages of Scripture, it is strange that a pious woman should have been blind to the awful presumption of so applying them. When we consider that her pretensions were thus extraordinary, and that her writings and discourses abounded in expressions improper in themselves, and capable of frightful interpretations, and remember that at that time persecution of heretics was considered a religious duty, few having realized that violent treatment only gives error additional importance, we shall perhaps think more charitably than Madame Guyon of those who opposed her, and not agree with her that they were instigated by hatred to religion ; though it must be admitted that some of their measures were quite indefensible.

Madame Guyon remained at Grenoble for two years,

during which time she made many converts, and gained an extraordinary influence over some. The case of a nun, who had for eight years been sunk in a deep religious melancholy, attracted general attention. On one occasion she attempted to destroy herself, and Madame Guyon was hastily summoned by the prioress, who had a high opinion of her. Her exhortations produced so soothing an effect on the poor distracted woman, that she appeared entirely recovered, and was as remarkable for her peaceful state of mind, as she had before been for wretchedness and depression. Unfortunately, in this, as in many other instances, we cannot ascertain the really important point, how long the change lasted. In all times of religious excitement there are instances of persons, who seem to have undergone a radical alteration, who yet, when the stir ceases, sink by degrees back to their former state, and often below it. When the excitement is caused by the personal influence of one teacher, such declensions are especially to be expected, soon after the exciting cause is withdrawn.

While at Grenoble, Madame Guyon visited the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, situated in a wild and desolate mountain district, eight miles from the town, and celebrated for the peculiarly austere life led by its inmates. She had an interview with the Prior, Father Innocentius, and several of the monks, and expounded her views to them, but apparently without producing much impression. The Prior, indeed, immediately on her departure, declared her doctrine to be unsound ; and in a life of Bishop d'Aranthon, which he afterwards wrote, he attacked her in strong terms.

While at Grenoble, though her time was principally occupied in teaching, she gave some attention to the

wants of the poor, and took a principal part in founding a hospital for the sick. This establishment was provided with no fixed endowment, but was dependent on voluntary contributions for its continuance, her principle being to depend on God's help from day to day; and so long as she was near, sufficient funds appear to have come in.

A strong party had for some time been forming against her, which began at length to assume alarming proportions, and to commence an active opposition. The grossest and absurdest accusations were made against her; she was said to be a sorceress, and to attract listeners by diabolical arts—a testimony to her singular powers of fascination; and she was even accused of coining the money which she distributed in charity. The Bishop of Grenoble was her firm friend, but could not restrain her opponents, so that he concurred with others who were favourable to her in advising her to leave the city. She received letters of introduction to several persons in Marseilles, whither she intended to betake herself; and taking leave of her daughter, who remained with a confidential friend at the convent where she had first been placed, she departed to Valence, attended by the almoner of the Bishop of Grenoble, another priest who seems to have travelled with her as a domestic chaplain, one of the maids whom she had brought from Paris, and another hired at Grenoble, to replace the one left with her daughter. At Valence she hired a boat with which to descend the Rhone and reach Marseilles, but the voyage was attended by unexpected delay and difficulty. The Rhone is one of the swiftest rivers in Europe, and so abounds in shoals and sandbanks, that the navigation, though much has of late years been done to im-

prove it, is even now intricate and difficult, and it was then really dangerous. Soon after Madame Guyon and her party had started, they found that the boat was an unsuitable one for their purpose, and turned back to Valence to exchange it for another. As it was difficult and tedious to ascend against the stream, all the passengers except Madame Guyon, who could not walk far, were landed, and returned to Valence on foot, only one lad being left on board to row the boat back. Either his strength or courage was not quite equal to the task, for in a short time he left the oars, and burst into tears, declaring that they must both be lost, for he could row no longer. Madame Guyon, however, persuaded him to make another effort; and being continually encouraged by her, he at length brought the boat into Valence, after four hours hard labour, though the distance was only three miles. Even when embarked on board a better boat, her dangers were not over, for in the descent the boat struck against a rock so violently that the water entered freely. In her account of this voyage, as elsewhere, remarks on the great danger she was in, and assurances of her own perfect calmness as contrasted with the terror of everyone else, occur with rather suspicious frequency. Arriving at Marseilles, she sent her letters of introduction to the persons to whom they were addressed. One was for a man of rank in the town, a Knight of Malta, who was himself kindly disposed to Madame Guyon, as the writer was aware; but his domestic chaplain was strongly opposed to her, and immediately spread the alarm in the town that the dangerous heretic had arrived; and immediately there was a general excitement. Her little book on Prayer was sent to the Bishop, as a proof of her heretical tendencies, with a

request that she might be immediately expelled from the town ; but he admired rather than blamed the work, and showed her every kindness, promising to protect her to the best of his power, if she chose to remain. Seeing what a strong feeling existed against her, she thought it more prudent to withdraw, notwithstanding this kind offer, and left Marseilles for Nice, after a stay of only eight days. From Nice she had intended to cross the mountains to Turin, and pay a second visit to her friend the Marchesa Prunai ; but she found this plan less easy to execute than she supposed. It was always the policy of the Government of Savoy to discourage the making of roads through the mountains, which formed a natural fortification between themselves and France ; and the rugged mule tracks which alone traversed this district were impassable for a litter. Her spirits were already much depressed at being forced in so short a time to abandon two residences ; and this disappointment, though comparatively trifling, was felt heavily. ‘ Everyone whom she met,’ she said, ‘ seemed happy in having a home, while she herself was like a vagabond on the face of the earth.’ After some delay she secured a passage on board a trading vessel bound for Genoa, where she landed after a very tedious and tempestuous voyage, during which, weary and harassed, she often hoped rather than feared that she should quickly find a watery grave. Nor did she arrive at Genoa under cheering circumstances. The city had recently been bombarded by the French army, and the angry inhabitants received the French travellers with insult and abuse. With much difficulty and delay she secured litters for her journey to Vercelli, intending to pay a visit to the Bishop of that city in her way to Turin.



At Vercelli she found La Combe, who had continued to reside there since their last parting at Turin, and was high in the Bishop's favour. Madame Guyon was received at Vercelli with a warmth which must have been grateful indeed to her after her late anxieties. La Combe was delighted to meet her again; the Bishop's niece insisted on her becoming her guest; the Bishop himself came to see her, welcomed her heartily, and tried to persuade her to settle permanently at Vercelli. As an additional inducement to her, he wrote to entreat the Marchesa Prunai to come with her daughter to live at Vercelli, and planned a religious community, to be founded by these ladies in concert with Madame Guyon. In his zeal, he even despatched La Combe to Turin to urge the plan personally on the Marchesa; who however declined, on account of her health, to accede to it. Madame Guyon's residence at Vercelli would have been very pleasant, but that the air of the place did not agree with her, and she in consequence suffered much from ill health. From this cause, as well as from her imperfect knowledge of Italian, she held no conferences or prayer-meetings, and employed herself principally in writing her Commentaries on the Bible—a work which she had begun at Grenoble, and which was finally published in twenty volumes. At length the physicians declared it absolutely necessary to her life that she should leave Vercelli without delay, and she determined on returning to Paris. La Combe was also going there, having been summoned by the General of the religious Order to which he belonged—a circumstance which had probably influenced her decision. The Bishop, much grieved at her departure, made what arrangements he could for her comfort on the journey, and sent two of his own suite with her as

far as Turin. She spent a few days with the Marchesa, crossed the Alps, and arrived once more at Grenoble; then, after a short time of pleasant intercourse with her friends there, she took her daughter from the convent, and continued her journey to Paris, where she arrived in July 1686, after an absence of five years. She hired a house, sent for her two sons, and once more had a home that she could call her own.

But in coming to Paris she had not renounced her schemes of teaching and proselytizing; on the contrary, she gave herself up more exclusively to them; and from this time we hear nothing more of charities or of tending the sick, for she began to think that her mission was to the rich and great. She had among the Parisian ladies several warm friends, who agreed with her religious opinions; foremost among whom were the Duchesses of Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, daughters of the celebrated Colbert, Minister of Finance, who were both married to men of ability, holding high offices of state. A little society was soon formed, which met, sometimes at Madame Guyon's own house, sometimes at the Hotel Beauvilliers, for prayer and religious conversation; and many distinguished persons came to listen to the teaching of the remarkable woman, who had excited such attention in eastern France. La Combe, meanwhile, became very popular as a preacher, and the doctrines taught by himself and Madame Guyon were the theme of general discussion.

It was not to be expected that such a movement should continue without exciting strong opposition. Madame Guyon complains that her own half-brother, Père La Mothe, was one of the first to direct a suspicion of heresy against herself and her ally, and insinuates that he was actuated by jealousy of La Combe's

popularity as a preacher, and of his influence over her ; but she was never charitable in construing the motives of those who differed from her ; and from her account of La Mothe's conduct, he seems to have been actuated rather by a friendly wish to stop his sister in her dangerous course. The long religious wars which had distracted France, had left a universal dread of novelties in religion ; and Louis XIV., who had but a year before revoked the Edict of Nantes, and driven forth thousands of Protestant families into exile, was not likely to tolerate the rise of a new sect. Michael Molinos was at that time lying in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Rome, under a charge of heresy ; having preached doctrines essentially the same as those of La Combe and Madame Guyon ; and the inconsistency of tolerating at Paris what was condemned at Rome, was strongly urged by the orthodox party.

The proceedings against La Combe were very summary. The Archbishop of Paris instituted an inquiry into his teaching, pronounced it heretical, laid his opinion before the King ; and La Combe, being allowed no opportunity of defending himself, was immediately arrested, and imprisoned in the Bastille. Here his career may be said to have ended, for he was never released, though transferred to different places of confinement ; first to Lourdes in the Pyrennees, then to Vincennes, and afterwards to Oleron. His imprisonment was probably not very rigorous ; as we hear that Madame Guyon corresponded with him, and furnished him with money, books, and other comforts. But La Combe was not one of the energetic minds that can conquer circumstances ; not such a one as De Sacy, who during his imprisonment in the Bastille, produced an admirable translation of the Bible. The following

extract from a letter to Madame Guyon, shows how utterly imprisonment had depressed his whole being.

‘In my present situation, correctly supposing me to be unable to do much else for the cause we love, you advise me to meditate and to write. But alas! can the dry rock send forth flowing fountains? I never had much power or inclination for such efforts, and this seclusion from the world, this imprisonment, these cold and insensible walls, seem to have taken from me the power which I once had. The head, not the heart, seems to have become withered and hard, like the rock on which it has leaned for so many years. My harp is unstrung, the sound of my viol is silent. Like the Jews of old, I sit down by the waters of my place of exile, and hang my harp on the willows. It is true that there has been some mitigation of my state. I am now permitted to go beyond the walls of my prison into the neighbouring fields and gardens; but it is only on the condition of labouring there without cessation from morning till evening. What then can I do? How can I meditate? how can I think, unless it be on the manner of cultivating the earth and raising plants? I will add, however, that I have no choice for myself. All my desires are summed up into one, that God may be glorified in me.’

The foreboding felt in this pathetic letter was sadly fulfilled. La Combe’s intellect gradually gave way; and after ten years of imprisonment, he was placed, a confirmed lunatic, in the hospital of Charenton, where he soon after died.

La Combe’s arrest took place in a little more than a year after his return to Paris with Madame Guyon, and his companion was not left much longer at liberty. Her brother, La Mothe, tried hard to induce her to

take him as her Director in place of La Combe ; a step which he said would disarm the accusations of her enemies, probably by enabling him to represent her former proceedings as the result of La Combe's influence, rather than her own inclinations. As she altogether refused to give him this authority over her, he entreated her to leave Paris for a time, and retire to her native town of Montargis, assuring her that there was great danger in remaining. But Madame Guyon treated this proposal as designed to entrap her into a virtual acknowledgement of guilt ; which would have been a more reasonable view, had there been the slightest chance of her having a fair trial.

La Mothe at length desisted from his fruitless endeavours, and left matters to take their course ; and as he had foreseen, Madame Guyon was soon arrested, and placed in confinement in the Convent of St. Marie, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Several of her principal friends and supporters were at the same time banished from Paris.

The immediate cause of Madame Guyon's imprisonment is said to have been a forged letter ; in which she was made to say, that from motives of prudence she had ceased to hold religious conferences at her own house, but intended to continue them secretly in other houses. This letter being laid before the King, he saw in it evidence of the formation of a new sect, and gave orders for her immediate arrest.

Madame Guyon was very anxious that her daughter should be her companion, or at least that she might board in the convent, so as to be near her, even though they did not meet ; but both requests were refused ; nor was she allowed an attendant, notwithstanding her delicate health. She was confined to one room, which

was always locked and bolted, and consigned to the care of one of the sisterhood, who treated her very harshly. Madame Guyon complains that this nun looked upon her as an enthusiast, a hypocrite, and disordered in mind—a view which, if correctly given, was certainly not remarkable for consistency; but most likely this is only an example of her own vague mode of expression, which was the cause of a large share of the whole controversy on her teaching.

More energetic than poor La Combe, Madame Guyon kept herself continually employed while confined, chiefly in writing. She continued her extensive correspondence, she also wrote her autobiography, a task which La Combe had previously recommended to her, and composed much sacred poetry. She had for many years been in the habit of writing occasional verses; but the greater part of her poetry, which when collected fills a large volume, was composed at this time. The following are some of her most simple and touching lines; as translated by Upham:

‘ A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him Who placed me there.
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee.

Naught else have I to do,
I sing the whole day long;
And He Whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Madame Guyon had many annoyances during her imprisonment. M. Charon, a judge of the ecclesiastical

court, came several times to examine her on her opinions, and especially whether she had not learnt them from La Combe. In spite of her continual denials, it was generally believed that he had infected her with the heresy he had himself learnt from Molinos; and it is possible that she may have owed her ideas to him to a greater extent than she was aware. M. Charon tried to draw her into a confession of heresy, and to induce her to sign a retractation, but in vain, as she steadily declared herself an obedient daughter of the Romish Church.

One of the strongest arguments against her orthodoxy, was that she never prayed to the Blessed Virgin Mary or to the saints. She admitted that she had long ceased to do so, but thought the practice desirable for others; an inconsistency which she explained by saying, that she was so beloved of Christ that He Himself was ready at all times to hear her, but that others less favoured might profitably employ the mediation of His Mother and the saints. How grievous that her vanity should have led her to miss the great truth, towards which the instinct of a true devotion had led her in practice—that Christ is ready to hear the prayers of all who come to Him!

A subject which much harassed Madame Guyon during her imprisonment was the situation of her daughter. Those who had charge of Mdle. Guyon, apparently some of her father's family, were anxious to betroth her, though she was not yet twelve years old, to the Marquis de Chanvalon, a man of indifferent reputation, nephew to the Archbishop of Paris. The archbishop himself, who it may be feared was not wholly indifferent to the young lady's wealth, was anxious for the match; and Madame Guyon was given

to understand that the King favoured it, and that her consent to it would be the means of procuring her own release ; but she indignantly refused to sacrifice her daughter's happiness to such considerations. Looking back, no doubt, on her own miserable wedded life, she shrank from subjecting her child to a similar fate.

When the summer came on, Madame Guyon had a serious illness, chiefly caused by the excessive heat and closeness of her room, which was much exposed to the sun. The Archbishop of Paris treated all applications for a little indulgence with brutal contempt. Through the kindness of the prioress, however, she was allowed a maid-servant, as well as the attendance of a physician and surgeon, though these indulgences were contrary to the orders given respecting her. The prioress had at first been much prejudiced against her prisoner, whose conduct gradually won her over. Indeed, her good opinion of Madame Guyon seems to have been indirectly instrumental in procuring her release. Madame de Miramion, a lady of rank who was in the habit of visiting the convent, heard so much in Madame Guyon's praise, that she sought her personal acquaintance, and after a few interviews became strongly interested in her, and entreated Madame de Maintenon to exert her influence for the prisoner's release.

Madame de Miramion's representations, supported by those of the Duchesses of Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, of Madame de Maisonfort, and other ladies of rank, at length prevailed on Madame de Maintenon to intercede with the King on Madame Guyon's behalf ; and after some delay and difficulty, she succeeded in procuring an order for her release. The joyful news came quite unexpectedly on Madame Guyon, who, from

the accounts she had heard of the King's personal disposition towards her, had reason to expect a lengthened imprisonment. She left the Convent of St. Marie, in October, 1688, after having been confined there for eight months ; and as her own establishment had been broken up, she accepted Madame de Miramion's earnest invitation to take up her abode with her.

Madame de Maintenon had a great wish to make the acquaintance of Madame Guyon, and a meeting was arranged between them at St. Cyr. This was an establishment near Paris for the education of young ladies of rank, which had been founded by Madame de Maintenon, and in which she took great interest. She had a suite of rooms there reserved for herself, where she spent as much time as could be spared from the exacting King. Madame Guyon was brought to St. Cyr and introduced to the favourite, by the Duchess de Bethune, one of her warm adherents. Madame de Maintenon, who made high professions of piety, received her very kindly, expressing, and perhaps at the time really feeling, the utmost regard for her. Madame Guyon was from this time a frequent visitor at St. Cyr, of which establishment her cousin, Madame de Maisonfort, was superintendent ; and her influence among the teachers and pupils soon became very great. She often met Madame de Maintenon, and was on intimate terms of friendship with her.

Madame Guyon continued to reside for some time with Madame de Miramion ; and then took up her abode with her daughter, who at the early age of thirteen was married to the Count de Vaux. Of her two sons, the elder had settled at Blois in her own native province of Orleannois, and the younger became an officer in the King's guard.

Not long after her release from prison, Madame Guyon had made the acquaintance of the celebrated Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai; and their intimacy soon ripened into a warm friendship, which in its consequences exercised a disastrous influence on his fortunes at court, and gained for her more celebrity than, in all probability, she would otherwise have attained.

He met Madame Guyon for the first time at the house of a mutual friend, the Duchess de Charost, apparently by previous arrangement; and even on this first interview considerable intimacy was established between them. Madame Guyon in her autobiography records her earnest desire that this man might become all that the Lord would have him to be, which of course meant that he should enter into all her peculiar theories. 'During eight whole days,' she adds, in her usual style, 'he rested as a burden on my spirit. All that time my soul suffered and wrestled for him; and then, the agony of my spirit passing away, I found rest.'

A day or two after the first meeting she sent him some of her writings, with a request that he would read and correct them, expressing entire submission to his judgment. But as she concludes by telling him that his soul was not yet brought into full harmony with God, that she suffered much on his account, and was in continual prayer for him, it is probable that the submission was made only to his literary judgment in matters of style and expression. Fenelon, whose humility was as remarkable as his talents, was as ready to learn as she to teach. This letter was the beginning of a long correspondence, in which Fenelon asked and received full explanations of her religious views. With the child-like candour and simplicity of

a pure mind, he received all she said in the best sense of which the words were capable, and, delighted with her eloquent descriptions of a soul dead to itself and alive only to God, he altogether failed to see the possible dangers which were apparent to cooler minds, in unqualified reception of what she taught. It is remarkable that, though her autobiography, so far as she had completed it in her prison, was freely shown to many persons, Fenelon never saw it; nor, though so intimate with her, was he aware of the claims which she made in that work and on other occasions to prophetic and miraculous powers. Without deliberately intending concealment, may she not have had an instinctive feeling, unacknowledged even to herself, that the lofty pretensions which awed inferior minds would be more likely to revolt Fenelon?

In August, 1689, soon after Fenelon's first acquaintance with Madame Guyon, he was appointed preceptor to the three sons of the Dauphin, of whom the eldest, the Duke of Burgundy, was eight years old. He was recommended to this office by the Duke de Beauvilliers, immediately on his own appointment as governor to the three young princes. Madame Guyon—who, like all his other friends, and most impartial persons, was delighted that such a man should be chosen for so important a duty—wrote him a letter of friendly advice and congratulation on the subject, encouraging him to patient perseverance in his labours for the young prince's improvement, and anticipating the happiest results. How completely her expectations were realized—how, by Fenelon's assiduous care, the Duke of Burgundy, from being an unamiable and unpromising child, became the admiration of the whole court, and raised the highest expectations for

the future, frustrated however by his early death, is well known.

The period of about four years after Fenelon's appointment was the most brilliant part of Madame Guyon's career; nor, probably, was she insensible to the éclat of the position she occupied in the Parisian world. Madame de Maintenon, who was queen for all practical purposes, was her friend, took pleasure in her conversation, and encouraged her frequent visits to St. Cyr, and her correspondence with the pupils, who were the daughters of the noblest families in France. The King, through Madame de Maintenon's efforts, appeared reconciled to her; and her former chief enemy, Harlai, Archbishop of Paris, had dropped his opposition precipitately when he saw that the favourite's sympathies were enlisted on the other side, and had even begged Madame Guyon not to allude to the past. Many ladies of the highest rank looked up to her as their directress, and men of learning and talent consulted her respecting the deepest mysteries of religion; while Fenelon, whose single name outweighed all the rest, who was more conspicuous for what he was in himself than for the place of trust which he held, was her avowed disciple. But such success could not last; its very brilliancy raised up enemies against her; and it was perhaps well for one who could bear adversity better than prosperity that it was so. Godet, Bishop of Chartres, in whose diocese St. Cyr was situated, was one of the first to become alarmed at her influence there, and his resource was the base one of espionage. Two ladies, inmates of St. Cyr, were instructed by him to feign themselves her ardent disciples, to ask her questions, to take down her replies, and to lead her on to speak on those points where her orthodoxy was suspected. They pursued this

course for some time, and thus furnished Godet with a mass of materials, on which to found a charge of heresy. Madame de Maintenon became alarmed at his representations, well knowing the King's dread of novelties in religion; and as she was not inclined to risk her own influence, she at once deserted her friend's cause. Madame Guyon was forbidden to enter St. Cyr, strict search was made throughout the establishment for any writings of hers that might be in the possession of the teachers or pupils, all that were found being destroyed; and her cousin, Madame de Maisonfort, was dismissed from her post of superintendant.

Several eminent men were attracted by the growing importance of the Quietists, and published attacks and refutations of their peculiar doctrines. The Jansenist party, which then included many men remarkable for ability, denounced Madame Guyon and her sect unsparingly, being possibly glad to strengthen their own not unimpeached character for orthodoxy, by zeal against other offenders. Madame Guyon records, with pardonable triumph, a victory she obtained over Pierre Nicole, one of the most able of the Port Royalists. He had remarked that Madame Guyon's little book on Prayer was full of errors; and she proposed that they should read it together, when she hoped to give him such explanations as should convince him of its orthodoxy. He assented, and they began the perusal. After a while she asked him to what he objected in the book, and he replied, 'To nothing, so far.' Having finished, she repeated the question, to which he hesitatingly replied, that he found his talent did not lie precisely in personal discussions, but that he would refer her to a friend who would be better able than himself to point out to her the errors contained in the work. Madame

Guyon naturally took this answer as an unwilling admission that he was unable to find any fault; but this was certainly not the case, as he published, shortly after, a work entitled, 'A Refutation of the principal Errors of the Quietists.' In truth, Nicole was one of the most shy and awkward of men, especially with ladies. A story is related of him by Madame de Sevigné, that one of the princesses desired an interview with him, expecting to be much interested in the conversation of so talented a man. But when he was introduced into her presence, he bowed without saying a word, could not open his lips to make the simplest observation, and at last went away overwhelmed with confusion.

The person to whom Nicole wished to refer Madame Guyon, was M. Boileau, brother to the satirist of that name; and she accordingly placed the book in his hands. He read it carefully, asked her to explain some parts, and expressed himself satisfied as to her intentions, but urged her to write some explanations, as many passages were susceptible of a very different interpretation from that which he believed her to mean. The same remark unfortunately applies to most of Madame Guyon's writings.

A more powerful antagonist now appeared in the field against the new spirituality, as Madame Guyon's doctrines were often called. This was Bossuet, the great Bishop of Meaux, who held the foremost place among French divines, for his splendid eloquence and extensive learning; and from having written an able work against Protestantism, he was considered one of the chief bulwarks of orthodoxy in the Gallican Church. He had for several years been the intimate friend of Fenelon, attracted apparently by the law of contrasts,

for no two characters could be more unlike than Bossuet, who for his learning, love of argument, and rough overbearing manners, has been compared to Dr. Johnson, was to the gentle benevolent Fenelon, who has been unjustly sneered at by St. Simon, as a silken courtier, anxious to conciliate and gain friends everywhere. Both were devoted to the welfare of their Church, but Bossuet was more anxious to strengthen the ramparts against the assaults of heresy, Fenelon to excite truer devotion in the hearts of the garrison; and thus such a controversy as that raised by Madame Guyon's teaching, naturally placed them in opposition to each other, and brought their friendship to an unhappy termination.

Bossuet's strong logical mind could not, like Fenelon's, be blinded, by Madame Guyon's real piety and devotedness, to her many absurdities and the dangerous tendencies of some of her doctrines; and he thought it his duty to oppose the further progress of this new sect, which already included many distinguished persons. His first steps were marked by candour and delicacy. He called on Madame Guyon, accompanied by the Duke de Chevreuse, who introduced him, entered into conversation with her, and paid her some general compliments on her writings, adding the inevitable remark, that some parts required explanation. She was much prepossessed in his favour at this first interview, and offered to send him all her works, that he might examine them thoroughly, and give her his opinion of them. This was what Bossuet desired, and he gladly accepted the proposal, apparently in the expectation that he had only to point what he considered erroneous, in order to induce Madame Guyon to retract it. In addition to the published works, Bossuet received from

the Duke de Chevreuse, with Madame Guyon's permission, her autobiography, which was still in manuscript.

Another interview took place shortly after, in which Bossuet stated the principal faults which he saw in her writings. But he soon felt, as others had done, the extreme difficulty of laying hold of Madame Guyon's real meaning. One expression was explained away as figurative; another ascribed to her want of acquaintance with theological terms. Bossuet felt himself fencing with a shadow, and became irritated in the impossibility of bringing his fluent antagonist to a distinct issue. He dropped some hints on want of humility, and on the propriety of women who could not employ theological terms with propriety, abstaining from publicly teaching theology; arrows which of course glanced harmless, from Madame Guyon's impenetrable conviction of her own divine mission. The interview lasted the whole afternoon and evening; and Madame Guyon returned home much annoyed by the rude and dictatorial manners of Bossuet, and so exhausted with the effort of arguing for so long together against so formidable an adversary, that she was ill for some days. Several letters subsequently passed between them, in continuation of the controversy.

Madame Guyon, plainly seeing that Bossuet was far from satisfied, and anxious to prove her orthodoxy, wrote a request to Madame de Maintenon, that the King would be pleased to appoint some fit persons to examine and pronounce upon her doctrines; to which petition a favourable answer was soon returned, through the medium of the Duke de Chevreuse. The commissioners appointed were Bossuet himself, Noailles, Bishop of Chalons, and Tronson, Superior of the Seminary of

St. Sulpice, and the intimate friend of Fenelon. She laid all her works, both published and in manuscript, before these her judges, and also prepared a very long defence, in which she quoted many passages from St. Bernard, St. Francis de Sales, Thomas à Kempis, and other writers of the Romish Church, to show that her doctrines were the same as theirs. This work was afterwards published, under the title of 'Justification of the Doctrine of Madame Guyon.' After the commissioners had had sufficient time to read this defence and her other works, a meeting was arranged to take place at the house of Bossuet, that she might give some verbal explanations. She arrived at the appointed time, attended by the Duke de Chevreuse, and found only De Noailles at the place of conference, for Tronson was ill and unable to come, and Bossuet had not yet arrived. She was glad of the opportunity for some private conversation with De Noailles, whom she found, as she thought, much prepossessed in her favour, and who treated her both then and throughout, with a courtesy and consideration that contrasted advantageously with his colleague's bluntness. When at length Bossuet entered, his first step was to desire the Duke de Chevreuse to withdraw, alleging that the subject they were about to discuss did not come within a layman's province. Madame Guyon, who had been anxious for the support of a friend's presence during such a trying interview, felt the Duke's exclusion as a piece of studied unkindness; nor was the rest of Bossuet's conduct calculated to dispel this impression. When she began to observe that her doctrines were the same as those of many writers of the Church, he declared himself surprised at her ignorance. He also, she afterwards complained, cast ridicule on her modes

of expression, and endeavoured to turn into jargon all that she said ; nor could De Noailles induce him to be more gentle with her. Bossuet was probably annoyed to find himself baffled, as a skilful logician sometimes is, by the very ignorance of his adversary, who was unable to see the real bearings of his arguments, or to attach sufficiently definite meanings to the expressions used.

This interview, and several others which Madame Guyon had with the commissioners, and with each of them separately, had no definite result ; but at last, the three divines, finding the necessity of arriving at some sort of conclusion, drew up a statement, declaring the doctrine of the Church on the controverted questions. This document was known at the time by the name of the Articles of Issy, so called from M. Tronson's country house, where it had been drawn up. The commissioners, having signed it, presented it to Madame Guyon, who declared that she fully agreed in the doctrine therein contained, so far as it went, and on that understanding signed it. As her peculiar views did not controvert any Church doctrine, but merely exaggerated the belief, common to all Christians, of the necessity of love to God, and resignation to His Will, she gave up nothing of her position in making this admission.

De Noailles and Tronson were satisfied ; but not so Bossuet, who saw that they were leaving the controversy exactly where they had found it. As the opinion of the Bishop of Meaux far outweighed those of the others in the royal and the popular estimation, something more was felt to be necessary, in order to set the matter at rest. It was therefore proposed that Madame Guyon should reside for a time at Meaux, under Bossuet's more immediate superintendence. It is not

easy to discover what result Bossuet expected from this arrangement, but he was very eager for it, and is said to have declared that it would be as good as the Archbishopric of Paris, or a cardinal's hat, to him. He perhaps hoped to gain by degrees such an influence over her, as to induce her to retract her former opinions, or at least to modify her expressions, which would have been a great triumph to him.

The Convent of St. Mary, at Meaux, was appointed for Madame Guyon's place of residence ; and there she arrived in January, 1695, attended by her maid La Gautière, who was devoted to her, and had been her faithful follower since first she left Paris for Savoy. At Meaux, as elsewhere, Madame Guyon did not fail to win the regard of those who witnessed her daily life. The prioress and nuns of St. Mary were warm in their admiration of her, and were somewhat inclined to take her part against their Bishop, whom they thought very harsh towards her. Bossuet visited her several times, and frequently pressed her to sign an acknowledgement and retraction of her heresy ; but she steadily refused to do so, but wrote instead a declaration that she submitted to the authority of the Church. Bossuet exhausted remonstrances, and even added threats, but could not shake her determination never to own herself other than an obedient daughter of the Church, which she fully believed herself to be. At the end of six months she wished to return to Paris ; and Bossuet, though much annoyed at having effected nothing, had the candour to give her a certificate to the excellence of her personal character, omitting all mention of her doctrines. The prioress and nuns also signed a paper, expressing their admiration of her Christian deportment, and the pleasure it would give them would she become a permanent resi-

dent with them. Madame Guyon's intention on returning to Paris had been to reside with her daughter, the Countess de Vaux ; but so great was the sensation excited by her return, that she found it necessary in a few days to conceal herself lest she should be arrested. The report had quickly spread that the obstinate heretic had returned to Paris unconvinced, and was about to resume her course of teaching ; and the excitement was general. The King ordered her immediate arrest ; Madame de Maintenon was far too prudent to say a word in her former friend's favour ; and Bossuet, finding how much he had disappointed general expectation, and fearing the King's displeasure, was mean enough to request her to return him the certificate he had given to her personal character. This she very properly declined to do, as it was necessary in order to vindicate her conduct from the slanders by which she was assailed. She for some time evaded the search of the police by concealing herself in a poor lodging in the Faubourg St. Antoine ; and there she remained some time, admitting only a few friends, who made a preconcerted signal. At last the gossip of the neighbours concerning the mysterious house, whose inmates were never seen, and where the few visitors never knocked at the door, reached the lieutenant of police. He concealed himself in a neighbouring house, till early one morning, he saw a servant girl go out, and soon return with provisions ; then entering with her, he found Madame Guyon and her maid, La Gautière, who were both conveyed to the Castle of Vincennes. This her second and more rigid imprisonment began in December, 1695, and was continued in various places of confinement, for more than six years. At Vincennes she was allowed the society and attendance of her maid,

but great restrictions were placed on her correspondence and personal intercourse with her friends, though these indulgences were not altogether forbidden. One of her occupations was writing religious songs, which she and her maid committed to memory, and sang together. She had also the less soothing employment of undergoing harassing examinations respecting her doctrines and personal character. All attacks on the latter she indignantly repelled, especially the foul constructions placed on her friendship with La Combe. The arguments on her doctrines could but travel in the same weary circle as before. She repeated her former declarations—that, rightly understood, her writings contained nothing at variance with orthodoxy, nor could any retraction or acknowledgement of heresy be drawn from her.

After some months she was transferred to a convent at Vaugirard, a village near Paris, where she was deprived of her good servant, who remained at Vincennes, but in other respects was treated with more indulgence. This relaxation had been obtained for her by the intercession of De Noailles, who had been one of the commissioners to judge her works, and was now Archbishop of Paris. He, however, became alarmed when he learnt that she made use of the freer intercourse with her friends which she now enjoyed, to disseminate her doctrines; and he therefore obliged her to promise that for the future she would abstain from religious teaching, and would neither write nor converse without the permission of the director who had been appointed for her, M. Lachetardie, Curate of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. She must have found this a very hard condition, but having given her promise, she kept it faithfully.

Though Madame Guyon herself was silenced, the

controversy respecting her doctrines still raged fiercely. Bossuet felt that hitherto he had not gained the triumph he had expected, and that for his reputation's sake he must do something more. He therefore produced a long and laborious treatise, in which he spared no pains to brand Madame Guyon as a heretic. This work was entitled, '*Instructions sur les Etats de l'Oraison*,' and had the two-fold object of declaring the doctrine of the Church on the points principally in dispute, and of proving Madame Guyon's teaching to be quite different. The heat of controversy, and his personal pique at Madame Guyon's conduct, carried him much farther than he could himself have at first intended. On the subject of Pure Love, one of the chief points in dispute, he had formerly been contented to observe that Madame Guyon's expressions of absolute annihilation of self, of willingness to be eternally lost should that be God's pleasure, were inflated and exaggerated; but now he declared that to love God for Himself, and not simply with a view to future reward and punishment, was impossible to human nature, and therefore not required of us; and he thus laid himself open to a remark from some of his friends, that they had formerly heard him preach the very doctrine which he now sneered at as fanatical. But pure love was become the watch-word of a party which was to be put down at all hazards; and Bossuet therefore troubled himself with the question whether, without an abuse of words, any feeling arising solely from a consideration of our own future advantage, could be called love, or if not, what became of the first and great Commandment, no more than if he had taken the advice ironically placed by Pascal in the mouth of his Dominican friar, in allusion to another controversy, to stick to words, and to trouble about their meaning

as little as possible. Leibnitz' remark, that had the word Love been clearly defined in the first place, there would have been no dispute, is applicable to many other controversies besides this, if we set aside such motives as wounded vanity and desire of victory, which have a sadly large share in embittering disputes.

Bossuet, before publishing his work, sent the manuscript to the Archbishop of Paris and other distinguished men for approval; among others to Fenelon, whose approbation he especially desired. Fenelon and Bossuet were friends of long standing; but Bossuet was the elder, and hitherto the more distinguished, and Fenelon looked up to him as his master in theology. The latter was very anxious that the forthcoming work might be such as he could heartily concur in; but he feared that Bossuet would attack Madame Guyon personally, and had warned him that he should not approve of his doing so. On opening the manuscript, he found not only his worst anticipations fulfilled, by the way in which Madame Guyon was spoken of, but also that the doctrine of Divine Love was treated in a manner which he felt to be erroneous. He expressed his opinion publicly, without the slightest reserve, declaring to Madame de Maintenon that he, who had been so intimate with Madame Guyon, and knew her real opinions so well, could not conscientiously allow her to be accused of heresy, without defending her to the best of his power. He immediately prepared a counter-treatise, in which, without directly alluding to Madame Guyon, he explained her doctrines, *as he understood them*, supporting them by many references to the most approved writers of the Romish Church. This work, under the title of 'Les Maximes des Saints,' appeared

in the beginning of 1697, and excited much discussion. The Archbishop of Paris, and several others of those who were opposed to the Quietist party, felt a difficulty in condemning Fenelon's book, and were disposed to let the matter rest. But Bossuet angrily exclaimed, 'Take your own measures: I will raise my voice to Heaven against these errors. I will appeal to Rome, to the whole earth. It shall not be said that the cause of God is weakly betrayed. Though I should stand single in it, I will advocate it.' Bossuet was well aware that he was not likely to stand single in advocating what he was pleased to call the cause of God. The King was known to be strongly prejudiced against Madame Guyon, and was suspected of not liking Fenelon. He had honoured him highly by nominating him preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy, and subsequently by conferring on him the Archbishopric of Cambrai; but the keen eyes of the courtiers had observed that he seemed overawed by the high character of Fenelon, and Louis was not the man to pardon anyone for causing him so uncomfortable a sensation.

Bossuet's first step was to throw himself at the King's feet, and entreat his pardon for having so long concealed from him the fatal heresy held by his brother of Cambrai. The scene, as the courtiers remarked, was a little too theatrical to be quite genuine, but it had the desired effect. The King had done all in his power to arrest the progress of Madame Guyon's doctrines. He had dismissed Madame de Maisonfort from her employment, as a friend and relative of Madame Guyon's; he had deprived the heretic lady's son of his commission in the guards; and all this while he found her chief disciple had been instructing his own grandchildren! Fenelon's book was immediately

sent to the Pope, with an earnest request that his Holiness would pronounce on its orthodoxy, and an intimation that its condemnation was what the King desired. The Pope and his advisers saw that there would be great difficulty in condemning Fenelon's book, without also condemning what had been held by many orthodox writers, and would gladly have been excused giving any opinion; and the Papal Nuncio hinted that his master thought the matter might be settled in France by mutual conciliation; but Louis was impatient for a decision from the Pope, and wrote to press for it more than once with his own hand. The Pope could not afford to offend so powerful a monarch, and took refuge in the general resource of the Holy See under similar difficulties—interminable delays.

The King did not wait his decision to take further measures. Fenelon received peremptory orders to quit the Court, and retired to his diocese of Cambray. The young Duke of Burgundy pleaded, even with tears, for his beloved preceptor, but in vain; the King replied that he could not make it a matter of private favour, that the purity of religious faith was involved, and of that Bossuet was the best judge. Fenelon was permitted to retain the empty title of the Duke's Preceptor, but only for a short time longer; and the Duke de Beauvilliers, who had recommended him to the King, narrowly escaped being involved in his disgrace. Several of Fenelon's friends and relatives were at the same time deprived of their situations at court.

Bossuet was not, however, content with such modes of opposing heresy; but still trusting to gain the victory in argument, published a series of attacks on '*Les Maximes des Saints*,' to all which Fenelon replied with equal promptitude, but without imitating the asperity

which appeared more distinctly in each successive treatise of his antagonist's. The war of pamphlets lasted a considerable time, till at length Bossuet, exasperated into forgetfulness of all good taste and decency, published his History of Quietism, in which he endeavoured to ruin the characters of Fenelon and Madame Guyon by means which leave an indelible stain on his brilliant reputation. He made use of the autobiography which Madame Guyon had entrusted to him, and of private letters which Fenelon had formerly written to him, to produce what purported to be a history of the first origin of Quietism. He placed Madame Guyon's pretended visions and prophecies in the most ridiculous light, declared Fenelon's book to abound in the most monstrous errors, and finally threw out the vilest hints as to the nature of the intimacy existing between Madame Guyon, La Combe, and Fenelon. The whole was worked up into an extraordinary appearance of probability, and written with all his own eloquence. A book containing such scandal would have been read with avidity had it been far less able; but supported by Bossuet's talent and great name, it caused extraordinary excitement. Nothing else was read or talked of at Versailles, and for the moment it seemed to carry conviction with it. Fenelon's friends were much alarmed, and pressed him to answer it; and the Abbé de Chanterai assured him that unless he did so, the impression against him at Rome would be very strong, and exercise a disastrous influence on the judgment which was still in suspense.

Fenelon, thus persuaded, published an answer, which appeared in August, 1698, just a year after he had been banished to Cambray, and convinced almost everyone of his own purity and of Bossuet's baseness

and falsehood. It is in a tone of indignant contempt for the man who, unable to gain the victory in a theological contest, endeavoured to support religion by the treachery of publishing private papers, entrusted to him in full confidence, and by dark insinuations against the virtue of a man who had till lately been his dearest friend; and of a woman, to whom, not long before, and when in full possession of the papers which he now used to discredit her, he had administered the Holy Sacrament with his own hand, and had given a certificate of her unblemished personal character. He then, separating his own cause from that of Madame Guyon, went on to show that his only offence had been defending her, and that if his book had really been full of monstrous errors, Bossuet could have refuted it without difficulty, and without turning to quite irrelevant subjects, and employing slander to discredit him. 'And if,' continued Fenelon, 'the Bishop of Meaux, who had full knowledge of Madame Guyon's manuscript—of that very manuscript from which he has published such remarkable extracts, with the object of proving her to be actuated by the most dangerous and extravagant principles—if when in possession of these documents, he still thought her intentions good, might not I, to whom these manuscripts, these visions, these pretended miracles, were altogether unknown, be allowed to entertain that opinion, in favour of Madame Guyon's good intentions, which Bossuet, in a public instrument, admitted to be presumable?'

The dispute did not yet end. Bossuet retorted bitterly on Fenelon's answer, and Fenelon replied again. They contradicted each other on matters of fact, so that one or the other must have asserted falsehoods; but, as D'Aguesseau expressed it, with cautious

impartiality, 'L'archevêque de Cambrai sut le donner dans l'esprit du public, l'avantage de la vraisemblance.'

It was just at this time that a disgraceful attempt was made by some of her enemies to destroy the character of Madame Guyon. The Archbishop De Noailles, accompanied by her director, Lachetardie, came one day to Vaugirard, and gravely requested her attention to the letter he was about to read. This letter purported to be addressed to her by La Combe, and alluded to former sinful conduct on the part of himself and her, concluding with entreaties to her to repent and confess, as he had done. The Archbishop having finished the letter, exhorted her to make the only reparation possible by a full confession of her sin; in which her director also concurred. She calmly replied, that the sin alluded to had never been committed, and either La Combe was mad, or the letter was a forgery. The former was afterwards proved to have been really the case. The letter had been written by others, and La Combe's signature obtained when he passed near Paris, on his way to the lunatic asylum at Charenton, completely bereft of his intellect. The Archbishop was no party to this shameful transaction, having himself been deceived by others, who had placed the letter in his hands to be given to Madame Guyon as from La Combe; and from his general conduct, we may feel assured that he was much disgusted to find that he had been made a tool of for such a purpose.

Shortly after, by the King's command, Madame Guyon was transferred to the terrible Bastille, where she passed four years in solitary confinement. La Gautière was placed there at the same time, but separate from her mistress, whom she never saw again on earth. We are not told why it was thought necessary

to keep a poor servant maid as a state prisoner, nor does she seem to have been accused of anything but devoted attachment to her mistress. La Gautière, who had shown great resignation and cheerfulness throughout her imprisonment, did not long survive her removal to the Bastille.

Bossuet seized with avidity on the accusation, the origin of which we will hope was unknown to him, and sent it to his nephew, at Rome, to be employed against Fenelon. 'This is what we want,' said the nephew, on receiving the communication; this is worth a hundred refutations.' But when La Combe's state became generally known, the intrigue recoiled with double force on those who had sought to profit by it; and it was thought that Bossuet, for his private ends, had endeavoured to crush a better man than himself. But the Bishop of Meaux, however he might suffer in the estimation of the general public, was still strong in the royal favour, and through the King expected confidently to carry the day at Rome. More than one letter was despatched to the Pope, written by the King's hand, but composed by Bossuet, in which a speedy decision was requested in somewhat peremptory language, and in a manner which ignored the possibility of that decision being in Fenelon's favour.

A strong party among the Cardinals supported Fenelon; the Pope himself seems to have had a personal regard for him; but the King's vigorous determination overbore all the passive resistance of Rome, and at length in the year 1699, the Pope issued a brief condemning 'Les Maximes des Saints.' The condemnation was, however, worded in the gentlest manner, and amounted to little more than a declaration that certain expressions were likely to mislead the faithful.

The word 'heretical' was not employed, nor was Fenelon mentioned by name. His friends remarked with satisfaction on the mildness of the brief, and found additional consolation in repeating the Pope's observation, that Fenelon had erred through too much love to God, and his opponents through too little love for their neighbour. However mistaken we may think Fenelon in holding the Pope to be the supreme arbiter of doctrine, it is impossible not to admire the gentle humility with which he submitted to his decision, especially when we contrast it with the hardening and embittering influence which the controversy had had on Bossuet. He at once declared his entire acquiescence, condemned the propositions extracted from his work, in the same sense in which the Pope condemned them, a sense, be it observed, which he had uniformly declared not to be that which he had intended, and signified his resolution henceforth to be silent on the subject. Bossuet and his party, disgusted at the very slight censure which they had succeeded in obtaining, and mortified to find that all their endeavours had discredited only themselves, and raised the Archbishop in public estimation, could but vent their annoyance by stigmatizing his submission as pompous and hypocritical. Bossuet, who was already above seventy, died about five years after the termination of the Quietist controversy; this, the last occasion on which he had claimed public attention, being unfortunately the least creditable transaction of his life.

Fenelon passed the rest of his life at Cambray, fulfilling in an exemplary manner the duties of his position; and left a name behind him, cherished as few names have ever been. Even to the present day, it is said that Fenelon is a favourite Christian name in the town of

Cambray. He never again raised the controversy which had once been decided against him, nor resumed any intercourse with Madame Guyon. There would probably have been obstacles to his doing so, had he desired it; but his feelings towards her had evidently undergone a change. While his suit was still pending at Rome, he had offered to cease all defence of Madame Guyon, and never even to mention her name, though he added that he still thought her, in some respects, unjustly accused, and that her errors were exaggerated. He would have spoken less coldly of her a year before, and it is evident that the disclosures in Bossuet's History of Quietism must have been a severe shock to him. He would have been more than mortal not to feel great annoyance at the false position in which her singular reserve had placed him, when, after taking up her defence in the character of her most intimate friend, the man who of all others was best acquainted with her real opinions, he was forced publicly to declare his utter ignorance of her pretensions to supernatural powers, a knowledge of which would of course have influenced his general opinion of her.

The formidable dispute on Quietism having been finally set at rest by the Pope's decision and Fenelon's submission, Madame Guyon, in 1702, was released from the Bastille, where she had spent four dreary years. She was not permitted to reside in Paris, but was commanded to retire to Blois, where her eldest son, Armand, had for some time been settled. From this time we hear little more of her. She was now fifty-four years of age, and her health, always delicate, had been completely shattered by her imprisonment, so that the rest of her life was passed in continual suffering, and necessarily in great retirement. Visitors came occasionally,

even from remote places, to see the remarkable woman, whose name had been associated by some with supernatural wisdom and goodness, by others with the wildest extravagance, and even with the foulest wickedness. She ever strove, when she had strength for conversation, to impress some religious thoughts on the minds of her visitors ; and with the same object she carried on to the very last an extensive correspondence, which had always a religious character. She thought that some among her visitors came for no other purpose than to watch her conversation, and try to ensnare her ; but she never constrained herself on this account. It is very likely that the King, or perhaps some of her old enemies, employed spies to discover whether she were again forming a sect ; but however this might be, she passed the rest of her life undisturbed, except by illness.

Her maladies gradually increased, till on the 9th of June, 1717, in the seventieth year of her age, she passed away from earth. Such was the end of a woman, respecting whom there prevailed during her lifetime the wildest possible diversity of opinions, and of whom it is not easy, even now, to form a consistent and impartial estimate, either in an intellectual or moral view. She was undoubtedly possessed of conspicuous talents, but her vivid imagination, and her remarkable fluency in speaking and writing so overpowered her judgment, that those who doubted her perfect sanity were not quite without excuse. In her moral character we see the same disproportion and want of balance. Her piety, devotedness, and patience, were genuine and most admirable ; yet in some respects she deceived both herself and others. Vanity was her great fault, and in conjunction with an unbridled imagination, and a

certain vagueness of thought, is accountable for most of her follies ; yet she certainly considered herself, and induced her friends to think her, a remarkably humble person. Her letters abound in disclaimers of merit, in declarations that everything good in her came from God, in regrets that people would admire her instead of God's work in her. But all these self-assurances of humility are but so many witnesses to her obtrusive consciousness of her own unparalleled goodness.

The greatest saints have been too acutely sensible of their own short-comings, and of the latent evil in their hearts, to feel any need of disclaiming the merit of their goodness. It would be pleasant to believe that during the long years of imprisonment, and the yet longer time of sickness and declining years, her eyes were opened on her own deficiencies ; but it is difficult to think that possible, when we learn, that her last earthly occupation was to revise that unfortunate Autobiography, to which reference has so often been made, and to place it in a friend's hands, with a view to its publication after her death, in order, as she said, to make known God's dealings towards her. This work will certainly be read with very different feelings from those which the authoress anticipated ; for if, in some respects, it sets a glorious example before the slothful and lukewarm, it supplies in others a sad and salutary warning.

GERTRUDE DE LA MOTTE PIQUET.

(COUNTESS DE LA GARAYE.)

BORN IN 1680, DIED ABOUT 1755.

WE hesitated for a short—a very short time only, as to the propriety of adding Madame de la Garaye to our selection of women remarkable in life and character. Her story is, unquestionably, one of the most beautiful and pathetic known to us. The ground of our scruple has been simply the existence of the charming poem, in which Mrs. Norton has depicted Madame de la Garaye's character, her fate, and the noble uses to which she turned her great calamity. If the poet has put into the mouth of her hero and heroine words not to be traced to any historical record, we yet believe them to be of the very essence of truth. The traditions of Dinan, the knowledge of what this extraordinary couple were, and what they became,—the blessings they showered down upon a neighbourhood which still holds them in dear and sacred memory—all these ought not surely to be lost to a collection like this, merely because a woman of genius has written a beautiful poem upon them. Mrs. Norton, indeed, modestly says, that nothing in the story is hers but the language in which it is

written. Yes; we think *much* more. She has realized to herself, and made us realize, a true and spirited conception of the workings of a noble mind, (yet compassed with some infirmity,) and the formation of a lofty purpose, growing out of a deplorable calamity. She has done this in a style which must needs be poetical, because the whole narrative is so; but it is so perfectly simple and natural, that it is impossible not to partake her ideas, hardly even to avoid using her very words; and accordingly we *shall* use them here and there, finding none so expressive. If this should be even carried too far, may our adaptation be received as an involuntary testimony to the merits of this beautiful portrait!

The Chateau of La Garaye, in which Gertrude de la Garaye resided, is about half a league from Dinan, in Brittany. It is a ruined mansion of the time of Francis the First; to its ownership Claude Toussiant, Count de la Garaye, succeeded on the death of an elder brother. Previous to his possession of this property, the Count had attained much distinction. His education had been of a superior kind. Born in 1675, his father, Governor of the town and castle of Dinan, had sent him to Paris; and while there, he applied himself to various branches of learning, but particularly to chemistry, in which he even made discoveries of some importance. There was a talk of giving him a place at court, but happily for himself he never became one of the dissipated associates of Louis XIV.; and his warlike propensities alternated with his more peaceful pursuits. He was at the siege of Namur in 1692.

In 1707, he married the daughter of Mons. de la Motte-Piquet, who was Registrar-in-chief of the Par-

liament of Bretagne. We have spoken of the Count's father as Governor of the town of Dinan. Dinan stands on a rocky granite eminence, steep and abrupt in places, overhanging the valley of the Rance. The castle was built in 1310. The dwelling of Anne of Brittany, it stood more than one siege; and here it was that Du Guesclin stood out against our Duke of Lancaster in 1389, with success. This ruined castle, though now only used as a prison, has a fine picturesque effect. A little way from it is the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, built also of granite, the blocks of which, and those also composing the walls, are of vast size. In this Cathedral is a slab of stone, the inscription upon which informs the reader that the heart of Du Guesclin is buried there. Information which once might have been true, but can hardly be so now, as every part of the church, near which the slab was found, was destroyed by the Jacobins in the Revolution.

It was to the neighbouring Chateau of La Garaye, however, that Count Claude, the noble, the knightly, the accomplished man of the world, brought his bride. Both were lively, full of strength and spirit. Both were fond of hunting; and mounted on her beautiful horse, the wife loved to be by her husband's side throughout the active scenes of the day. It was for some time a life chiefly of exciting pleasure. The hospitalities of the castle abounded; the young Count and Countess were the pride of the country; every eye followed their happy countenances. Probably they had good will and kind words for all, and a readiness to do good deeds if they came in their way; but in those early days the love of present enjoyment and active sports were evidently the predominant object of their lives.

On one bright autumn morning they set out to pursue

their exhilarating sport. The Count and his young wife rode, together with a number of gallant friends, all the day, during which they passed over different sorts of ground—some open, some intersected with deep lanes, and also with rivulets which run over large boulders of rock to meet the Rance. Towards evening they came to a part where there were great difficulties. The ground was soft, except where rocks jutted out, and the very rapid stream had dug its way deeply down between steep banks, falling lower and lower in a succession of cataracts. The passage appeared narrow to those who looked down from the banks: it seemed as if an easy leap would carry them across; but the real fact was that the soft soil was very much undermined, and near the edge was treacherous. The Count knew this, and wanted to find a safe place for the lady, as the stream had to be crossed before they could reach their castle. As it happened, their friends were all dispersed, and they were alone. Suddenly, while the Count, in endeavouring to explore the ground, approached the edge of the bank, the soft soil yielded a little beneath his horse's feet, and the poor animal, with an instinct of danger, at once, without being urged by its rider, rose to the leap, and carried its master safely to the other side. But alas for the poor lady! She unhappily mistook a signal made by her husband while leaping across the gulf, for an invitation to follow: instead of, as he meant it, a prohibition. Eager to be by his side, she hesitated not for an instant. Her gallant horse did his best. He touched the opposite bank with his feet, but there the soft ground gave way. He fell back—down, down, from rock to rock, to the deep river below, and was instantly killed. Was it possible the delicate lady could have

been spared? Yes; *life*, at all events, was spared. Yet the Count knew it not. His eye could not at once penetrate through the leafy banks to the gulf beneath. He could only, throwing himself from his horse, make the desperate attempt to descend to the spot where at least her remains might be found. It was a work of great difficulty; he let himself down, clinging to projecting points of rock and overhanging boughs, from one station to another, his torn nails and bleeding hands bearing witness to the eagerness of his efforts. At length a faint moan was heard—a moan of severe pain. Above that sound he heard the hunter's horn,—heard the cheery voices of his guests announcing their return to the castle; but they passed, and he was alone far beneath them—for he had reached the spot where lay the crushed and broken form of her who had been so beautiful but a few moments before. He parted the hair from her forehead, he took her in his arms, but in an agony of pain she shrank and struggled with him. The shades of evening were falling, and no one was near. At length, after a long hour's watching, a poor herdsman came within hail, and was made to understand their calamity. With his help the Count de la Garaye framed a litter of boughs; and there they laid and bore her as gently as they could to their once happy home, which she had left in the morning full of health and vigour. Now the evening stars were out, the castle lights were burning, and all was making ready for the feast. The busy grooms were tending the horses; they might wonder at their lord's delay, but surely he would soon be there. And there, indeed, he was—but alas! for her who was now to be laid upon a couch of pain, with but too sad an apprehension of some terrible injury.

* * * * *

And so indeed it was. How long her *life* was in danger we are not told; but the injury done was incurable, though, as months and months wore on, some small amendment of health came. Still she lay stretched on her couch. The winter was over—spring came—summer came—still she thought surely to-morrow would bring a little more of strength and less pain; but still the weary to-morrows became yesterdays, and there was the same feverish, weary want of perfect repose.

At length she wore out the unwillingness of her physician to tell her the truth, by her constant questions. When was she to be better? Would she ever be better? And at last he spoke—honestly:—spoke, alas! her doom:—She might live long—many years—but must never hope for a cure!

‘For through all springs, with rainbow-tinted showers,
And through all summers, with their wealth of flowers,
And every autumn, with its harvest home,
And all white winters of the time to come,
Crooked and sick she must for ever be:
Her life of wild activity and glee
Was with the past—the future was a life
Dismal and feeble.’

This terrible sentence fell heavily upon her, and her anguish drew tears from the kind physician; but questioned again, he could but repeat sadly and slowly his words:—She might look for lightened suffering, not for a cure:—no more rides, no walks—above all griefs, she must never expect to be a mother, never to see her husband bless their child. Companionship seemed now denied her. She would be sure to have her lord’s PITY, his kindness—nay, his love; but where would be their mutual joy in one another’s society? And so,

stunned and even rebellious, this poor Lady of La Garaye lay faintly exclaiming, 'Would that I could die!'

The cup of grief seemed indeed very full, but there was mercy in store ready for her, when, by long schooling, her mind had learned God's great lesson. She not only lived. She got materially better. Of course, no pains were spared to lighten the burden. She was carried into more cheerful rooms, and the slow wheels of her garden-chair were guided along the well-known walks. There were pictures and flowers and pet animals to greet her eyes; and above all, there was her husband, the faithful devoted watcher, who now, perhaps, first realized the sad change which had passed over her; for she was

'Altered—altered—even the smile is gone,
Which, like a sunbeam, once exulting shone;
Smiles have returned, but not the smiles of yore—
The joy, the youth, the triumph, are no more.'

And there was, the Count could not but own it, an anxious querulous look and tone, dwelling on little ailments, and casting a shade of sadness on everything. Now was the danger—now the worst part of the trial—the Lady of La Garaye was in imminent danger of becoming a selfish, fretful, exacting, wife.

The Lord of La Garaye wondered and felt disappointed. At times he thought to himself, 'She is a woman after all; is she pining after her lost beauty?' The idea of this grieved him much, for, loving her more dearly than ever, he could not understand why *she* should not feel resigned to what he had ceased to think of.

At last they poured out their hearts to each other.

She then told him that, as to beauty, she had never cared about it till now; but it was the thought of his always having before him a sad and painful object that distressed her so much. He, good and true man, answered her earnestly, that she did not take the right view. 'If you had lived on, as we were,' he said, 'a few more years would have destroyed these charms. It is only that they now have faded a little sooner. Let them go.'

But this was not all her grief. 'She thought of all her husband's best years,' she said, 'wasted in tending her: perhaps, if she were dead, he would marry again, and be happy.' The patient tender man replied to this thought, too, with yet stronger assurance of his love and devotion, and he gravely reminded her 'that perhaps in their hours of highest happiness they had been too careless, forgetful that this world was not their home, and that it might be God's design to draw them nearer to Him as well as to each other.'

The lady owned her deep offence. From this time, though her sadness was not dispelled, there was less of fixed gloom, and more of quiet resignation—still more of tenderness on the part of the husband and wife, each to each—a constant silent endeavour to bring comfort to one another. Yet they had not discovered their best employment. They had not begun the work of soothing the sorrows of others in the Name of the Great Man of Sorrows, and their days went slowly and unsatisfactorily by. Their *solitary* days—for they lived secluded—and though the lady would fain have sent her lord into gayer scenes, and feared he missed his wonted exercises and fresher air, he disliked leaving her, and fancied, perhaps, even more than was true of her grief and disappointment in his absence. So they would look

at one another, and try to find a happy subject of discourse, but the words would not always come, nor the bright thoughts; the home was sad, for the hearts were not yet purified and strengthened.

One blessed day, (so the story goes,) there passed through the castle gate (whose columns yet remain) a Benedictine prior, to visit them. He might possibly be a friend of former years. It is more likely than not that he was so, for the Count had been several times already, in the course of his life, particularly open to religious impressions, and these had now returned strongly to his mind. In particular, some years before this time, he had suddenly lost his brother; and after that, a dear friend and relative had entered the Monastery of La Trappe. On both these occasions he had retired for a time from the world, and made his retreat in a religious house. Still his life of joyous wedded happiness had for a while extinguished these thoughts; but now, feeling the weight of his wife's as well as his own grief, he greeted the messenger of religion most warmly, and clasped his hand as if imploring his aid, while he told the story of his suffering wife and their griefs. The reverend man was of middle age; mild, most tender and sympathizing, full of experience in suffering, both of the body and mind, very skilful in penetrating to the depths of the heart, anxious above all to be the true messenger of Christ to the weary and heavy laden. Very soon he won the confidence of the lord and lady. They learnt to look on him as a father. He was not severe. He did not frighten Madame de la Garaye by stern answers to her inmost, still but too rebellious, feelings.

One day she querulously exclaimed, 'What had I done to deserve such a fate?' 'Oh, Lady!' he replied;

‘and what, it might be asked, has been done to deserve its *consolations*? You lie surrounded with all that can wile away pain; your nights and days are cared for, you have books and work and flowers, an easy couch, comforted days, a faithful watcher. *What have the poor done*, who, suffering all you suffer, have no such blessings? What has the *babe* done?—born to suffer a few weeks or months and die. What has the prisoner done?—forsaken in his dungeon, persecuted, perhaps, for righteousness sake—what has *he* done to earn such a doom?’ All these, he reminded her, were inexplicable trials, but every child of human race was liable to them; it was not for us to say who had most justly earned them. Better modes of meeting such visitations, more true modes of reading their lessons, might be found. Then the Count took up the tale. He told somewhat of his own experience of the fate of war, and of what he had seen of the sufferings of soldiers.

The lady listened. They did not press their reflections upon her; but it may be, that in the silence of the next night, many deep thoughts came. She remembered her husband’s remark, that God might have seen how little good they had done in their hours of happiness; how time had passed by unimproved, and how very often they had missed occasions for doing good. Perhaps the lady passed over in her mind also the thoughts of the sufferers, whom the good father had spoken of. Perhaps conscience pricked her ~~then~~; and there were thoughts also respecting her husband, who had so well seconded the remarks of the holy man, and who spoke, she was sure, from the very depths of his heart.

Had she not been too much the mere companion of

his joy? should she not now try and aid him in the higher pursuits for which she knew he was fitted? We dare not say how or in what order one good thought followed another; but such thoughts *did* come. Not in a day—not in a night—were the holy resolves formed and matured, but they were built up between them; and from that time there seems to have been more entire love and confidence than ever; as each strove to make their one sorrow the occasion of a multitude of blessings.

What, then, did they do for their fellow-creatures? As the lady well knew how she had grieved under the knowledge of her own incurable hurt, she wished, first of all, to open a hospital for incurable cases. She was just sufficiently restored to be able to attend to these sufferers. And Claude, the good Count, would be doctor and nurse in one. So they called all their servants together; they told them what they meant to do—that the whole Chateau was to be turned into a hospital, and their money was to be devoted to the sick and poor. If any among them wished to stay and share their work, let them do so; they should rejoice to keep them—but not for wages, as servants—only as helpers in their work, to be maintained in health and sickness and old age; but *so* only, and not for rewards in money. The servants, all but three, begged to remain.

Then they began their preparations; the long stately hall, which had been used for feasting and dancing, had soon other guests. The blind, the sick, and the lame, came; but most attended to of all were the cases of the incurable. Beds of ease were contrived for them—every indulgence and comfort was prepared; and perhaps, the most beautiful thing of all was to see

the double share taken by Claude in all Gertrude's labours.

Nobly did he prove that the words of comfort he had uttered to her, were not words of course. He went to Paris to improve himself in the knowledge of medicine and surgery. He brought back accounts of other charitable institutions; and even now, travellers who stop at Dinan may see an hospital where Gertrude's portrait is preserved; and schools, and a refuge for the fallen, are there—all the work of the same beneficent spirits—all fructifying from the seeds of good then sown; for always it is true that

‘GOOD is not a shapely mass of stone,
Hewn by man's hands and work'd by him alone;
It is a seed God suffers one to sow,
Many to reap; and when the harvests grow,
God giveth increase through all coming years,
And lets us reap in joy *that* which was sown in tears.’

Claude died in 1755, aged eighty-one; his wife, a few months before him. They were buried among their poor, in the district of Taden, where the Chateau is situated. Happily, they did not witness the desecration of their houses in the Revolution.

In the first volume of this work a short account was given of an infirm lady of our own day, whose life was one long disease, who never knew the pleasures of an independent use of her own limbs, who moved only as mechanical aids allowed her to move.

Anna Gurney—the friend and deliverer of shipwrecked mariners, the active energetic doer of good—did not pass from a state of effective health to one of infirmity; yet it is a case in point—a case resembling

that of Madame de la Garaye, in as far as extracting good from privation made those alike, who were in the first place alike in religious resignation and acquiescence in God's Will.

Can anything be more instructive, more encouraging, than the contemplation of such characters?

MARGARETHE MÖLLER.

(MADAME KLOPSTOCK.)

1

BORN 1728, DIED 1758.

'There are souls that seem to dwell
 Above this earth—so rich a spell
 Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
 From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.
 Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
 Nor in the stream the Source forget,
 If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
 Following the Lamb where'er He go,—
 Such wedded souls our God shall own,
 For faultless virgins round His throne.'

Christian Year.

IN a former volume women were classed as workers, sufferers, and learners. But some characters there are that escape from these confines, and our attention is arrested rather by what they are, than by what they have either accomplished or endured. It is thus, that in a quiet niche of her own we may admiringly contemplate the serene image of the wife of the poet Klopstock. She is known to us mainly by a few letters in broken English, to be found in the correspondence of Richardson, and republished by Elizabeth Smith. These were written some years after her marriage. It is shortly before that event that we are first made acquainted with her.

Margaretta or Meta Möller was born in the year 1728, and resided with her widowed mother at Ham-
burgh, happy in her family affections, and surrounded
by a circle of young friends to whom she was warmly
attached. She was a fragile, sensitive girl, warm-
hearted and intelligent, with a clear and cultivated
understanding. She was conversant with Greek and
Latin, and could read with ease French, English,
and Italian. Though occasionally indulging herself in
literary compositions, she held that a woman should
have attained considerable excellence in writing ere
she appeared before the public as an author. Simple
and child-like in nature, she yet looked on life with a
serious and scrutinizing gaze. 'I saw my friends
marry,' she said, 'as people marry; and they are
happy—as people are happy.'

Something higher than this Meta imagined for her-
self. In a letter, written in imitation of Mrs. Rowe's
'Letters from the Dead,' she thus, in the character
of a mother, addressed a daughter on the point of
marriage:—'Marriage fixes your fate. The whole of
your former life is but a preparation for this longer,
this more important, life. All your temporal happiness
depends on your choice of a husband; and how nearly
is the eternal connected with it! What do you know
of him to whom you are on the point of giving your
hand? Have you once considered whether he is the
man on whose support you could lean through all the
clouded ways of life? Will he lead you at last to the
throne of the Almighty, and say, "Here is the wife
whom Thou hast given me?"'

With such deeply religious feelings, and with a vivid
imagination, Meta found her path crossed by the young
poet, who was proclaimed by his admirers the Milton

of Germany, and whose 'Messiah' was at this time exciting an unusual sensation. It was even by some preachers quoted in the pulpit, whilst by others it was condemned as profane. A copy of his great Epic fell into her hands, and the first time she heard his name pronounced, was in answer to her inquiry who was the author of the poem, which had so filled her with delight. She sought eagerly to learn all she could of one, with whom she did not venture to hope for any nearer acquaintance.

But whilst her imagination was busy with Klopstock, raising him to a very high pinnacle indeed of her esteem, he was pursuing a hopeless wooing of the sister of his friend Schmidt. Not succeeding in his suit, he quitted Germany for Zurich, solemnly declaring he would only love once in his life. In spite of this resolution, however, he made particular inquiries of a friend at Zurich, whether there were any young ladies of his acquaintance, into whose society he could be admitted; 'the heart of a young woman being,' he observed, 'an extensive scene of nature, into whose labyrinth a poet must frequently penetrate, if he wishes to acquire profound knowledge.'

Fortune favoured Klopstock in his poetical researches. After residing nearly a year in Switzerland, he received a summons from the King of Denmark to take up his abode at Copenhagen, where a pension was secured to him, which enabled him to pursue his literary labours without interruption. He quitted Zurich in 1751; but on his way to the Danish capital he stayed for a few days at Hamburgh. He was now in his twenty-seventh year, Meta three years younger. Whilst in Hamburgh, he was told that a young girl, filled with admiration for his writings, was desirous of

forming his acquaintance. And though he, perhaps, received as in some measure his due, the homage of 'the little Möller,' as he carelessly styles her in his correspondence, to her it was a moment of unspeakable ecstasy.

Tremblingly she committed to the friend who was to make them acquainted some modest criticisms on Klopstock's poem, which she had attempted, and which were to serve as her letter of introduction to the great bard. That moment might have been a perilous one for her hero-worship. Would the reality at all correspond to the image she had formed? But in Klopstock's presence Meta found no disenchantment. His animated and intellectual countenance was softened by a melancholy, which not even the brighter prospects opening before him could entirely dispel; and the youthfulness of heart and character that distinguished him in old age were now overclouded by pensive dejection. This may have rendered him, however, none the less prepossessing, appealing as it would to the ready and kindly sympathies of the young. His voice had in its accents, we are told, a tone of entreaty to the stranger; and Meta's heart opened to its summons with all the frankness of innocence.

Only a few days of enjoyment were passed in his company; but when Klopstock quitted Hamburg he wrote to her, and in the course of the following year, during a second visit to Hamburg, he obtained her promise to become his wife. Their marriage, however, did not take place until June, 1754. In the meantime Klopstock was obliged to reside at Copenhagen; and the first letter addressed to him by Meta on his return there is almost wholly a prayer. In another she writes:—'Yesterday evening, when I had retired from

company and enjoyed a very delightful hour, I said to myself, Perhaps my Klopstock is now worshipping God with me; and at that thought my devotions became more fervent. How delightful it is to address ourselves to God, to feel His influence on our minds! Thus how happy may we be even in this world; but you say right, if our happiness is so great here, what will it be hereafter? and then we shall never be separated. Before I was beloved by you, I dreaded my greatest happiness: I was uneasy lest it should withdraw me from God; but such felicity as mine cannot withdraw me from Him, or I could not be worthy to enjoy it. On the contrary, it brings me nearer to Him. The sensibility, the gratitude, the joy, all the feelings attendant on happiness, make my devotion the more fervent.'

The story of this part of her life has been beautifully told by herself; 'the lisping innocence of the broken English' in which it is related, it may be, enhancing the charm. She had read with deep admiration Richardson's 'Clarissa,' 'the heavenly book,' as she terms it, and would have prayed him to write the history of a *manly* Clarissa, but had not courage enough at the time. 'I should have it no more to-day,' she goes on, 'as this is my first English letter, but I have it! It may be because I am now Klopstock's wife, and then I was only the single young girl. You have since written the manly Clarissa without my prayer.' This refers to 'Sir Charles Grandison,' which had lately appeared; and in a pretty fervour of flattery she tells the author:—'Now you can write no more, you must write the history of an angel.'

She heard from Richardson in reply to this letter, entreating her to let him know all about his Hamburgh

kindred ; the great novelist including all his favourite young ladies under the title of his daughters. Thus she answered his request. ‘ You will know all what concerns me. Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns, and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter. In one happy night I read my husband’s poem, ‘ The Messiah ;’ I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem ? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock’s name. I believe I fell immediately in love with him ; at the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburgh. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring by his means that I might see the author of the ‘ Messiah’ when in Hamburgh. He told him that a certain girl in Hamburgh wished to see him ; and for all recommendation, shewed him some letters in which I made bold to criticize Klopstock’s verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that, though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak ; I could not play ; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends ; but on the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour, the hour of his departure. He wrote soon after ; and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but

Klopstock, and shewed his letters. They *raillied* me, and said I was in love. I *raillied* them again, and said they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved; and I startled, as for a wrong thing. I answered that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love;—as if love must have more time than friendship! This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburgh. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw, we were friends; we loved, and we believed that we loved; and a short time after, I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank Heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lively son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy; and still I dote upon Klopstock, as if he was my bridegroom. If you knew my husband you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty; but I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And

as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship ; in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am ! Sir, you have willed that I should speak of myself, but I fear that I have done it too much. Yet you should see how it interests me.'

In her next letter she thus describes her mode of life :—

'It will be a delightful occupation for me to make you more acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person who knows the most of that which is not published, being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there, of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that persons who love as we do, have no need of two chambers ; we are always in the same ; I with my little work, still, still, only regarding sometimes my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time, with tears of devotion, and all the sublimity of the subject : my husband reading me his young verses, and suffering my criticism.'

In a life of Klopstock, begun by Meta, she says :—
'As he knows that I delight to hear whatever he composes, he always reads it to me immediately, though it be often only a few verses. He is so far from opinionated, that, on his first reading, I am to make my criticisms, just as they come into my head.' And Klopstock continues, 'How much do I lose in her, even in this respect ! How perfect was her taste, how exquisitely fine her feelings ! She observed everything ; even to the slightest turn of the thought. I had only to look at her, and could see in her face whenever a syllable displeased her ; and when I led her to explain the reason

of her remarks, no demonstration could be more true, more accurate, or more appropriate to the subject. But, in general this gave us very little trouble, for we understood each other when we had scarcely begun to explain our ideas.'

In another place he exclaims, 'What a heart had she, and what a quick, at the same time accurate, understanding!'

But, though thus able eagerly to sympathize in her husband's pursuits, she was not ambitious of sharing in them. At his request she began a Dialogue on Fame; and some Letters from the Dead, which have been before referred to, were written by her; but for her own pleasure only. She was even confused and distressed when detected in this employment by Klopstock, and was not easily persuaded to read him what she had written. To Richardson she apologized timidly for the imperfections of her letters. 'I am very glad, Sir, you will take my English as it is. I know very well, it may not always be English, but I thought for you it was intelligible. My husband asked, as I was writing my first letter, if I could not write French? No, said I, I will not write in this pretty but *fade* language to Mr. Richardson. As far as I know, neither we nor you, nor the Italians, have the word *fade*. How have the French found this characteristic word for their nation?'

Further on in this letter she says:—'Though I love my friends dearly, and though they are good, I have, however, much to pardon, except in the single Klopstock alone. He is good, really good, good at the bottom in all his actions, in all the foldings of his heart. I know him; and sometimes I think if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them;

for it may be that an action displeases us, which would please us if we knew its true aim and full extent. No one of my friends is so happy as I am, but no one had courage to marry as I did.'

Passionately as she loved her husband, yet she often expressed a wish that she might survive him, so that he might be spared the pang of separation. Indeed, Klopstock has with one stroke described forcibly her nature, when he says:—'She was formed to say with Arria, 'Pætus, it is not painful.' But the desire which she so unselfishly uttered was not to be fulfilled. One other letter of hers to Richardson remains. It was written in August, 1758, and in it she asks him:—'Have you not guessed that I, summing up all my happinesses and not speaking of children, had none? Yes, Sir, this has been my only wish ungratified for these four years;' and even this, she tells him, was now to be granted her; which was the reason why she remained on a long visit with her family, though Copenhagen was properly her home.

To Richardson she speaks only of her happiness; but her anxiety for Klopstock, who was at this time obliged to be absent at Copenhagen, seems to have kept her in perpetual agitation, however much she struggled to be calm. A presentiment of approaching death possessed, though it did not depress, her; and in a touching letter to her husband she prepared both him and herself for their separation:—'You must not think that I mean anything more than that I am as willing to die as to live, and that I prepare myself for both, for I do not allow myself to look on either as a certainty. Were I to judge from circumstances, there is much more probability of life than death. But I am perfectly resigned to either; God's Will be done! I often

wonder at the indifference I feel on the subject, when I am so happy in this world. Oh, what is our religion!—What must that eternal state be—of which we know so little, while our soul feels so much!—more than a life with Klopstock! It does not now appear so hard to me to leave you and our child; and I only fear that I may lose this peace of mind again, though it has already lasted eight months. I well know that all hours are not alike, and particularly *the last*, since death in my situation must be far from an easy death: but let the last hour make no impression on you. You know too well, how much the body then presses down the soul. Let God give what He will, I shall still be happy. A longer life with you, or eternal life with Him! But can you as easily part from me, as I from you? You are to remain in this world, in a world without me! You know I have always wished to be the survivor, because I well know it is the hardest to endure; but perhaps it is the Will of God that you should be left, and perhaps you have most strength. Oh, think where I am going; and as far as sinners can judge of each other, you may be certain that I go there, (the humble hopes of a Christian cannot deceive,) and there you will follow me: there we shall be for ever united by love, which, assuredly, was not made to cease.

‘So, also, shall we love our child. At first, perhaps, the sight of the child may add to your distress, but it must afterwards be a great comfort to you, to have a child of mine. I would wish it to survive me, though I know that most people would be of a different opinion. Why should I think otherwise? Do I not entrust it to you and to God? It is with the sweetest composure that I speak of this; yet I will say no more, for perhaps it may affect you too much, though you have given

me leave to speak of it. How I thank you for that kind permission ! My heart earnestly wished it, but on your account I would not indulge the wish. I have done. I can write of nothing else. I am, perhaps, too serious ; but it is a seriousness mixed with tears of joy.'

These expressions of entire resignation were no empty words. Under the most trying circumstances, at the moment when it seemed hardest to be maintained, the same spirit of self-surrender still possessed her. She had always been in the habit, in her private devotions, of writing her confessions and meditations. In the last that she ever wrote, she prayed—' May God continue to me the readiness which He has given me to exchange a life full of happiness for a still happier eternity.'

The fulfilment of that prayer was at hand. About the close of September Klopstock returned from Copenhagen. They had but two months more to spend together on earth, for on the twenty-eighth of November, 1758, both Meta and her infant were lost to him. The description of her last days, given both by Klopstock and her sister Eliza Schmidt, is too painful for repetition. But the holy calm of her last hours cannot be altogether passed over. Klopstock himself, according to a promise he had made her, first told her that her life was in danger. He then pronounced over her the Name of the Holy Trinity, adding :—' Now the Will of Him Who inexpressibly supports thee—His Will be done.' In a voice expressive of the utmost joy and confidence, she replied—' Let Him do according to His Will. He will do *well*.'

Then they parted ; and Klopstock never looked on her again ; but her sister, who remained with her to

the last, saw her face lit with a serene angelic smile. Soon afterwards, on her saying she felt but little, her sister hopefully observed, 'Oh, that is well. God will soon help you.'

'Yes,' she answered quietly, 'to Heaven.'

'And thus,' continued her sister, 'thus after a few minutes she died—so soft, so still, so calm.'

She was laid, with her child in her arms, under a linden tree in the churchyard at Ottensen. 'Seed sown by God to ripen for the harvest,' were the words inscribed by her husband on her tomb. This line concluded two passages from the 'Messiah,' which in a paper of directions left by Meta with her sister, she begged might be placed on her coffin.

Klopstock, in the first tumult of sorrow, sought to relieve his emotions by a whole series of letters, addressed to his departed Meta. And when grief grew calm, and even down to old age, he pleased himself in planting lilies on her grave, as he believed them the most fitting emblem of her pure and exalted nature.

For us, too, may not some good thoughts, some upward aspirations, 'spring, like unbidden violets from the sod,' whilst we contemplate the brief record of her gentle life, and its holy end?

Hers seems to have been one of those happy natures, that need only the sunshine of prosperity to foster their growth and mature their fruits. But, perhaps, the very condition on which such unusual happiness is bestowed, is a readiness to resign it; and, until that holy indifference is attained, none should wish to taste, unmingled, of the cup of life.

SARAH KIRBY.

(MRS. TRIMMER.)

BORN 1741, DIED 1810.

WE fear the name is to many uninviting, and by some possibly confounded with Mrs. Teachem; but for all that, Sarah Trimmer was so eminently a 'good woman,' and so decidedly one of the foremost in those good works that have since spread far and wide, that it is surely due to her merits to endeavour to show her forth. It can, however, be little more than an endeavour, for her life was in itself uneventful, and the sanctity of family privacy was at the time of her death so much respected, that the memoir of her published soon after it, has as little of personal incident as it is possible for a biography to possess.

From it we learn that her father, Joshua Kirby, who we believe was an architect, was the author of two works on perspective, which long continued to be standard authorities, though the most attractive embellishment of the first is Hogarth's wonderful caricature of the effects of false perspective, with the impossible inn and fisherman, and the sheep enlarging as they recede. Really it would seem as if all the drollery in

the family must have been expended in the choice of that one illustration !

Sarah Kirby was born at Ipswich on the 6th of January, 1741, and was brought up with the utmost care. She went to a day-school, where she learnt English and French, and became remarkable for her excellence in reading aloud—a real and most serviceable talent, much more rare than it ought to be.

When she was fourteen, her father was appointed Perspective Teacher to the Prince of Wales, (George III.) and removed to London in consequence. His friends were artists—Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; and at the house of the latter she saw the choicest society England had then to show. One evening, in Dr. Johnson's presence, some dispute arose on a passage in *Paradise Lost*, and Mr. Kirby referred to his daughter, saying that he believed she had the book in her pocket. Forth it came, and opened at the disputed part, so much to Dr. Johnson's admiration, that he presented Miss Kirby with a copy of *The Rambler*, and always showed a high opinion of her.

Perhaps this contributed to form her style, which was much esteemed in the family. Her only and younger brother was at Westminster, and used to persuade her to write his themes for him in English before he rendered them into Latin. A letter to this brother, written when she was sixteen, was, it is said, what first gave her father the notion that she had a talent for composition; and it is to be hoped it was appreciated by 'Master Kirby;' but what would be the sensations of a modern school-boy on receiving a letter from his sister in such a strain as this; 'I imagine you improve very much in politeness; that shining qualification, which is the characteristic of a gentleman. It will be

in vain for you to possess the greatest good qualities unless polished by this, which gives a lustre to every talent a man is possessed of.' We doubt if in the nineteenth century, the young gentleman's replies to such exhortations would possess that lustre ! It seems, however, that home letters were regarded as instructive tasks ; and Mr. Kirby himself wrote a series of direct religious lessons to his son, which were to serve as Sunday meditations for himself and his friend ' Master W.'

Sarah Kirby studied drawing rather to please her father than from natural taste for it ; but applying herself to it with the diligence with which she fulfilled all her duties, she became a proficient in all that depended on mere execution, and gained a prize from the Society for Promoting Arts, for the second best drawing. Her real taste was for grave sonorous poetry, such as she found in Milton, Thomson, and Young ; and she devoted the early morning to learning passages by heart. She was a very early riser ; and when her father, being appointed clerk of the works to the new buildings of the Palace at Kew, went to reside in that place, she and a young friend on the other side of the river used to carry on a rivalry in this matter, and the first up would hoist a handkerchief as a flag of triumph at her window, to be seen by her friend.

Her time of grown-up girlhood was short, for at twenty-one she was married to Mr. Trimmer of Brentford, then twenty-three years of age. Her biographer does not vouchsafe any intimation of Mr. Trimmer's occupation in life ; but from other sources we learn that he was in trade, and was likewise the owner and manager of considerable brickfields. Mrs. Trimmer thus essentially belonged to the upper class of those engaged in business, and while making no pretension,

had fair means at her disposal, and all the essentials of education and cultivation.

Education soon became her chief thought; for when her first child was born, she could think, talk, and read of nothing else, and suspected that she had wearied out all her friends with the topic—as in truth we can fancy her doing; but happily her husband was an equally earnest anxious parent, and worked with her with all his heart. The whole number of their family was twelve, six sons and six daughters, who were almost entirely educated by their mother, excepting in the classical part of the boys' education. She had the children almost always with her, teaching them in the morning, and in the afternoon taking them to walk with her to visit her father at Kew. In the evening Mr. Trimmer would read aloud to them from some of the great standard authors, who were then held to be the masters alike of style and morals. As the elder ones grew up, they had the charge of teaching the younger, under their mother's superintendence; and she thus had more time to extend the charity that had begun at home; first with her children, then with her servants, whom she used to teach on Sunday evenings; then it spread to the poor of her own neighbourhood; and lastly, she became a great teacher, both by precept and example, to almost all who were anxious on the subject of education.

The want of children's books was indeed very great for all classes. The horn-book, a paper printed on both sides and enclosed between plates of horn, to render it, like modern spelling books, 'indestructible,' had only just gone out, in favour of the primer or spelling book, with its alphabet at the beginning, its columns of spelling gaining a fresh syllable at every stage, its fables, and moral tales of the boy who came

to a bad end because he didn't care, and the cobbler who recommended 'good leather' as a provision in case of a siege. After this great work was mastered, there was nothing to read but the standard, often long-winded, books of the elders, except the small 'gilt books'—small brochures, whose covers were painted with irregular dabs of scarlet and blue, with a pattern of gilded leaves meandering over them—the last lingering reminiscence of illumination.

The contents were, 'The History of the Seven Wise Masters,' 'The Nine Worthies,' 'The Woeful History of Fair Rosamond,' or of 'Jane Shore,' wonderful popular versions of 'Friar Bacon's Story,' &c., &c., all forming no small treasure to those who are lucky enough to get hold, in the present day, of a copy that has escaped not merely nursery destruction, but the persecution of the school of educationalists! Sooth to say, these little books were not over edifying, and many could only have been permitted in children's hands in an age when there was still a good deal of coarseness, and a great indifference to details in the formation of the mind.

And over and above this defect, the marvellous was at a discount with all educators!

This was the real time of the banishment of the fairies—contempt for the purely imaginative was the mildest form of the new lights of the French Encyclopedistes, and it affected all who were stirred up in different ways by Rousseau's 'Emile' to study the subject of education, and they were many. Disagreeing on many points, all alike felt the importance of sensible elementary culture, and all disdained whatever did not visibly serve to give instruction, material, moral, or religious.

The Aikin family were the first to begin upon the material and moral line of childish literature, but the more anxiously religious mothers felt a certain distrust of the absence of direct lessons in Christian doctrines; and Mrs. Trimmer was incited to begin a course of writing for young people, which might give the one thing in which, with all their far superior brilliancy, the Aikins were felt to be deficient.

Her 'Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature' was her first essay in this style. And we must own that our first sensation on hearing that it was at once very popular, is to think what a famished state children must have been in, when they enjoyed it. If, as her biographer says, it is only a transcript of her usual style of conversation with her children, her talk with them must have been as unlike that of modern mothers as her letter to her brother is unlike those of modern sisters. But it made such an impression, that her little visitors afterwards expected to be able to find the spots in her garden exactly as described in the book.

The end contained a short sketch of Scripture History; and the eagerness with which it was received led to a work that occupied Mrs. Trimmer for a long time, and on which she spent great pains, namely her 'Sacred History,' where selections from the words of Holy Scripture are followed by annotations and comments of her own. The book ~~was~~, nay still is, found very useful, as a selection of the narrative chapters ranged in a convenient form, so as to save the constant handling of the Bible itself. The Annotations were drawn up to meet the needs of the growing Trimmer family, and were most highly esteemed in their own day. Heavy and dull they certainly seem at present; but whether this arose from Mrs. Trimmer's own grave Johnsonian style,

or from the absence of those illustrations from Eastern travels, and the direct applications which have since enlightened Biblical comments, it is not easy to say. Perhaps, if she made her Biblical teachings too weighty and ponderous for the young, we are likely to err on the side of making them merely lively, familiar, and entertaining.

Mrs. Trimmer wrote about this time the most really popular of her books, entitled, in her favourite style, 'Fabulous Histories,' but universally beloved in nurseries as 'Robin, Dicky, Flapsy, and Pecksy.' The charms of the sturdy self-willed Robin, the giddy Dicky, the vain timid Flapsy, and dutiful Pecksy; the terrific sight of the human monsters who peered into the hole in the ivied wall; the first flights; the visits to the breakfast-table—all have a freshness and interest that used to make the book a great favourite with us, even in an old edition, where the type was pale, the ss like fs, and c and t most needlessly connected. The moral purpose of the book was to inculcate humanity towards the animal creation; and it certainly did much to produce a real affection and regard for little birds. We hope it still continues a nursery classic, for though the words are long, the ideas are simple, and it is full of interest and beauty.

The children for whom Mrs. Trimmer primarily wrote were her own. In the spring of 1786, sorrow came on her home circle in the death of her little Annabella, always a delicate child, who died at five years old, of water on the brain. The grief was deeply felt, but met with the resolute resignation with which she had before endured the loss of a younger infant. But in the course of the summer, she was earnestly engaged in the first opening of Sunday Schools at

Brentford. 'Thou,' she writes in her journal, 'who hast commanded children to be brought unto Thee, graciously accept those whom we are preparing to present; illuminate their minds, that they may be capable of receiving religious instruction, and give them grace to forsake all evil habits, and to live according to Thy blessed precepts and example.'

This was almost the first dawn of Sunday-schooling. Mr. Raikes had just begun his Sunday teaching at Gloucester, and the example was slowly being adopted elsewhere. The ignorance of the poor was indeed most dense. Probably it is a mere straining after the golden age to fancy that they ever had been better taught. Here and there was an old endowed foundation charity school; and most villages had a dame who taught reading and needlework, by a profuse application of the rod; but these were not the haunts of the labourers' children, so much as of those who are now above the National School. The farmers' and village tradespeople's children, and often the parson's own little ones, were the staple of the dame's subjects, with now and then the child of some superior or exceptional peasant, and mayhap some promising favourite 'put to school,' at fourpence or sixpence a week, by the clergyman or the Lady Bountiful. The real poor children ran wild, birds-nested, opened gates, gathered wool off the hedges, and learnt nothing, unless there was a particularly diligent clergyman, who stirred them up to acquire the Catechism for the Lenten rehearsal in church.

Their ignorance and poverty must have been fearful; for by Mrs. Trimmer's account, even where the father of a family was in full work, there was almost nothing left out of his wages for the purchase of clothing, and gar-

ments were extremely expensive, so that even the most thrifty mother could do nothing better for her family than buy rags by the pound. A little girl is mentioned as very neatly dressed in a gown, apron, shift, and cap, entirely made of pieces of white and coloured linen, purchased in this manner !

Brentford, an overgrown suburb of the parish of Ealing, was particularly full of poor, attracted by the market gardens, brick-fields, and farms, but many of them only employed during part of the year. The town chiefly 'consisted of a single long street in a road,' which was then 'the greatest thoroughfare in England,' and the resort of all varieties of vagrants, who further corrupted the population. The children ran about from morning to night, ragged, dirty, and regular pests to all the inhabitants; and thievery had been greatly promoted by the invasion of the old privilege (still subsisting about Eton,) which levelled all farm gates from Lammas-tide to Michaelmas, and allowed the poor man's pig and cow access to all the best of the land. The market gardens, having trenched on Lammas grounds, seemed to the poor fair prey, and all sorts of petty robberies were committed.

The invention, if it may so be called, of Sunday teaching had been made at Gloucester. The Bishop of Chester published a letter in its favour, and several clergymen had followed this up with sermons and pamphlets; and ere long, the Reverend Charles Sturges, Vicar of Ealing, was led to try the experiment in his parish. Both he and his curate at the chapel at Brentford preached sermons on the subject, the pamphlets were circulated, a subscription list opened, and alms-boxes placed at the church doors.

The clergyman and Mrs. Trimmer went round among

the poor, inviting them to send their children, and in general met with a grateful reception, with but few exceptions. Five hundred names were set down; but the staff of teachers was insufficient for such numbers, since the mistresses of the existing daily schools at first all declined to assist, and there was no one to be depended on but the ladies of the Trimmer family. Only one child from each family was therefore admitted on the first Sunday, and the beginning was made with thirty-seven boys and one hundred and twenty-two girls; but after this two of the mistresses consented to assist, and the next Sunday, five different rooms were in use as schools, each with a paid teacher, together with a lady or gentleman.

‘Such a set of deplorable poor creatures presented themselves as are shocking to recollect;’—clothes were such as might be expected when it was a sign of neatness to be dressed in patches, and cleanliness was an unknown art. The only thing to be done, was to praise the few tidy ones, and gradually present garments and brushes and combs to the most manifestly in need. A few of the children of parents a little better off came to the school, and, as Mrs. Trimmer says, ‘by taking off from the exceedingly mean appearance of the procession to church, they reconciled the teachers to what might otherwise have been thought a degrading employment.’ The dress of these little girls was almost a costume, a good deal like the uniforms of the old charity schools, a tight white cap with no frill and a high crown, a plain, short, tight-sleeved frock, an apron, and three-cornered handkerchief, and if wonderfully well off, a pair of shoes and stockings. Two young ladies’ boarding schools sent a benefaction of a hundred caps with binders, herring-boned with coloured crewels,

and handkerchiefs of their own making ; and ideas of neatness began to prevail.

Most of the girls, even those of twelve or fourteen, did not know their letters, nor could tell who made them. The boys could in general read fluently, but had no religious teaching, and were perfect savages in manners ; but the school was decidedly popular, the scholars conformed themselves, and teachers for the girls were continually volunteering from among the young ladies of the place.

The spring of novelty bore them on ; and when, a year later, Mrs. Trimmer wrote a description of their doings, there were plenty of classes who could read. The work was however severe. School opened at half-past eight, and a hymn was sung at nine ; then the good readers, in classes of six, read the Psalms for the day, with the difficult words explained to them, and afterwards either the Lessons or Epistle and Gospel ; while the more backward were taught the Catechism and the alphabet. Morning school ended with an admonition, read every Sunday, on behaviour at church, whither they were all conducted by the mistress.

Afternoon school was only a meeting to go to church ; and there they were thoroughly catechised by the curate. There was no sermon, and the musical ones had after service half an hour's singing in the chapel, while the rest returned to school, the little ones to be taught the Lord's Prayer, hear a story, and be sent home, their elders for reading, hymns, and Catechism, all ending at six o'clock with an evening admonition. We have given all this in some detail, because it is curious to see the commencement of the system now so universal, and a good deal modified. The toil must have been great, and Mrs. Trimmer found herself often obliged to

sacrifice to it that habit of writing meditations which she had adopted from the example of Dr. Johnson ; but it was a great delight to her, and the effects soon became apparent in the universal improvement of her scholars.

Week-day schools soon rose out of the Sunday one ; and spinning, knitting, and needlework, were carefully taught to the girls ; means were found for weaving the yarn when spun, and the schools became in part self-supporting, and likewise greatly improved the dress of the poor by putting decent garments within their reach. Benevolent ladies contributed flax and wool ; and a newly invented spinning wheel was set up, at which eighteen little girls could be employed at a time. This was considered as an immense discovery ; and it is tantalizing to find the correspondence referring to a visit paid by George III. and Queen Charlotte to the schools to inspect the wheel, without any particulars being given. One was provided in the Queen's school at Windsor ; and a good Lady Bountiful wrote to propose that by way of 'permanently lessening the poor rates, such a wheel should be set up in every parish ; 'then,' she writes, 'they can never want work, since spinning can never go out of fashion.' How little did the good lady imagine that in less than eighty years time, a school child, when questioned on the lilies neither toiling nor spinning, would answer that they do not go round and round, having no notion of any spinning save by a peg-top.

The desire to make this notable wheel well known, induced Mrs. Trimmer to put forth a little book, called 'The Economy of Charity,' shewing how industrial works might be carried on at schools, and stimulating ladies to interest themselves in them. The book had

much success, and was very effectual in turning people's minds to the improvement of the poor. It is full of sound sense and principle, though the details read quaintly now.

Terrible cruelty to animals was the characteristic of the untaught population; and Mrs. Trimmer endeavoured to lift up her voice against this in her tale of 'The Two Farmers.' She also had a cheap 'Family Magazine,' each number containing a short sermon, and with other matter, a visit from a benevolent squire's lady to some cottager requiring admonition. These teachings, under the name of 'Trimmer's Instructive Tales,' long held their place as a reward book of the S. P. C. K. But school books were the great want; and her 'Teacher's Assistant,' and 'Scripture Catechism,' gave the first aid that the Sunday teacher had in explaining the lessons learnt by the children. Looking over them at the present time, they appear too set in their language, too difficult, and scarcely minute enough; but these were days when the object was to inform, rather than to awaken the scholar's mind. The awakening was left to nature, and might come afterwards.

Madame de Genlis' 'Adèle et Théodore' strongly interested Mrs. Trimmer; and one of the first hints she took, was from the furniture of the famous educational château, with the historical hangings—Roman Emperors in the dining-room, and French Kings in the school-room, Scripture History in the hall, and Greek heroes in the saloon. All her life Mrs. Trimmer had been connected with artists, and she was thus enabled to put forth a series of small prints of sacred and profane history, either to be hung in nurseries, or looked over in small square books. Looking at the art

that was then, and for long after, thought good enough for children, these are wonderfully good; they are engravings, and are designed in a truly reverent spirit, in dealing with sacred subjects. Real power or genius there is none; it was sheer instruction and not æsthetics that was aimed at, and there was not even any attempt at obtaining ideas from the works of old masters; the aim was to produce a set of instructive pictures, and that aim has been completely fulfilled. Those who are old enough to have begun life with inherited copies of Mrs. Trimmer's firm, little, square, red calf volumes, must own to always seeing Moses' ark of bulrushes, and Solomon's lion throne, Hannibal's vow of hostility, and the Thracian wives bewailing the coming troubles of their new-born children, much as she depicted them, and to have thence carried away many a firmly fixed idea, even though they seldom touched the accompanying volume of 'reading,' which was always in a most tell-tale state of preservation, compared with its more attractive companion.

A quiet, steady, self-ruling life of diligence and charity presents few events; and indeed, the only marked ones of a woman's life are generally sorrows. On the 28th of August, 1791, Mrs. Trimmer lost her son John, a promising youth, between sixteen and seventeen. She grieved especially over her having—not thinking his death absolutely approaching—put aside, till too late, his desire for his first Communion. 'Why,' she writes in her journal, 'did I restrain myself from proposing his receiving it at home, from a weak apprehension that the mention of it would sink his spirits by awakening the fear of approaching death? Might I not safely have trusted to the aid of the Holy Spirit, in such a case as this? I have suffered my dear child

to leave the world without enjoying one of the highest pleasures it affords. Pardon Thy servant, O blessed Lord! adorable Saviour, pardon Thy servant in this thing; O Lord, I trust that the *desire* in him was as acceptable as the act would have been; the omission was mine, not his.'

Her next entry, December 31st, calls 1791 one of the most sorrowful years she had spent; but a heavier sorrow rested on the next. Mr. Trimmer had been much out of health at the time of his son's death, but had recovered, and was apparently as well as usual, when in the night, his wife was awakened out of her sleep by hearing him make a choking sound in his throat. She had scarcely time to summon one of her sons before he had passed away—early in May, 1792, after a most happy and peaceful union of twenty-nine years! There is something very touching in a letter written to one of her daughters a few months afterwards.

'I saw your dear father's hair in a locket which I gave to C. The mixture of grey with black brought to my mind the numerous cares we had divided. At the sight of so interesting an object the tears of tender recollection filled my eyes, but I wiped them away, and comforted myself that the cares which I knew his solicitude for us would have occasioned him to add to, were now at an end. I think, much as I miss him, I shall pass the remainder of my life with more serenity than the years that are gone. Whatever troubles I may meet with, I shall not have to feel for my dear husband.

Mrs. Trimmer continued to reside at Brentford, where one of her sons carried on his father's business. One of her daughters was by this time married, and

some of the others had become governesses in families, where her schemes of education were carried out by them. Well balanced, resolute, and self-restrained, Mrs. Trimmer would have thought it a sin to devote herself to extravagant repining, and she returned bravely to her duties as the mother and protectress of a large family, many of them not yet grown up, to the despatch of business left complicated by this sudden death, and to her former works of charity and education.

Early in 1793, she was anxious to have her series of school books adopted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and her journal records her prayers that her endeavours to assist in making known the Gospel might be blest. We verily believe that they were the means of unfolding the devotional stores of Scripture and of the Church to many who would otherwise have been ignorant of all but the letter.

Her chief work was now the editing of a magazine, called the 'Guardian of Education,' containing in each number part of an original essay upon Education, and a review first of works upon the same subject, and then of the children's books, which, after the impulse given by 'Evenings at Home,' 'Sandford and Merton,' and Mrs. Trimmer's own Redbreast family, had begun to multiply. The Essay is really an admirable one; perhaps the most thorough union of sound English Church principles and practical experienced good sense that we possess. Madame Neckar de Saussure's treatise is the only one equal to it in a religious point of view; but, though the Swiss lady is superior in grasp, force, and power of mind, the Englishwoman has details that come nearer home, and can be better followed out. She gives illustrations too from her own experience, and these are always valuable.

The reviews are a curious study, especially to those who have inherited the juvenile libraries of the last decade of the last century, and the first of this one. The books of that date were by no means all so trite as those who are supremely content with the progress of their own generation would suppose. Not to speak of the Edgeworth literature, which was hardly yet developed, there were some capital story books. There was 'Jemima Placid,' the good tempered girl who goes to stay with her cross cousins, the Miss Piners, bearing with her injunctions from her old nurse to be careful to pin up the hole at the top of her night-cap every night, for fear she should catch cold. The illustrations are a perfect study in costume and manners. 'The Perambulations of a Mouse,' are full of very clever sketches of character; and the description of a silly child's night terrors we have never seen equalled. The 'Village School,' is a delineation of the ways of a superior dame school, such as was above described; Mr. Right, the admirable clergyman, who walks about the playground in his gown and cassock, sends his own three children to school, where Miss Polly is most impartially punished when she lets Dolly Quick do her work for her, and has her doll hung round her neck when she presumes to bring her toys to school; Frank West, the cobbler's son, is the model boy of the school, and is always preferred to Roger Riot, though his father is a gentleman. The 'Puzzle for a Curious Girl' is likewise a capital book, where the heroine works herself into a terrible state of distress because her mamma goes into a shop without taking her, and after endless conjectures and transgressions discovers that the whole secret has been founded on the purchase of a pound of wax. Or, a set of young ladies

wander together with 'Thomson's Seasons' in their pockets, and read and quote it apropos to everything—and the 'Spoilt Child' learns his letters by eating alphabets of spun sugar, and devouring all the words he has spelt rightly—and then is bred up on a course of historical stories, where cruelty is condemned by the example of Charles IX. killing rabbits as a little boy, and friendship inculcated by the story of Alcander and Septimius, in the course of which a murder is committed with a pistol—in the days of the Roman Empire!

These were the style of books on which for many years Mrs. Trimmer sat in judgment. Her criticisms were always on the soundest principles, her standard was unswerving, and her code the strictest. If she mistook, it was from a want of sympathy with higher flights, especially where she dreaded extravagance, as when she censured the well-known story of the Scottish mother, who sought her child in the eagle's nest, because she endangered her life without adequate hope of rescuing the child, and thus her act seemed to good Mrs. Trimmer a presumptuous gratification of feeling, unfit to be held up to admiration. As a contemporary of the horrors of the Revolution, who had seen the horrible distortion of liberal sentiments, Mrs. Trimmer likewise had a somewhat too unsparing aversion to such tales as put the faults of the rich prominently forward, especially in contrast with virtues ascribed to the poor. But all this is only saying that her judgment was not unerring, and that it was occasionally a little too narrow; and we believe there is no woman who can really escape narrowness—the most determined repudiations thereof always result in the most cruel intolerance of all. The power

of weighing character or opinion in *just* relation both to their own merits or to 'the cause,' is granted to comparatively few men, scarcely ever if at all to women.

The opinions held by Mrs. Trimmer were of the most steady old fashioned Anglican orthodoxy, unstirred by controversy, and shunning all that trenched upon laxity of doctrine. Yet she lived on terms of friendship with the Dissenting minister of the place; and his daughters taught in her Sunday school, without objecting to the Catechism, or to her interpretation of it. Those were the times when Dissent had been fostered by the indifference of Church people; and where the Church was active, she excited little or no antagonism.

Several of Mrs. Trimmer's sons were clergymen; and Bishop Porteus shewed his high sense of her merits by appointing one to the living of Heston, soon after his ordination. Few more events befell her, except the marriages of her children, and births of her grandchildren. Many of these little ones used to spend much time with her, and their great happiness, especially on the Sundays, used to be remarked with wonder by persons who fancied that Sunday could only be made joyous to children by obliterating the distinction between this and other days.

One little fellow used to be seen putting away his toys every Saturday night; and nothing could have hurt his feelings more than to be supposed capable of wishing to use them on Sunday. Talking over the beauties of flowers in the garden was one of the special enjoyments, and a whole group would be employed over the prints to 'Stackhouse's Commentary,' and the references beneath them. One child would read out the chapter and verse, another find it, and a third write

it down. They had likewise Scripture maps, in which they found all the names of places distinguished in Bible history, or traced the wanderings of the Israelites, and the journeys of St. Paul. After all, those who talk of Puritan Sundays, do so in utter ignorance of the delight the day may be made while treating it scrupulously as the Lord's Day. Mrs. Trimmer, besides her attentions to her grandchildren and Sunday scholars, usually devoted part of the day to a review of the week, writing down meditations on the past incidents, and prayers for her own use, and thus preserving that remarkable discipline in which she kept her whole character.

The most alarming event of her life was a fire which broke out on her son's premises at one o'clock on the night of September 27th, 1793. All the household were called up in case the flames should spread to the house, but nothing was consumed but the stables; and the poor horses, employed in the business, though led out alive, were many of them terribly injured, so that six were necessarily killed, to put an end to their sufferings. A few hours after the alarm was over, Mrs. Trimmer was recording her thankfulness, and the resolutions by which she hoped to manifest it. I resolve, by the assistance of the Divine Grace, to moderate my desires after the things of this world, to bear the loss of property which God has seen fit that we should sustain, without murmuring; to retrench every superfluous expense in order to repair it. To shew my thankfulness for God's preserving goodness by an increase of alacrity in every duty of religion, particularly in charity to the poor as far as my ability extends. If my means are contracted, I will at least retain the desire to do good, and endeavour to bear without repining the dis-

appointment of the hopes I had entertained, that they would increase as occasions and solicitations multiply upon me.'

However, the loss was not such as to have a permanent effect on the family means, and Mrs. Trimmer often had sums placed at her disposal by wealthy persons, both for the support of her schools, and for the assistance of distressed clergy. She was in her latter years the centre of a large system of charity, and likewise was frequently referred to from strange quarters for good advice. The memoir gives us specimens of a correspondence with a gentleman, whose daughter had made a run-away marriage with one of his servants, and was found by Mrs. Trimmer in the most abject misery, having lived fourteen weeks on bread and water. The father would not forgive, but allowed a small weekly provision for her; and for months Mrs. Trimmer watched over and tended her and her infant, only parting with her when her mother had obtained leave to lodge her with her own old nurse, a removal which her wasted frame did not long survive.

Another work performed by the brave earnestness of Mrs. Trimmer, was the rousing to a sense of duty a young officer in the West Indies. He had so cruelly neglected the mother who had spoilt him in his boyhood, that she was living in utter destitution, and was on the point of self-destruction, when her landlady, the mistress of a low lodging-house, applied to Mrs. Trimmer to assist her. An urgent appeal to the son brought both remittances and kind letters to the poor mother, who was never allowed again to fall into want or neglect during the short remainder of her life.

There are also preserved letters to a tradesman, who having been roused to serious thoughts by the death

of his wife, wrote to Mrs. Trimmer to ask for advice in preparing himself for the Holy Communion; and these are but a small sample of the wonderful variety of wholesome influences which this good and humble woman was able to exert in her uneventful life.

A change of residence from her old house to another in Brentford was almost the only alteration that befell her. Illnesses she had none; death came with only an hour's previous indisposition—on the 13th of December, 1810, when she was sitting in her chair in her study, she bowed her head, and passed away so peacefully that her children for some time believed her to be slumbering.

Most truly might it be said of her, that after she 'had served her own generation by the Will of God' she 'fell on sleep.' And we must not forget her, because we have entered into her labours and esteem them homely.

HANNAH MORE.

BORN 1746, DIED 1833.

OVER-PRAISE is often compensated for, as it were, by over-censure ; and it frequently falls to the lot of those for whom there has been an undue appreciation during their life, to be as unduly depreciated after their death. Perhaps this has been the case, to an unusual degree, with the subject of the present memoir ; regarded in her own lifetime almost as holding a sort of lay episcopate in the West, and since her death chiefly known to young people as a sort of shadowy educational name. It is just possible that all this may be partly owing to the indiscriminate praise of her laudatory biographer, which provoked bitter satire in the reviewing world, whose works penetrate further than does a 'religious biography.' But that she was pre-eminently a 'good woman,' and that in a time when 'Religion' seldom wore her 'silver slippers,' there can be no doubt, nor that to her belongs the honour of having 'turned many to righteousness.'

Mr. Jacob More was the master of a grammar school near Stapleton, in Gloucestershire. He was classically educated, but owing to family losses had

been disappointed of taking Holy Orders; and he had married a farmer's daughter, not highly educated, but sensible, good, and practical. To this worthy pair were born, between the years 1736 and 1747, five daughters, Mary, Elizabeth, Sarah, Hannah, and Martha. All seem to have had great abilities; but the genius was soon discovered to be the youngest but one, who was constantly obtaining from her father stories of the doings and sayings of the Greeks and Romans, and delighted to hear him quote sentences from Plutarch in the sonorous Greek, and then render them into English. He even began to teach her Latin and mathematics; but soon took fright at the progress that enchanted his wife, and ceased his instructions from the fear of her becoming the bugbear of the century, a learned lady. However, she felt the benefit of what she had learnt, throughout the rest of her life.

The views of the parents were, that the sisterhood should as early as possible qualify themselves for earning their own maintenance by keeping a boarding-school; and in preparation Mary was sent to a French school at Bristol, returning home every Saturday night, when she imparted to the four at home what she had learnt in the course of the week; lessons by which Hannah profited so much, that some French officers, prisoners of the great War of the Austrian Succession, used, when they dined with their father, to choose the little girl as their interpreter.

She was only twelve years old, and Mary not quite twenty-one, when the preparation was supposed to be sufficient; a house at Bristol was taken, and the school opened. According to Sally More's subsequent description of the venture, 'We were born with more desires

than guineas; as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home grew too small to gratify them; and with a bottle of water, a bed and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; we found a great house with nothing in it—and it was like to remain so, till looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *larning*—a good thing when land is gone or rather none; and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return.'

Hannah, of course, commenced her career as her sisters' pupil; but already, at sixteen, her talent was making itself remarkable; her conversation was peculiarly brilliant—and it is related that once, when attended in a dangerous illness by a literary physician, he was so much interested in her talk as to forget the purpose of his visit, till he was half way down-stairs, when he exclaimed, 'Bless me, I forgot to ask the girl how she was!' Her strength was never great, and she had an extremely nervous constitution, which made her subject throughout her whole life to such severe and disabling head-ache, as often laid her aside from all mental occupation. To judge by her portrait, she must have been a thin, slender, delicate-looking person, but with bright eyes, and a refined acute countenance. Her literary instincts were always strong; almost from babyhood, she had written essays, poems, and imaginary letters, on every scrap of paper that she or her little sister Patty could procure; and at seventeen, she produced, for the benefit of her sisters' scholars, a pastoral drama in verse, entitled the 'Search after Happiness,' in which four young damsels, weary of the world, in four separate long-winded fashions, come to seek the advice of a respectable retired shepherdess,

and obtain it in full measure ; whereon they proceed to live very happy ever after, without the intervention of a single character of the other sex ! How this admirable comedy was acted years after at Reading, may be delightfully seen in Miss Mitford's ' Our Village.'

Hannah continued her Latin studies, and learnt likewise Italian and Spanish, occupying herself with many translations from the poetry of each tongue. Such ease did this give her, that in the midst of a concert, she gratified one of the 'listeners by writing down an extemporary translation, in verse, of an Italian song. At the same time, the sisters seem to have been admitted into the best society that Bristol afforded ; and one in soul as they always were, there never seems to have been a shade of jealousy of the superior brilliance of the younger sister ; but the whole sisterhood received Hannah's triumphs as their own. Indeed, it would seem as if all must have been women of rare excellence and ability, inferior to Hannah only in facility of writing, and perhaps in wittiness of conversation ; and yet Sally was regarded as the wag of the family. Mary More, who, as a girl of twenty, could organize a school with such young assistants, establish its reputation, and through a long course of years secure unchanged esteem and respect, could have been no ordinary character.

At about twenty-two, Hannah, with her sister Patty, accompanied two of the pupils, named Turner, to spend their holidays at Belmont, the house of their guardian, a beautiful place near Bristol, situated on a sort of natural terrace of rock and copsewood. Here she gave her counsel in laying out the walks, which still remain and attest her excellent taste, though the inscriptions that

accompanied them have something of the stiffness of that 'tea-cup age.' All this landscape gardening led to an attachment on the part of Mr. Turner; and though he was more than twenty years her elder, Hannah accepted him; but misunderstandings arose, and the marriage was finally broken off by the interference of friends. The particulars of the rupture, now a hundred years old, are not known; but Hannah was always considered free from blame, and Mr. Turner could not rest until he had settled upon her an annuity, which should compensate to her for the interest in the school which she had resigned in prospect of her marriage. The settlement was made without her knowledge, and it was with great difficulty that she could be prevailed on to accept it; but the friends whom she most trusted, considered that in justice, some such atonement was due, and that it ought to be received by her, however repugnant to her feelings.

This private income made her independent of her sisters, and put it into her power to carry out what had been foreboded by one of the curiously prophetic sports of infancy, when she used to play at 'riding to London to see bishops and booksellers.' She had for years had a longing desire to obtain a glimpse of Dr. Johnson, and to see Garrick on the stage; and her own fame, as a wit, among the circle at Bristol, was sufficient to bring her forward as one not unknown; so that her introductions obtained for her, almost at once, admittance into the circle where the great Johnson ruled as a despot.

Taking sometimes one, sometimes two, of her sisters with her, she yearly went to town, and established herself in lodgings. Miss Reynolds, the sister of Sir Joshua, who kept house for him, and made all his

visitors at ease and happy, was among her acquaintance, and kindly assisted her in her pursuit of all the celebrities of the day. There must have been a great charm in her vivacious manner and genuine admiration, for the lions she sought were wonderfully gracious, seldom put forth their claws, and requited her enthusiasm with warm friendship. It was an age of compliments; she was naturally 'out-spoken,' and what now sounds like fulsome flattery had then the grace of enthusiastic truth.

She was in her thirtieth year when she was admitted to intimacy with the heroes of her imagination. Dr. Johnson was always kind to her, and very fond of holding comic discussions with her, always calling her 'child.' Some have said that she importuned him with her compliments; and that he once told her that she should consider what her praise was worth before she thrust it upon him; but though this exclamation probably broke from him in some access of ill-humour, or at some compliment less dexterously administered than usual, there can be no doubt that her admiration was sincere, and that in general it was well received. And that she held her own ground is plain. She writes, 'Dr. Johnson asked me how I liked the new tragedy of Braganza. I was afraid to speak before them all, as I knew a diversity of opinion prevailed among the company; however, as I thought it a less evil to dissent from the opinion of a fellow-creature than to tell a falsity, I ventured to give my sentiments, and was satisfied with Johnson's answering, "You are right, Madam."' Again Sarah writes, 'Tuesday evening we drank tea at Sir Joshua's with Dr. Johnson. Hannah is certainly a great favourite. She was placed next him, and they had the entire con-

versation to themselves. They were both in remarkably high spirits; it was certainly her lucky night! I never heard her say so many good things. The old genius was extremely jocular, and the young one very pleasant. You would have imagined we had been at some comedy, had you heard our peals of laughter. They, indeed, tried which could pepper the highest; and it is not clear to me that the lexicographer was really the highest seasoner.' Another time, 'Dr. Johnson and Hannah, last night, had a violent quarrel, till at length laughter ran so high on all sides that argument was confounded in noise.'

To David Garrick, the great actor, she was introduced about the same time, and almost at once became intimate with him and his wife, Eva Maria Veigel, an Austrian danseuse, known in theatrical life as La Violetta. She had been as a young girl sent away from Vienna by Maria Theresa, that she might avoid the attentions of one of the Archdukes; and soon after her arrival in London, was most happily married to the leader of the English drama, by whom she was entirely withdrawn from the stage, and made the kind and highly respected mistress of his London house at the Adelphi, and country one at Hampton. She remained a Roman Catholic, and always retained her foreign manner and accent; but she adapted herself perfectly to English domestic life, and was much beloved in her numerous circle of acquaintance. This couple were now falling into years, and every season was expected to be that of Garrick's last appearance—a report that quickened Hannah's eager desire to see him in his most celebrated parts; and soon, from being a spectator, she became a friend and a guest. His house at the Adelphi was her head quarters during her visits to London, and her pet

name there was Nine, as being playfully supposed to unite the talents of the Nine Muses.

Miss Reynolds likewise introduced her to that choice literary society that met at the house of Mrs. Montagu, whom she describes as 'not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw.' 'Her form (for she has no *body*) is delicate even to fragility; her countenance the most animated in the world; the sprightly vivacity of fifteen, with the judgment and experience of a Nestor.' Montagu House was an English Hotel de Rambouillet, with less pretension. There Hannah More met Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Boscowen, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Chapone, and all the gifted ladies on whom the ill-natured fastened the title of Blue-stockings—it is said, because a Frenchman once declared that so little was thought of dress, that one might come to their parties in blue stockings without being remarked.

Dress was, however, no small grievance to the country-bred maiden in her own person. 'I am going to-day,' she writes, 'to a great dinner; nothing can be conceived so absurd, extravagant, and fantastical, as the present mode of dressing the head. Simplicity and modesty are things so much exploded that the very names are no longer remembered. I have just come from one of the most fashionable disfigurers, and though I charged him to dress me with the greatest simplicity, and to have only a very distant eye upon the fashion, so as to avoid the pride of singularity, without running into ridiculous excess; yet in spite of all these sage didactics, I absolutely blush at myself, and turn to the glass with as much caution as a vain beauty just risen from the small-pox.'

She is very quaint about the fashions. 'Some ladies carry on their heads a large quantity of fruit, and yet

they would despise a poor useful member of society who carried it there for the purpose of selling it for bread. Some, at the back of their perpendicular caps, hang four or five ostrich feathers of different colours. I was last night in some fine company. One lady asked what was the newest colour; the other answered that the most truly fashionable silk was a *soupeçon de vert* lined with a *soupir étouffée et brodée de l'esperance*; now you must not consult your old-fashioned dictionary for the word *esperance*, for you will there find that it means nothing but hope; whereas, *esperance* in the new language of the times, means rose-buds! The other night we had a great deal of company, eleven damsels. I protest I hardly do them justice when I say that they had amongst them, on their heads, an acre and a half of shrubbery; besides slopes, grass-plats, tulip beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen gardens, and green-houses.'

Garrick put an end to this folly by caricaturing it on the stage, where he came forward in female attire, his head laden with vegetables, and an enormous carrot at each ear.

Probably the fashionable society of the time was not more frivolous than that of any other era; but the remains of the evil influences that had spread from Louis XIV. were meeting the precursors of the tendencies that led to the infidelity of the French Revolution; and the higher tone and better morality of the court of George III. had not yet leavened the mass. Such was the ignorance of the common facts of the Bible, that when Sir Joshua Reynolds produced his picture, now in the National Gallery, of the little kneeling Samuel, he was often asked who Samuel was.

Sunday entertainments were common; and Hannah

returns, through her sisters, warm thanks to her 'dear Dr. S——,' for the rebuke he had sent her for her presence at one. 'Conscience had done its office before; nay, was busy at the time; and if it did not dash the cup of pleasure to the ground, infused at least a tincture of wormwood into it. I did think of the alarming call, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"' And when the next Sunday she was persuaded to dine at Mrs. Boscawen's, with only Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Carter, she still blamed herself; 'for, though their conversation is edifying, the example is bad.' However, she made her principles so well known, that when she was staying with the Garricks, at some friend's, on some preparation for secular music on a Sunday evening, Garrick turned round and said, 'Nine, you are a Sunday woman; retire to your room—I will recall you when the music is over.'

When resting at home among her sisters, after her first winter of enjoyment in London—for December and January were then the gay months, and the sweet prime of summer was not then spent in the streets—Hannah one day said, 'I have been so fed with praise and flattering attentions, that I think I will venture to try what is my real value by writing a slight poem, and offering it to Cadell myself.'

The poem she wrote was a ballad called 'Sir Eldred of the Bower;' a doleful performance, smoothly versified, and forestalling the catastrophe by which Philip Mortham killed his wife in Rokeby. Nevertheless, Cadell undertook to pay her for the MS. at the same rate as Goldsmith had received for 'The Deserted Village.' Johnson, who scorned the veritable gems in Bishop Percy's Reliques, admired, corrected, and re-wrote a whole stanza; and Garrick read it aloud

with such pathos that everyone was in tears, including his wife and the authoress; and there was a great laugh at their mutual apologies, the one for crying at her husband's reading, the other at her own verses! Garrick further wrote six complimentary stanzas, on the mortification of the male sex at such a feminine performance, till Apollo interferes:—

‘True,’ cries the god of verse, ‘’tis mine,
And now the farce is o’er;
To vex proud man I wrote each line,
Then gave them Hannah More.’

After reading of successes such as these, it is impossible not to feel that it may often, indeed, be given to woman to speak to her own generation, but that the very accordance with its prevailing tone, which renders her popular in her own day, is a cause of her works passing away with that which called them forth. The writing of a tragedy was, however, then the great test of fame. ‘Percy’ was accordingly produced, and was a brilliant success. Hannah says, ‘If I were a heroine of romance, and was writing to my confidante, I should tell you all the fine things that were said; but as I am a real living Christian woman, I do not think it would be so modest.’ It was regarded as a high compliment by all the Percy family; and though the Duke and his eldest son were both ill with gout, and unable to attend the first representation, each took a ticket, ‘for which they paid as became the blood of the Percys;’ and they sent Dr. Percy, the collector of the Reliques, to thank her for the honour she had done them! She was the more gratified, as she had avoided renewing an acquaintance with Dr. Percy, lest she should seem to be courting their notice for her play’s sake.

This winter, that of 1777-8, was the last of her comparatively gay period; the next year's summons was of a very different nature. Garrick died, after a very short illness; and the 'Sunday woman' was the first friend to whom the widow turned for comfort. Hannah hurried to her at once, and remained with her for many weeks, chiefly at her house at Hampton, where the visits continued to be made regularly every year; and the quiet and calm were as welcome to Hannah's gradually sobered frame as had been the brilliance of her former seasons.

Another play, called the Fatal Falsehood, was fairly successful, though much less brilliantly so than Percy; but the death of the great actor had broken her connection with the stage, and her mind, always religious, turned more to the desire of usefulness than of fame. The godlessness of fashionable society, and its ignorance of the commonest Scriptural facts, led her to put forth a little book of Sacred Dramas; plays in imitation of those of Metastasio, founded on some of the events in the Bible; and though to our views at present these would appear necessarily irreverent and absolutely absurd, yet they were then much admired even by such men as Bishop Lowth and Dr. Kennicott; were read with interest, and regarded as excellent and edifying.

It was with Dr. Kennicott, the professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and his wife, who had learnt the language in order to assist him, with Johnson, now in declining health, and with Mrs. Montagu, that her time was chiefly passed during her visits to Mrs. Garrick. She was at Hampton, with that good lady, when in 1783 she received the news of the death of her father, with whom she does not appear to have lived since she was twelve years old. He was very aged,

and his daughters resigned themselves calmly to the loss.

It is curious to find her about this time complaining of being continually beset with entreaties to write epitaphs for people she had never known, and could not conscientiously praise; indeed, her readiness of all kinds was probably the prime cause of her popularity and actual individual personal influence and regard, which gained her so much gratification. It was a time when *vers de société* were the fashion, and neatly turned epigrams and short complimentary poems were handed from friend to friend, and copied into the home letters with which the franks of accommodating M.P.s were filled. In these Hannah was a proficient, always ready with playful well-turned replies to small gifts, or comments on small adventures. The Bas Bleu, an account of the society at Mrs. Montagu's; an Ode to Dragon, the house dog at Hampton; an answer to Mrs. Boscawen's gift of a wreath of laurel on the success of Percy, and many other verses of a like kind, established her fame.

The friends who had greeted her in London had been mostly persons already advanced in life, and her letters are records of the losses she sustained among them. Garrick, as has been mentioned, was the first; then in 1783 she was summoned to Oxford, to attend the death-bed of Dr. Kennicott, and soothe his widow in her first hours of sorrow. It was in those hours that Hannah wrote this sweet picture of perfect wedded love:—‘He had a just sense of the value of his literary labours, but he was vain only of his wife; she was the object not only of his affection, but of his pride, and he loved her as much from taste as from tenderness. She was to him hands and feet, and eyes and ears, and intellect.

If any ingenious thing was said in company, he never perfectly relished it till she related it to him.' The next winter brought another loss, that of the great Samuel Johnson himself. Hannah was with Mrs. Garrick at the time, daily hearing and transmitting to her sisters the particulars of the last days of the great man whom she had all her life revered, and for many years loved—how his last interview with Sir Joshua Reynolds was spent in making him promise never to paint on a Sunday; how the nervous physical terror of death that had haunted him all his days, was gradually subdued by faith; how earnestly he strove to impress on his unbelieving physician, in Whom salvation alone can be found; and finally, how calmly his spirit departed in sleep. She had been with him at St. Clement's Church at his last public communion; and her great delight was in gathering together the many anecdotes current of the noble sayings with which he was wont to bear down all that opposed truth or morality. Yet it was weak of her to entreat Boswell to mitigate some of the asperities of Johnson in his biography; and Boswell answered her well, though roughly, 'He would not cut off his claws, nor make a tiger a cat, to please anybody.'

Just at this time Hannah and her sisters had become the owners of a cottage in the parish of Blagdon, not far from the scene of her abortive courtship, and known by the rural name of Cowslip Green. This became increasingly a home; and just as Garrick's death had detached her from the gay world, so did that of Johnson from the literary world, of London; and though she still made frequent and long visits to old friends like Mrs. Garrick and Mrs. Kennicott, they were no longer annual occurrences; and her biography, instead of being

illustrated by letters from London to her sisters, after 1785 is chiefly filled with letters from Cowslip Green to London friends, amongst whom one is surprised to find the selfish trifling dilettante, Horace Walpole. He seems, however, to have had a sincere respect for Saint Hannah, as he was wont to call her; and she, flattered perhaps by the notice of a man of his distinction, and won, no doubt, by the grace of his manners, always held him in half affectionate, half pitying, regard.

Her more recent acquaintance were of very different character; Mrs. Trimmer, whose admirable work at Brentford had begun to impress the world at large, and the Reverend John Newton, who from being the captain of a slave ship, had become one of the most distinguished Evangelical clergymen in England, the friend and director of the poet Cowper, and at this time the Incumbent of St. Mary, Woolnoth, where Hannah More heard him preach, and according to the process so frequent in her case, passed at once from an auditor to an intimate.

Her Sacred Dramas had already caused her to be regarded as a distinctively religious writer; and in 1787 she produced a book, which she felt as a great venture, *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society*; a book that few of the present generation have ever seen, but which probably assisted to establish many a precept that has since become a truism. The old feudal dominion over households had passed away, and the sense of Christian responsibility needed to be established. Sunday travelling and visiting, utter heedlessness of example, or of the effect of late hours and want of consideration upon servants and dependants, all seem to have prevailed to an almost incredible

seldom or never to visit the sick. The farmers refrained from asking for a resident clergyman, lest their tithes should be raised, and from a further belief that the country had never prospered since religion had been brought in by the monks of Glastonbury! though it does not appear that they wished to go back to the worship of Thor and Woden. The only way to begin was to conciliate these magnates of the village, since if they took offence they could easily frustrate all plans for the benefit of their dependants. 'Miss Wilberforce,' writes Hannah, 'would have been shocked had she seen the petty tyrants whose insolence I stroked and tamed, the ugly children I fondled, the pointers and spaniels I caressed, the cider I commended, and the wine I swallowed. After these irresistible flatteries, I inquired of each if he could recommend me to a house, and said that I had a little plan which I hoped would secure their orchards from being robbed, their rabbits from being shot, their game from being stolen, and which might lower the poor rates. If effect be the best proof of eloquence, then was mine a good speech, for I gained at length the hearty concurrence of the whole people, and their promise to discourage or favour the poor in proportion as they are attentive or negligent in sending their children.'

A house was procured, and prepared for a school, and mistresses found, though with great difficulty, to teach reading, spinning, knitting, and sewing, in the week, and to give religious instruction on Sunday. The same process was gone through with the next parish, the central one of six large ones, without so much as a resident curate among them. Here an old vicarage house, not inhabited for a hundred years, was repaired to serve as a school. At the opening, appa-

rently, of this, the scene must have been most touching. 'Several of the grown-up youths had been tried at the last assizes; three were the children of a person under sentence of death; many were thieves; all ignorant, profane, and vicious. One of their clergy was present; he was also a magistrate, and when he saw these creatures kneeling round us, whom he had seldom seen but to commit or punish in some way, he burst into tears.' Some musical gentlemen, who had been attracted by curiosity to the opening of the school, just as she was coming out with her ragged regiment, much depressed to think how little good she could effect, suddenly struck up the beautiful anthem, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'

This was the summer work; the winter made it impossible for delicate rheumatic ladies to travel long distances to superintend their schools, so they left their school-mistresses to carry out their system, and repaired to the house at Bath, where Hannah sent forth another book, called 'An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World,' which was bought and commended much as its predecessor had been; but with the spring her much more real work began again, and with the more encouragement, as she found the Cheddar schools thriving, and their effects telling on the tone of the parish.

The Mendip Hills next attracted her attention; and the same rounds began to conciliate the farmers, who were even ruder than those of Cheddar; some were sure that they would be the ruin of agriculture, and the most enlightened just guessing that Sunday Schools might be a good device for saving orchards from plunder; but when they found that no money was expected of them

they became somewhat more amenable. As to the villagers, some of them fancied that the ladies would have a claim over their children after seven years attendance, and send them beyond sea for slaves; others expected to be paid for sending them to school; and in two parishes the sisters were told that they went to the peril of their lives, for the place was so ferocious that no constable durst execute his office. Only one Bible was found in a whole parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot. Out of a hundred and eight children in another, not one knew Who made them; and so rare were the visits of the clergy, that children were often buried without funeral service.

In each of these places the acquiescence of the incumbent was first gained; then the farmers were conciliated, a house taken, a list drawn up of the inhabitants and their circumstances; and then notice was given of a day on which all the women were invited to attend, with their children above six years old. The names of such as could be induced to attend were then taken down; and on the ensuing Sunday, parents and children were invited to meet the ladies for the opening at nine o'clock, when the rules were read, with some suitable portions of Scripture; part of the thirty-fourth Psalm and a hymn were sung, and a prayer read. On Sunday, the Catechism, with some Scripture knowledge, was imparted; in the week there was also a girls' school, for reading, sewing, knitting, and spinning.

Great difficulty was found in obtaining teachers for these schools, at a time when trained mistresses were undreamt of, and dames were often chosen on the principle Oberlin found prevailing, where the old man was set to keep the children because he was too old to keep the pigs! However, only one of the three Rs was

then thought expedient ; and Miss More usually selected good women who had seen better days, and with some simple knowledge were able to act the part now assigned to Parochial or Bible women, going about to the cottages after school hours, to carry dainties or medicine to the sick, and read or pray with them. After the first year, when the confidence of the poor had been gained, the more thoughtful among the elder scholars, and of the parents, were invited to assemble at the school, on Sunday after Church, to hear a sermon read ; and this was attended with the happiest effect ; many vicious habits were laid aside, and a sense of religion infused into many. These meetings were perhaps in danger of assuming a dissenting character, more especially as it was hardly possible to find women of the class from whom Miss More's mistresses were necessarily taken, who had not owed their religious impressions to Wesleyan influence. But what could be done ? The Church in these regions was virtually asleep ; her members were lapsing into heathenism, and to instruct and awaken them was the first great object ; nor did Hannah intend anything that was not in accordance with her rules. Church-going was carefully inculcated ; the Catechism diligently taught ; and these Sunday evenings were the only possible means of giving the grown-up population the teaching withheld from them by their shepherds.

The parishes where these schools were established occupied a considerable area, the most distant being fifteen miles from the head-quarters at Cowslip Green, whence in the summer Hannah and Patty kept up a regular visitation on all their establishments, coming to spend Sunday at one or the other in rotation ; taking part in the instruction of the day, and going to

church with their scholars, or in the week examining the work, holding an audit of the accounts, and visiting the cottages.

After the first year they considered their parishes ready for the reception of Bibles, Prayer Books, and other good books, but never at random, only to those who had shown some evidence of appreciating them; generally to such as had learnt by heart the greatest number of chapters, psalms, and hymns, during the absence of the ladies in the winter. Benefit clubs for the women were next established, and had their anniversary feast, when the ladies and their friends, and some of the clergy, were present: there was a feast in church, a tea, and a journal of the state of affairs was read aloud—rather a delicate matter to draw up, one would think, as it contained the summary of the year's church-going, of the amount of fraud, swearing, scolding, and Sabbath-breaking in the year, mixed up with praise or admonition.

If any of the grown-up girls had married respectably in the course of the previous year, she received on this day a Bible, a pair of white stockings, and five shillings; a prize most highly thought of. Besides these individual village festivals, there was one grand annual one, called the Mendip Feast, when the whole of the schools met on the top of the hills, to eat beef and plum-pudding, under the superintendence of the More sisterhood, with as many clergy and friends as could be collected. Tents were set up for the provisions, a ring fence made round the children, and in the intervals of the meal there was singing, ending with a grand chorus of 'God Save the King.'

This was the machinery established by the bounty of William Wilberforce, and the personal labour of

Hannah and Martha More; and as long as strength lasted they continued to be the centres of this great system, regulating all, and ever ready to be applied to on every difficulty. 'The worst of our business,' writes Hannah, 'is, that having so many places, and all at a good distance from each other, to look after, when all goes smoothly in one place something breaks out in another, and hinders the instruction of the children and the parents. The teaching of the teachers is not the least part of the work; add to this, that having about thirty masters and mistresses, with under-teachers, one has continually to bear with the faults, the ignorance, the prejudices, humours, misfortunes, and *debts*, of all these poor well-meaning people. I hope, however, that it teaches one forbearance, and it serves to put me in mind how much God has to bear with from me. I now and then comfort Patty in our journeys home at night by saying that if we do these people no good, I hope we do some little good to ourselves.'

The good seed falling on utterly neglected ground of many different qualities, produced extremely different effects; and coming as an absolute novelty, occasioned those forms of excitement which always accompany a fresh diffusion of long-forgotten truth; above all, where it is, in a manner, through irregular channels. Hannah More's clear good sense always withstood dangerous aberrations; but perhaps these were the more likely to arise where the religious habits outgrew the scanty devotional aid given by the Church, and where, in many cases, the parish priest was an obstacle, not a guide, in the way of truth. She believed herself a thorough Churchwoman; but her opinions had, since Johnson's death, been more and more coloured by those of the Evangelical clergy, who were then by far the

most earnest and progressive persons in the Church; and thus, though never in the slightest degree herself inclined towards Dissent, and never sanctioning its manifestations, she was perhaps inclined to dwell more on the efficacy of sermons and the feelings they excited, than on the Sacramental system. But the absence of the ordinances and guidance of the Church was again the cause. When it left to one woman the care of all the Churches, how could it be wondered at if there were occasional errors of judgment! The greatness of the reformation was unquestionable. Cheddar itself, where once no young woman could venture out alone on a Sunday evening without being liable to insult, was orderly and full of a religious population; and the change that had fallen on the whole district was that of darkness to light. Nothing in the whole book is more touching than Martha More's account of the funeral of one of the school-mistresses, and the grief of the poor people who thronged to follow her to the grave; hundreds moving silently along in suppressed weeping; 'their very silence was dreadful,' and the scene so touching that the undertaker from Bristol was overcome, and wept like a child. The vicar of the parish was present, and before his face the clergyman who preached in church before the burial, said, 'This eminent Christian *first* taught Christianity in Cheddar.'

Reports of these doings, as well as her two little books, began to stamp Hannah More with the character of terror in the eyes of the gay world. But the right-minded valued her more and more, and the horrors of the French Revolution were tending to shew even the most thoughtless, that on the most selfish considerations, religion and morality were safeguards.

Many of her friends urged on her to write something

short and popular by way of counteraction of infidel writings that were far too prevalent ; and she was thus led to draw up a short lively conversation, called ' Village Politics, by Will Chip,' which she published anonymously, only to receive copies from all her friends by every post, with recommendations to distribute so useful a work as much as possible. It was her first introduction to the kind of writing in which her real strength lay, and in which she was foremost in the field. The shelves that now groan with little books, pink, blue and white, mauve and orange, plain or adorned, limp penny productions, or stiff beautifully pictured covers, clever or washy, grave or gay, were then utterly destitute. When the child was taught to read, a few works of standard theology was all there was for it to employ its powers upon, and these written for persons of far higher education and experience. On the other hand, the whole country was inundated by the cheapest infidel and Jacobin publications, and by coarse and vicious ballads. The desire to furnish wholesome food to counteract the poison, led Hannah More to decide on putting forth a series, three in a month, of extremely cheap tracts, some amusing, some serious, some ballads suited to the times, others tales, with some short sermons and prayers. A subscription was raised among her friends to enable her to make the publication cheap enough to undersell the vicious pamphlets, and forthwith came the little brochures, in their white coarse paper dress, with a grim and hideous woodcut on the first page, a curious contrast to the landscapes, flowers, and figures, that now adorn every reward book. But it would be well if our dainty little books possessed the substantial merit of those put forth by the joint efforts of the ladies of Cowslip Green. Many were immediate

answers to the fallacies of the day, the echoes of the French Revolution ; and others were to cheer and help the people through the famines produced by the war and the state of the continent ; but others are admirable books, fitted for all times, and with an aroma of earlier manners, such as makes them the more racy. Such are 'Black Giles the Poacher,' 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' 'Hester Wilmot,' 'The Two Farmers,' and 'The Two Shoemakers,' the perusal of which we strongly recommend as a pleasing variety among the feeble tales of school children in our day.

The books were highly esteemed by all ranks. The Duchess of Gloucester, who was a warm admirer of Hannah More, caused one of her ladies to stop an orange woman, and ask her if she ever sold ballads. 'No, indeed !' said the woman, 'I don't do anything so mean ; I don't even sell apples !' However, she was persuaded to sell some of the tracts, and found them a very profitable speculation ; indeed, two millions were sold in the first year ; and a comparatively ornamental edition was brought out for the drawing-room, where the great want of light Sunday literature for children contributed to make them acceptable. After the conclusion of this capital series, Hannah returned to her former walk of literature, and produced some 'Strictures on Female Education,' sound and sensible, and especially remonstrating against early gaieties, such as making children into little women of the world before their time. Some read and admired, others treated her counsel as fashion generally does treat sober wisdom ; and at one children's ball, Miss More's effigy was erected at one end of the room, waving a huge rod at such naughty doings.

Having educated, and written on the education of

a large proportion both of the poor and the rich, Hannah's attention was next directed to the training of the child whom the nation looked on as their future queen, Charlotte of Wales, who was at this time under the care of Lady Elgin, an old friend of Miss More. When the little Princess was between three and four, Hannah had spent a day with her governess at Carlton House, and had seen her exhibit all her little accomplishments, repeating 'The Little Busy Bee,' dancing very gracefully, and singing 'God Save the King.' The interest excited by the pretty, lively, natural little girl, resulted in a book of 'Hints towards Forming the Character of a young Princess,' which was brought out anonymously in 1805, just when the Princess, at nine years old, had received Bishop Fisher as her preceptor. The authorship was at once guessed, and the hints received with many compliments by the Queen, and most of those engaged in the education of the Princess.

All this time the care of the schools went on in the original district, and fresh ones were added to them, one in a parish previously so lawless, that Hannah said she felt like the Queen of Botany Bay. She considered Cheddar, which had first moved the heart of Mr. Wilberforce, as her appointed field of labour; and her own parish, Blagdon, had no share of her attention until she was earnestly entreated by the curate, Mr. Bere, there to establish a school. Want of time, health, and means, were given as reasons for a refusal; but the churchwardens and overseers came in a body to beg her to reconsider their case, and 'do the parish a little good.' She consented; and the school, with all her parish machinery, flourished with such good effect, that Mr. Bere, who was also a magistrate, declared he could

now eat his dinner in peace, without being called off to send warrants ; and it was recorded as a marvel that two assizes and two sessions had passed without a single person appearing from Blagdon parish.

Here, however, a storm arose, the exact rights of which were probably never adjusted. The indiscretion of the schoolmaster in permitting extemporary prayer at the evening readings, was apparently the first cause ; and though Miss More at once put an end to this, and afterwards removed the master, a temper of jealousy and ill will had been aroused among the magnates of the parish that could not be allayed. The Rector, Dr. Crossman, was willing to support her, but Mr. Bere was violently set against her, and even when she had closed her school, took depositions in his character as a magistrate to prove that Calvinism was there taught. One was from a lunatic, whom she had helped to maintain ; another stated that the school-master had been heard to pray extempore in private ! The parish of Wedmore was infected, and one farmer there presented her at the Archdeacon's visitation for teaching French principles, and without a licence ! The intention of worrying her out of the parish was avowed, and reports of the opposition led to attacks from persons who had never even seen one school of hers. Scurrilous pamphlets were issued, most completely contradicting one another in their abuse, violence being their sole likeness. If one reviled her for fanaticism, another accused her of setting up seminaries for theft and immorality ; in one she was said to pray for the success of the French, in another to exult savagely in their defeat ; in one to disbelieve Christianity, in another to idolize the Athanasian Creed, in which the author proceeded to advise her to wrap herself as in a winding-sheet.

So scandalous were these publications, that Lord Chancellor Loughborough advised her to proceed against their authors; but she, as a matter of conscience, refused litigation, and calmly weathered the storm, only vindicating herself so far as to write a full statement to the Bishop of the diocese, and obtaining a re-examination of Mr. Bere's witnesses by Sir Abraham Elton, an impartial magistrate. Both she and her sister Patty suffered much from ill-health all the time, but they went valiantly on with their superintendence in the faithful Cheddar district, feeling sometimes at their club feasts like comic actors, leaving miseries at home. The Wedmore people came to their senses, but Blagdon was hopeless; and after three years of Mr. Bere's persecution the sisters quitted Cowslip Green, and took up their abode at Barley Wood, a house about a mile from it, so much larger and more convenient, that they gave up their house at Bath, and resided there entirely.

Mr. Harford, the friend of Wilberforce, gives a delightful description of a visit there—of Patty first running into the room with dancing black eyes and lifted hands, crying, 'I am not *Hannah More*!'—of the merry Sally—of the housewifely Betty—and of the stately Mary, with the dignified mien that had enabled her to rule her school at twenty!

Her first years there were annoyed by the remains of the fierce tempest of invectives; and in 1806, she had a long and dangerous illness, beginning with pleuritic fever, and so lasting that it was a whole year before she could be considered on the way to recovery. She was, however, in her usual state of health before the last visit paid to her by Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, one of her most honoured friends

and correspondents, whose death in 1809, was severely felt by her.

Her literary work, during her slow recovery at Barley Wood, was what is sometimes viewed as the parent of the religious novel: the title was 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' and it purports to be the experiences of a young gentleman sent forth from his remote home to find the lady of his affections. He sees and sketches many varieties of character in London, and then repairs to the country house of Mr. Stanley, an old friend of his father, and a universal adviser to the neighbourhood, and the happy father of five daughters, of whom Lucilla, the eldest, proves to be the piece of perfection sought by Cœlebs; whom he accordingly marries, after an uneventful courtship, just long enough to develope the family opinions and practices on all points where a model was thought desirable. It is curious to find characters so cleverly described as those of most of the subordinate personages, so dull in speech and action, and likewise that one so able and brilliant as Hannah More, acquainted with so many varieties of excellence, should have made her good people such dead weights on the story. However, much must be allowed for the taste of the day, for Cœlebs certainly answered his purpose. The book was out of print in a fortnight, and eleven editions were sold in nine months; letters of admiration rained in upon the author, and so much notice did it excite, that even Dr. Berington, the Pope's Vicar-General, thought it worth his while to write her a long letter on a sentence in which she had spoken of 'retaining all the worst part of Popery,' 'the abstinence without the devotion, the outward observance without the interior humiliation, the suspending of sin, not only without any design of forsaking it, but with a fixed

resolution of returning to it, and of increasing the gust by the forbearance.' Strangely enough, he misunderstood the passage, and did not perceive how limited was her 'worst part,' as she pointed out in a very sensible letter, where she expressed her great admiration for the Port Royalists, the great sermon writers of the era of Louis XIV., St. Bernard, and St. François de Sales. Poor Cœlebs! in looking back at him, it is strange to think that he could stir the wrath of a Vicar-General; but even in his own day his triumph was not complete, for Sidney Smith came down upon him in the Edinburgh Review, and held him up to ridicule in the most slashing style, laying hold of all the weak points, of which there were far too many, and not by any means doing justice to the strong ones.

'Practical Piety' was a work more in Miss More's natural line, and better suited to her powers, and it was followed in 1813 by 'Christian Morals.' With this year, however, begin the dates of bereavements, not only of friends, but breaking into the family circle of sisters, who had lived together in unbroken union for fifty years. Mary, the eldest, after a long slow decay, was the first to be called away, in her seventieth year; and after four years, Elizabeth followed her. Sarah, the lively merry sister of the party, was already dropsical, and only lived to see one more year; and in 1819, Martha, who had always been 'eyes, hands, and feet' to Hannah, always one with her, and her coadjutor in all her schemes, was taken almost suddenly from her sister, and Hannah was left to her lonely home at Barley Wood—aged and broken, and her eyes in such a state, that often on waking, she knew not if it were morning or night. Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce were staying in the house at the time of Patty's seizure,

and indeed, her last day of health was spent in taking them over the district at Cheddar; and they remained with the bereaved sister until after the funeral. So frail was the health of this last survivor, that she fully expected to follow her sisters in a short time; and in the August of 1820, she had a terrible illness, from which she never expected to recover, so that when burning with fever, she said, 'Nothing but the last icy hand will cool me—poor Patty, I shall soon rejoin her.'

Nevertheless, many solitary years were in store for her—solitary as to relations, but cheered by a kind congenial companion, Miss Frowd; and she lived on, cheerful, useful, and spirited, always attending to the multitudes of letters that flowed in on her, and still the centre of her system of charities. Many of the parishes were able to continue her institutions without the same unremitting care from her that she had paid them when she began; several generations had been trained up; and not only this, but a very different order of clergy were growing up, far more alive to their duties, and willing themselves to attend to the temporal and spiritual needs of their parishes.

The change for the better both in religion and morality which she had witnessed in the course of her long life, was indeed very great; and there can be no doubt that she had contributed to it as much as in her lay, by her conscientious use of her remarkable talent for popular writing. Her last books, 'Essays on St. Paul,' and 'Moral Sketches,' came out, the one in 1815, the other in 1819, just before Patty's death. After that she did little more than revise and prepare new editions, besides keeping up her wide correspondence,

in which she displayed a mind brisk and vigorous as ever.

Some knitted garters which she contributed to a bazaar were bought by Sir Thomas Acland for five shillings; whereupon she sent him a poem, equal to any of the jeux d'esprit of her brightest days, though written at seventy-five, dedicating to him 'the most faultless of her works, in two cantos.'

'Not even reviewers here can find a botch,
British nor Quarterly, nor scalping Scotch.
The deep logician, though he sought amain
To find false reasoning, here might seek in vain :
Quibbling grammarians may this work inspect,
Yet in no bungling Syntax spy defect.
Its geometric characters complete :
The parallels run on but never meet ;
Though close the knots, all casuists must agree,
Solution would but break the unity ;
Unravell'd mysteries shall here be read,
Till time itself shall break the even thread.

* * * *

Retired from view, it seeks to be obscure,
The public gaze it trembles to endure ;
The sober moralist its use may find,
Its object is not loose, it seeks to bind ;
No creature suffers from its sight or touch ;
Can Walter Scott say more ? can Byron say so much ?
One tribute more, my friend, I seek to raise,
You've given indeed a *crown*, give more—your praise.'

These bits of her handiwork were eagerly bought up at Bristol. Indeed, Hannah More in her old age was much of a lion, and something too of a pope. Seldom able to move from her fire-side, she was there by person or by letter consulted by numbers of young clergy and of other persons, and visited by many old and new

friends. Compliments had been the current coin of her youth; and these visits have the credit of having been extremely full of what the younger generation considered fulsome flattery, but which was in reality the unreserved expression of sincere feelings, such as the custom of former days viewed as due respect. The old lady regarded it as a duty to make such calls edifying to young and old, rich and poor, and much enjoyed having the children and grandchildren of her former pupils brought to her, to repeat hymns and texts, and receive little books as rewards.

But she found education fast out-running her old ideas of what was good for the poor. She thought the Catechism and the power to use the Bible and Prayer Book all that it was desirable to teach; talent and energy went together, she said, and the cleverer lads would pick up for themselves enough to be useful to them in after life. No doubt this was as much as it was possible to teach to the utterly unreclaimed population with whom she had to deal, and the specimens of the march of intellect that came before her in her latter days were not satisfactory; little girls who learnt syntax instead of the Catechism, told her that Abraham was an Exeter man, and professed to be studying 'gography and the harts and senses.'

She lived on at Barley Wood till 1828, when it was discovered by her friends that her servants had been taking advantage of her age and infirmity, and that evils prevailed that made it necessary to break up the establishment. As long as it was only herself who was made a prey, she acquiesced in the neglect and loss, as a chastisement for her want of vigilance; but things came to such a pass that her friends represented to her

that her house was absolutely a bad example, and finally as a matter of duty induced her to give it up. It was a heavy trial to her, in her eighty-third year, to give up the home where she had spent twenty-six years, and had seen all her four sisters pass away from her, the country where nearly forty years of devoted usefulness had been spent, and above all, under such circumstances that several gentlemen from the neighbourhood came to protect her departure from insult. She placidly came down-stairs, walked through the rooms, gazed at the portraits of dear friends on the walls, and as she looked at her garden said, 'I am driven, like Eve, out of Paradise, but not like Eve, by angels.'

She was placed at Windsor Terrace, Clifton, among friends to whom she was much attached, and whose respect and affection cheered the five years during which she still lingered upon earth. Latterly her memory and mental faculties failed, though now and then they sparkled up as brightly as ever, and she much enjoyed the visits of her friends, reading, and conversation. The spiritual life grew brighter and brighter as her mortal frame decayed, and the ten months of her final descent to the grave were spent in constant hope and joy, with Heaven brightening before her, and trust in her Saviour ever on her lips and heart. Often and severely as she had suffered in former illnesses, this last was comparatively painless; it was sinking, not suffering. Long sleeps alternated with restlessness, excitement with composure; but finally on the 6th of September, 1833, all power failed her, though she lay smiling, and with an unusual brightness on her 'smooth and glowing' face. Once she called 'Patty,' raised herself from her pillow, and stretched out her arms,

with the word 'Joy!' but spoke no more, only lay dozing with a pulse faint and fainter, though quick as lightning; and thus she continued till 1 p.m. on the 7th, when the last gentle breath was drawn, and she verily 'fell asleep.'

ELISABETH OF FRANCE.

(SISTER OF LOUIS XVI.)

BORN MAY 23RD, 1764, GUILLOTINED MAY 10TH, 1794.

It would be difficult to find in our historical reading a character more perfectly GOOD in the highest sense of the word than that of Madame Elisabeth of France, the beloved and revered sister of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth. We have rather dreaded unfolding that awful page of history which brings before us the crimes of the French Revolution. But Madame Elisabeth is so purely a victim to loyal affection—she does so little in reference to the political changes of that time, that one takes her up as a single isolated figure—as an example of patient determined suffering for the sake of others, as one who scarcely tried to bring herself up to the many contending considerations which presented themselves to the mind of her keener and better instructed sister-in-law. One feels, therefore, that her calm heroism, her saintly piety, and her deep affection, may be illustrated without entering deeply into the old and painful history of that most distressing period.

What contributes much to the interest of Madame

Elisabeth's life, is the singular contrast it exhibits to what we should have anticipated from all accounts of her early years. At first it appears like the story of two quite different, even contradictory, persons; but further examination discloses their identity. It shows how certain qualities always remained predominant; but that, by force of a determination placed under the strong control of religious principle, they became, as the discerning sister-in-law always said they would, powerful assistants in a course of unswerving rectitude, of never-tiring constancy.

When one thinks of the shortness of her life—that thirty years only were allotted for such a strange mixture of calm and storm, for fair earthly hopes, cruel disappointments, and ignominious martyrdom, one could almost wonder to think of the impression her beautiful character has made on all but those who were brutalized by the times. It is as a vision quite apart that we look at it, not at all admitting that she was always right—thinking her indeed sometimes rather wilfully wrong, not choosing to see what others saw, and therefore often blaming them, to her own greater regret, in the wrong place; but all the more do we admire that invincible ‘might of meekness’ which allowed no private opinion of her own to alter her firm purpose to abide with those she loved to the last.

Madame Elisabeth was born at Versailles, on the 23rd of May, 1764, and perished on the revolutionary scaffold on the 10th of the same month, in 1794. She was the youngest child of Louis, Dauphin of France, (son of Louis XV.) by his wife, Marie Josephine of Saxe. At three years of age her mother died, her father's death having preceded hers. Thus the guardian of herself and her brothers and sister could be no

other than the King, her grandfather. Madame de Marsan, the governess of her elder sister Clotilde, (afterwards married to a Prince of Piedmont,) had also the charge of Elisabeth; and the royal aunts, her late father's sisters, seem to have been kind and attaching to the orphan children. In fact, they were of irreproachable private and domestic characters, which, in such a court, was specially important; but as to Elisabeth, she seemed for a time a grievance to all concerned. Her gentle, unresisting sister was everywhere beloved; and Elisabeth, seeing this, and also affectionately attached to her, was all the more perhaps discontented with her own failures, and it is fair to suppose did not meet with skilful management. At any rate, when Marie Antoinette came to France, and Elisabeth was six years old, she says she was almost a little savage—rough, passionate, indocile. In one of her early letters the Dauphiness speaks of paying a visit to Saint-Cyr, the great school for noble young ladies, and says she went with her husband, his brothers, and ‘*La petite farouche Elisabeth*,’ who however, she adds, ‘becomes more gentle, and did not leave hold of my hand.’ Still, two years afterwards, she reports upon a trait of hauteur in Elisabeth. There had been a fête in one of the convents, in which she and Clotilde assisted; or they would have done so, but that no novice’s costume could be found small enough for the younger sister, to her great mortification. When the fête was over, Clotilde, happy and delighted, kissed the ladies present again and again; but the little Elisabeth demurely presented only her hand to be kissed.

With all this, Marie Antoinette was very fond of her. She saw there were fine qualities to work on—strong affections, conscientiousness; and even her

stubborn will, she said, might do her service in life, if it were but turned into right channels. She could not bear dictation, but was amenable to expostulation, especially when grounded on religious considerations. When Clotilde married she was in deep despair. She wept over her loss, Marie Antoinette says, 'like a Magdalen;' became abstracted, serious, secluded. She threw herself into religious observances with exaggerated fervour, and petitioned the King to allow her to enter a Carmelite convent. This distressed him much; and her sister-in-law persuaded her to come and stay with her at her retreat in the Trianon, where she talked over the whole matter with Elisabeth, and found her, though still warm in her wishes, disposed to listen to advice.

The kind remonstrances addressed to her seem to have had their due weight. The good sense of Elisabeth, the self-knowledge she was daily acquiring, also contributed to make her suspicious of her own strong inclinations; and she began her conquest over them by yielding to her brother's wishes most obediently for the present, for he took care to tell her that, till she was of age, he could not possibly permit her to take any step towards the conventual life. At this time she was scarcely fourteen; yet the Queen, seeing how grave and mature she was, most sagaciously hinted to Louis that it would be well partially to advance the period of her majority—to give her as much of early independence as possible, that her mind might be satisfied by the performance of her charitable duties. The King agreed. He permitted her to have an establishment, though not a house of her own, and here she could choose her objects, and in a great measure her associates.

Her brother, the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., always a highly-instructed scholar, directed much of her reading and study. She had considerable talent and taste for painting. She herself concluded against indulging in novel-reading, being afraid of her own lively imagination.

Three distinct matrimonial projects were formed for Madame Elisabeth: one, when she was eleven years old, with a Prince of Portugal, was soon rejected; then the Duke of Aosta, afterwards King of Sardinia—a connection which would have re-united her to her sister Clotilde. This came to nothing, however, also; and the same may be said of one which report declared would have been personally agreeable to her—the Emperor Joseph II., her sister-in-law's brother, being in this case her reputed admirer.

Without pretending to be wiser than History, it is impossible not to conjecture that Marie Antoinette, who so early felt the bitterness of being regarded with dislike as an *Austrian*, might see that another family connection would add to her unpopularity and the King's also. So these little flickers of earthly passion died out, (if indeed they ever were kindled,) and Elisabeth went on in her quiet career, the model good aunt, the model sister, of all times to come.

It is indeed in these relations that she is so singularly interesting; but she was not without other friends. Her most congenial intimacies were, no doubt, those formed among the young ladies of Saint-Cyr. They, trained in religious observances, the children often of very earnest Catholics, commended themselves especially to her habits of thought. She had a very quick perception of kindred qualities. She did not require anything brilliant; but she formed a decided estimate

of what suited her best; and whether it were in the matter of a confessor, a lady-in-waiting, or a friend, she knew what she wanted, and abided by her choice. She felt keenly on the death of one of these ladies-in-waiting. 'I warmly regret her loss. I shall never be able quite to replace her, not so much in the special qualities of her service, as in those which accorded with my mind, my opinions. I mourn for her as my friend; but I believe her to be happy, and this comforts me.'

Again—'I have given Madame de Cimery's place to another. It cost me dear to see anyone else take her office. Up to that moment I could feel as if she still lived; and so great is her loss to me, that I cherished the illusion. Madame de N—— is the one among my women who will suit me best; but will she be Madame Cimery? SHE was everything.'

This simple profound interest in her people of every rank, is a marked characteristic of Madame Elisabeth. It meets you everywhere. She was always ready to do real service, and did not conceive the duty she had discharged was at an end, for she FORGOT no one; but she was resolute against *unreasonable* applications, and positively refused to attend to them. The manner in which she secured the company and afterwards the intercourse she always maintained with her two chief friends, Madame de Raigecour and Madame de Bombelles, involved some personal sacrifice. In the former case it was an indispensable condition that the young lady, Mademoiselle de Causan, should marry; otherwise she would not have been allowed to give up her connection at Metz, where she was a Canoness. But the pecuniary means failed, and the point of her marriage to M. de Raigecour could only be accom-

plished by Elisabeth advancing a larger marriage portion than she could afford except by forestalling a yearly present made her by her royal brother. She did not hesitate ; she begged that the amount of five years' presents might be paid her in advance, and thus the marriage became possible.

Year after year passed ; of course she went without her *étrennes*,—but 'Never mind !' she said, 'I can have none ; but I *have* my Raigecour.' The marriage of Madame de Bombelles was also mainly the result of her well-founded attachment to a very estimable companion.

It was in 1781, when she was about to enter on her eighteenth year, that the King her brother felt himself at liberty to buy her a residence. He did this, that she might be still more at liberty to cultivate her own tastes in the country, at Montreuil. Anything, in fact, to keep her accessible, for he did not quite lose the dread of her entering a religious establishment, especially as she was extremely attached to one of their aunts, Madame Louise, who was a Carmelite, and lived at St. Denis. 'You may go and see her,' the King would say ; 'but do not imitate her by quitting me—for, Elisabeth, *I have need of you !*'

Yes, indeed he had ; and, as time went on, the need became more and more distressingly great. In reading her letters to Madame de Raigecour and Madame de Bombelles, one feels that her quiet religious example was all in all to the King. The gentle influence of her pious words was felt so much the more because she was not sour or morose. She repeatedly speaks in those letters of turning calamities when possible into joke, and says she had laughed heartily over the ridiculous points of

the return from Varennes, in spite of her sufferings on the occasion. She had infinite tact, and a large stock of improveable good sense : as far as she opened the door to knowledge, her views were often very sound ; but still it is true that she did not well know the world. She saw the pure and honest designs of the King her brother. She believed that he was disposed to be the Father of his People ; but we question if she had ever had her mind exercised on those political subjects with which most well-informed people in France, indeed, in all Europe, were then familiar—which, in their eyes, it appeared even a duty to entertain, because they went much beyond the temporary intentions of any reigning monarch, but struck at the questions of good or bad *government*. To Madame Elisabeth it is but too plain that all these important questions, really involving the happiness of thousands, resolved themselves into matters of rebellion or obedience. She had an horror of philosophers. She thought herself very quick-sighted—as up to a certain point she was—and all she wanted was to crush the many-headed monster, the popular will, at the first. The sphere of her own observation was of course very limited. She knew nothing of the wretchedness, the starvation, the deep ignorance and brutality, which prevailed in great part of France. The *causes* of it all, indeed, lay deep and far back, and one cannot wonder that she did not enter into them ; but one would think she must have heard of the waste and the dreadful profligacy prevailing in the last two reigns, and that she might have thought more of the *retribution* that was to be anticipated.

She was too young at the death of her grandfather, Louis XV. to know how he was thought of then, but

surely among some of the best of the noble ladies of that time she must *afterwards* have learnt how deeply they felt his private wickedness, how it alienated their hearts from the monarchy, how they sympathized with the people, lamented the extravagance of the great, and openly declared they had no hope from the Bourbon line.

She knew they had now a kind and good king, but there was famine, and deficiency of money, and a deadly ignorance, almost amounting to savagery, among the masses; the Huguenots, though now tolerated, could not forget their cruel persecutions; there was a heaving up of the ground of all the social institutions; and religion, which to Madame Elisabeth could only mean Catholicism, was subjected to the most bitter and blasphemous attacks. She thought it of course all very wicked, she wanted strong coercive measures; but the King and Queen knew better, they saw they had the burden of the past, still more than the present, to bear, and they silenced her, and begged her only to help them to bear it. She did so, most nobly.

From the moment that she clearly perceived how far she might go, and where she must stop, at the peril of losing her *best* influence, her part was taken; from that moment her whole ministry towards her brother and sister was that of a beneficent mediator, almost of a guardian angel. To watch over them; to stay by their side through evil and good report; to offer, if need were, her own life for theirs; to pour into the hearts of their children her own spirit of devotion and love; to stand firm only in behalf of the holy cause of religion;—*that* was her vocation, and by it she stood to the last.

One of the great pleasures of her own residence at

Montrenil was that it afforded her more opportunity of seeing her niece and nephews. The future Duchess d'Angouleme was extremely attached to her, and shared in all the charitable deeds of her aunt. All the neighbourhood partook her ready kindness; she literally kept her purse ever open, and denied herself the most ordinary indulgences.

In 1788, the second daughter of the Queen, Sophie Helene Beatrix, died, aged only one year. There is a touching letter of Madame Elisabeth's to her friend, describing the scene—the death of the poor little one, and the 'perfect behaviour' of the elder daughter, Madame Royale, on the occasion.

The rapid movement of public affairs checked too soon all Madame Elisabeth's benevolent projects. From Versailles news reached her of the determination of the royal family to yield to the wishes of the Parisians, and take up their abode in the Tuilleries. She hastened to be with them. During the trying days of the 5th and 6th October, 1789, she was to be found at every spot where danger or contumely were likely to be the portion of her relatives. She afterwards wrote to her confessor (the Abbé R. D. E.) her own account of this journey. Monday and Tuesday she says were dreadful days, but the transit was better than she anticipated; and once arrived at Paris, they had reason to hope for improvement, notwithstanding the disagreeable cries of the people round the carriage. Those of 'Vive le Roi' were louder than the rest, and when they reached the Hotel de Ville they were quite triumphant. 'The Queen,' she continues, 'who has incredible courage, begins to be better understood.' One very important service could be rendered by Madame Elisabeth; she was skilful in drawing the

children's attention from the sights and sounds around them : and she even succeeded often in giving a happy turn to insulting speeches, always appearing as interpreter for good and not for evil. From the hour of this return from Versailles, she never, except on one short visit to her aunts, slept out of the house they inhabited. Palace or prison, it was *her* dwelling also.

The King's aunts, in compliance with his earnest wishes, emigrated in 1791 ; and besides the pain Madame Elisabeth felt at this separation, for to *her* they had ever been affectionate and attached, their departure involved that of her confessor, the Abbé, to whom several charming letters are addressed. He did not accompany the royal ladies, but soon afterwards joined them. They were obliged to flee with all expedition from Bellevue, their residence, which was shortly after invaded by a host of Poissardes. On this occasion Louis XVI. used all his influence to prevail on his sister also to put herself in safety with her aunts and brothers, but all in vain : 'Only death,' she replied, 'shall separate us.' And death often appeared to be very near. Once, during the fearful popular tumult, she was mistaken for the Queen ; the mob pressed round her, exultingly crying, 'The Austrian woman ; let us put an end to her !' when the guards interposed, explaining that it was Madame Elisabeth. 'Why did you tell them ?' said the noble woman. 'Perhaps you would have prevented a greater crime if you had let them suppose me to be the Queen.' On the same, or a like occasion, one of the mob brandishing a pike, brought it very near to the King. The King saw it, but did not move. Madame Elisabeth, in a calm and gentle tone, only said to the threatening assailant, 'Sir, per-

haps you may hurt someone with that pike, and you would be sorry for that.'

We cannot enter much into the sad details which follow. While in the Tuilleries, Madame Elisabeth still attended the offices of religion. Often these were very trying to her, however, for even in the churches the mob penetrated, and the voice of prayer was sometimes interrupted by profanity. Other privations she could bear better, though the want of air, of quiet, of country, was deeply felt. 'My poor Montreuil! Yes, I do regret it sometimes,' she wrote, 'when the weather is fine and hot. Perhaps a time will come when I shall see it again. How happy shall I be *then*! but all I see tells me *that* time is very distant.' Again she says, 'I sadly want a good dose of resignation made up expressly for me. Do not think I no longer laugh or vegetate as usual; but there are times when my position is strongly felt; yet on the whole I am oftener calm than agitated and unquiet.'

During the continuance of the Revolutionary tumults, everyone knows that there were intervals of apparent tranquillity. Such occurred in the autumnal months of 1791, when the King and Queen went to different public spectacles. Elisabeth disliked these; but she went.

This temporary lull of popular discontent—the quiet, the greetings at the theatre, the flattering prospect—soon, very soon, passed away, and gloom gathered thicker than ever over France. The past had been frightful, but what was coming was far worse. Madame Elisabeth wrote, on the 8th of August, (1792,) to Madame de Raigecour; and it was her last letter from the Tuilleries—no more, from the 10th of that month, to be the abode of royalty.

The proceedings of the Emigrants,* and of the foreign powers who assisted them, were, in a great measure, chargeable with the outrages of this month and the next. The King, far from encouraging them, declared war against Austria, and deprived his own brothers of their privileges of succession unless they returned to France; but these people, consistent in their detestation of the Revolution, and not at all believing what a task they had before them, persisted in invading France, in order, they said, to conquer anarchy, and restore the monarch to his rights. They only precipitated the event. The lower and more factious among the leaders of the people knew how to stir them up; they persuaded them that the work of the Revolution would be undone, and all lost, if they did not carry the day by force of arms. The National Guards even were very much divided; and it was only the faithful Swiss, and some noble and loyal gentlemen, who could be depended on to defend the Royal Family. The attack was made, siege was laid to the palace, and the King, Queen, and family were obliged to fly to the National Assembly. It was indeed a bitter moment—not for themselves only—their faithful Swiss guards, all but three hundred who had guarded the King to

* Madame Elisabeth did not, undoubtedly, perceive, as Marie Antoinette did, the mischiefs inflicted by the emigration on France. That presumptuous and stirring crowd of men on the frontier, who, themselves in safety, could coolly put all the blame of the royal misfortunes on the King and Queen's own head. 'Cowards!' writes Marie Antoinette; 'after having abandoned us, they exact that we alone should expose ourselves, and provide for *their* interests. I do not accuse the King's brothers. I believe their hearts and intentions are pure; but they are surrounded and led by ambitious creatures, who will ruin them after ruining themselves.'

the Assembly, were left to bear the desperate attack of the assailants. Then followed that memorable massacre, when all those brave fellows were butchered at their posts!

The King, Queen, Madame Elisabeth, and the children, meanwhile penned up in a narrow little compartment adjoining the hall, remained in their misery for many hours, knowing the dreadful work that was probably going on. They were then consigned to the Temple, which was at least a place of *safety*; but this 10th of August was the last of monarchy. The then National Assembly was overpowered by a lower order of demagogues, and was now to be called the National Convention. Thenceforth we read for a long time of little besides massacre and crime. The only available excuse for the people of Paris in permitting these unheard-of outrages, was the real *panic* occasioned by reports that the emigrants and the allied armies were coming to avenge the cause of the monarchy, and also that they meant to let loose the prisoners upon them. Then it was that a certain part of the Convention, with Danton at their head, deliberately took upon them to empty the prisons by executing the prisoners. There was hardly the form of a trial, and for four days and nights the bloody work went on. Private houses were visited—victims seized and added to the numbers. Then fell priests, nobles, ladies, children, without mercy; among others, the Queen's personal friend, the Princess de Lamballe, whose head was exposed on a pike near the windows of the Temple, and occasioned the Queen a long fainting-fit.

And now monarchy itself was formally abolished; and it was proposed to bring Louis to trial, as having privately corresponded with the enemies of France.

It was proclaimed that papers had been left in an iron safe in the Tuilleries which showed his treachery. That both he himself and the Queen had been anxious to *escape*, no one doubts; but that he had made great concessions to the people, and abided by them, there seems no reason whatever to disbelieve. He was in all circumstances faithfully attached to France.

We are not going to repeat the sad tale of his trial and death: our business is chiefly with his affectionate sister, who remained sharing their captivity, and comforting them each and all. We possess a very valuable document in a journal kept by Madame Royale, the Queen's daughter, who must have been then sixteen years of age. She gives the whole history of the time in very simple language. The family were placed at first in that part of the Temple called the Palace, but afterwards were removed to the Tower, which was a stronger part, and was in the middle of the garden. At first they had a good many companions, but soon most of these were removed.

The King gave his son lessons in geography; the Queen read history with him; Madame Elisabeth taught arithmetic.

They were now told that Louis was no longer to be called *King* or *Sire*, but only *Monsieur* or *Louis*. The municipals who came to see them sat down in his presence, and they took away his sword. One instance of brutality followed after another. There was a vile man, a common sadler, of the name of Rocher, who had been known to them years before, and who was set to guard them. Sometimes he sang ribald songs; sometimes he puffed tobacco smoke at the Queen and Madame Elisabeth as they passed him. There was no insult he would not offer to them. Sometimes this

man and another frightened the poor little Dauphin terribly. Madame Elisabeth often prayed and repeated the Office of the day: she read much in books of devotion, and the Queen often begged her to read them aloud.

It is comforting to know that they were never without some one faithful attendant. Louis had his valet, Clery; and there was a gentleman, a Monsieur Turgy, who remained the whole time in attendance on the ladies, and was skilful enough to convey letters for them, difficult as it was.

Madame Elisabeth devised a system of signals, by means of which they could carry on this intercourse; and Turgy conveyed many notes to and from the one house to which he went, that of the Duchess de Sérent. Not one of these notes or secret signals was ever discovered, in spite of vigilance. Speaking to the prisoners was out of the question—not a word was allowed but in an audible tone—but Turgy was on the watch for small services.

Once, the Queen having broken a comb, she begged to have another. A municipal officer in attendance brutally said, 'Let it be a horn one, shell is too good for her.' The Queen, as if she did not hear, coolly gave her orders, and Turgy replaced the comb by one just like it. When he gave it she said, 'But you have gone beyond the officer's orders—yet, but for us, without the King's kindness—' there she stopped short, and Turgy replied, 'Madame, many people appeared to pay court to the royal family, who thought only of gain.' 'You are very right, Turgy.' The man who grudged her the comb was a poet, and one to whom the King had, in former days, been very gracious.

It is interesting to know, that at hours when there

was a little relaxation of vigilance, and the Queen and Princess could talk together, their conversation turned much on the instances of courage and fidelity of which they had been the objects. The Queen particularly mentioned Turgy's having saved her life on the 6th of October, by forcing open the secret door of her apartments leading to the *Ceil de bœuf*, through which she took refuge with the King, and then closing the door against the assassins, who pursued her. The Queen hardly ever spoke of those who cruelly ill-treated her, and while recommending her children to remember these good actions, she herself set them the example.

Madame Elisabeth's notes, given to Turgy, are almost all of affectionate inquiry. 'How is Madame Sérent? and my Abbé? (Edgeworth.) Has he by any chance heard of Madame Bombelles, who is near St. Gall in Switzerland? Where are the dwellers at St. Cyr?'

Another time. 'If you *can*, without compromising yourself, write to Madame de Sérent; do beg her not to remain in Paris on my account. I am so afraid for her.'

The last note she wrote has these words, 'Adieu, honest man and faithful subject. I trust that the God, to whom you have been faithful, will support and comfort you for all your sufferings.' 12th October, 1793.

After the heart-rending separation from the King on the 21st of January, 1793, the Queen humbly submitted a request for widow's mourning, which was granted; and she appears also to have received a ring which the King had always worn since his marriage, saying he should never part with it but with life, as it was his

wife's gift. It bore the inscription, M. A. A. A., 19th April, 1770. Also he transmitted the hair of the different members of the family, which he had preserved till the last moment. The poor Queen was lost in grief, but Madame Royale being really ill in body, the necessity of seeing the physicians a little roused her. The two poor ladies and the young people were allowed a short time of quietness; but it did not last long, and besides their other troubles they had to nurse a poor mad woman, Madame Tison, the wife of one of the guards, who, after having treated them very ill, took a turn of remorse, and was constantly imploring their pardon. She became, soon after, so decidedly disordered in intellect, that it was necessary to take her away.

Next to the death of the King, the severest sorrow of the royal party was that of the separation from the Dauphin. Well did they know into what bad hands he was going; that a worse fate than death would be his. The wretch to whom he was committed, treated him in the most atrocious manner, cruelly neglecting his body, and so perverting his mind by cruel threats, that he was led to give utterly false evidence against his mother and aunt.

No servant was left to attend on the three ladies; Madame Elisabeth and her young niece made the beds, and waited on the sad and dejected Queen. They now and then got a glimpse of the Dauphin as they passed by a window, when ascending the Tower for air. The man Tison, husband of the deranged woman, told Madame Elisabeth many sad particulars of him, but she carefully concealed these from the Queen.

On the 2nd of August, (1793,) a summons to the

bar of the National Convention was issued for this unhappy Queen, and she was told that while her trial was proceeding she must be removed to the prison of the Conciergerie. There Madame Elisabeth and her daughter entreated permission to attend her. It was sternly refused. The prisoner Queen was watched, even while dressing, by the guards, and they allowed her scarcely to take the smallest necessaries with her. Then came the last leave-taking of her sister and daughter—she enjoined the latter to take care of her aunt, and to keep up her courage—she embraced the faithful sister, and committed her child to her. From that time her fate was long unknown to them. For a while they had applications for linen for her use, but these too ceased; and it was afterwards made known that Marie Antoinette was executed on the 16th of October.

Slowly the months wore away to the two who were left. The winter was cold; their diet was bad; they were terribly distressed by privations of various kinds, but still they were together. Madame Royale was obliged, indeed, once to submit to an interrogatory about her mother, and on that occasion she saw her brother; but this was while the trial of Marie Antoinette was proceeding. As spring returned, candles were refused, and they went earlier to bed. Madame Elisabeth rigidly observed Lent, but insisted on her niece's eating the meat brought them, as she knew her to be unable to bear a lower diet.

On the 9th of May came the bitterest trial of all to the sad aunt and niece. Madame Elisabeth was summoned; and she, too, must go to the Conciergerie. Well did they know that they should meet no more in this world; and one can scarcely picture to oneself a

sadder lot than that of the poor young woman left behind, last of all her family, for the brother was now nothing to her—almost, indeed, he was an object of repugnance, as the instrument of a crafty wretch, trained to aid in the destruction of his mother and aunt. Happily, the poor boy's latest hours were in some measure rendered less deplorable by the removal of his tormentor; but disease had taken fast hold of his always feeble body, and though he lived on, and was carefully attended to in the prison for the last year of his life, nothing could save him; he died on the 9th of June, 1795, aged ten years and two months.

We return to the honoured aunt. On her arrival at the Conciergerie, her first question was addressed to Madame Richard, the female keeper of the prison apartments. 'Will you tell me, Madame, where my sister is?' Madame Richard was not an inhuman woman; she did not answer, however, beyond an attempt to turn the question upon *her own* position, and Madame Elisabeth asked no more.

She was first examined by only three members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the same political accusations as those made against Marie Antoinette were repeated; also, 'Have you conspired with the late tyrant,' she was asked, 'against the liberty and safety of the people of France?'

'I do not know who you mean by the tyrant,' she replied. 'I myself have always wished the happiness of the people of France.'

Many other questions, then and at the subsequent examination, respecting her conduct at different periods, were put to her.

'Where were you on the 6th of October?'

‘I was with the King and Queen.’

‘Where on the 20th of June?’

‘I was with the King and Queen.’

‘Where on the 10th of August?’

She answered with a still firmer tone,

‘I was with the King and Queen, for I never left them on great occasions.’

She was questioned as to her having encouraged, in her nephew, the hope of succeeding to his father’s throne.

‘I *did* talk familiarly with that unfortunate boy, who was very dear to me. I did administer all the comfort I could to him, under the loss of those who had given him being.’

Nothing resembling a confession of even imprudent counsels could be substantiated; and, in fact, no charge could be brought or even plausibly supported, but that of having sent her diamonds out of the kingdom to her brothers—it was *supposed* in order to assist the emigrants in invading France.

On the first examination, M. Chaveau la Garde was allowed her as counsel. This brave and good man had pleaded for the Queen, and he went to the prison immediately to see her. It was actually only the evening before the final examination, but Fouquet Tinville, one of the three judges who had conducted the *first*, had the perfidy to tell the Counsel that *her* trial would not come on immediately, and he declined allowing Chaveau la Garde to see her that night.

‘On the morrow,’ he tells us in his own written statement, ‘what was my surprise when, going to the *Tribunal*, I saw Madame Elisabeth placed in the forefront of the accused parties. The number of judges

was considerably greater, but the proceedings were even more rapid, more utterly wanting in decency, than those against the Queen. Marie Antoinette's sentence had occasioned twenty hours of debate, and a great many witnesses and papers were produced.'

Madame Elisabeth had none of these; the charges were trifling, hastily run over, and then Chaveau la Garde rose. He complains that his pleading was not even reported in the *Moniteur*; but he gives us in substance, says he, what I said.

'I observed that the whole *procès* was irregular—that there was no legal instrument of accusation, and therefore there could be none of legal conviction; that they had nothing before them but her own answers to verbal queries, but that those answers, so far from condemning her, ought to do her honour in all eyes, since they proved nothing but the goodness of her heart, and the heroism of her friendship.

'Then I ended by saying that instead of defence I could only offer an apology to Madame Elisabeth for being utterly unable to find one worthy of her—that I had but one observation to make, which was, that the Princess, who had been the most perfect pattern of all virtues at the French Court, could not possibly be the enemy of the French people.

'It is impossible to depict the fury of Dumas, who presided at the tribunal. He abused me, reproaching me for having the audacity to speak of the pretended virtues of the accused, thereby corrupting public morality. It was plain to see that Madame Elisabeth, who till then had been calm as if insensible to her own dangers, was moved by those I seemed likely to be exposed to.' He ends with a fervent and earnest expression of his admiration.

So rapidly were matters expedited, that sentence immediately followed the announcement of guilt, and she and twenty-four other prisoners were ordered for execution the same afternoon, between four and five o'clock—first returning to the Conciergerie. There these victims in misfortune could say a few words together; and Madame Elisabeth conversed in calm and elevating tones of the future world about to be opened to them. All looked up to her with veneration and tenderness. She was young compared with many of those who ascended the fatal cart. There was the sister of Malesherbes, the faithful defender of the King, seventy-six years of age. There was the widow of Montmorin, the King's ex-minister. There were several others of high birth and station, mixed with those lower in rank. There were *five* members of the Lomenie family, and a son of Madame Montmorin—the proportion of those aged sixty and upwards being considerable.

Madame Elisabeth preserved her noble and tranquil countenance to the last. By a refinement of cruelty, it was ordered that she should be the last to die out of the twenty-five; and twenty-four heads of those who accompanied her to the place of execution fell before the doom was fulfilled of that most honoured one of all. Perhaps, among the women of that awful time, there might be many as good, as pious, and as ill-used, as she was, but we know them not; and upon her the eye constantly rests, as on a vision of purity and peace, shedding the light of her earnest Christian hope upon some of the darkest scenes that mortal men and women have ever been called upon to pass through—the most unselfish, loving, faithful performer of duty—the one perhaps of all recorded in history, who made it the least of a merit to sacrifice herself, and whose humility

in the sight of God was as much marked, as her anxious desire to conform to His Laws.

* * * * *

One naturally desires to know what befell the poor remaining captives,—the lonely niece, now bereft of every friend, especially. She says of her beloved aunt in her journal, ‘Since the year 1790, when I could really understand and appreciate her, I could trace none but the highest motives in her character. Love to God, horror of sin, meekness, piety, modesty, the strongest family affection.’

Remembering her aunt’s injunctions, when Madame Royale had found herself unable to obtain any answer as to what had become of her or of her own mother, she asked to be allowed a female attendant, though, in truth, dreading compliance, lest some bad person should be thrust upon her. It was not permitted. For some time she was harshly dealt with. She had only a few old books, and was allowed no more. These and knitting were her only amusements. She had very scanty fires, and no light; but she speaks with satisfaction of having plenty of soap and water, so that she could be neat; and she swept and cleaned her room every day.

After the fall of Robespierre, the poor dying Dauphin was kindly treated; and she also received much more attention, particularly from one humane man, and the doctor. She saw her brother too (but this could be only a grief to her) early in the spring of 1795. He died in June that year. For six months longer *she* remained a prisoner, but with greater and increased indulgences; and she was finally released on the 19th of December, 1795, after her three years and a half of captivity in that sad abode.

She went to Vienna, and married her cousin, the Duc d'Angouleme, (son of Charles X.,) in June, 1799. She has always been spoken of as a sad and melancholy woman, upon whom grief had pressed so severely in youth, that she never learnt to smile. She died, childless, a few years after the accession of the Bourbons to power.

THE FIVE SISTERS OF NOAILLES.

LA VICOMTESSE DE NOAILLES,

BORN 17—, DIED 1794.

LA MARQUISE DE LA FAYETTE,

BORN 1759, DIED 1807.

LA VICOMTESSE DE THESAN,

BORN 176—, DIED 1788.

LA MARQUISE DE MONTAGU,

BORN 1766, DIED 1839.

LA MARQUISE DE GRAMMONT,

BORN 1768, DIED 1853.

IN the Rue St. Honoré, just opposite to the Church of St. Roch, formerly stood the fine old ducal Hotel de Noailles, with grounds reaching even to the Tuilleries gardens, and inhabited by one of the noblest families of the old peerage of France, whose name may be met in history ever since the days of the Valois kings.

In that stately old mansion, on the 22nd of June, 1766, a young life was beginning even as an old life was departing. The old Marshal Duke de Noailles, who had been the husband of Mademoiselle de Aubigné, the heiress niece of the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, barely lived to give his blessing to his new-born

great-grand-daughter, the fourth child of his grandson, the Duke d'Ayen, and died, at ninety years old, the next morning. His burial-day was that of her baptism. This took place in the Church of St. Roch, where the little lady received the name of Anne Paule Dominique, and, by the special desire of her mother, had as sponsors two beggars belonging to the parish, in order that she might be always reminded of the bonds between the rich and the poor, though certainly what we consider as the after duty of godfathers and godmothers could hardly be looked for from them.

The little girl was the fourth daughter, and was followed in another year by a fifth; but this branch of the family had no male heir. The five young ladies, after the old French custom, were called after the various family titles and estates. The eldest, whose name was Louise, had the chief title, and was *Mademoiselle de Noailles*; Marie Adrienne Françoise, the second, was *Mademoiselle d'Ayen*; then came *Mademoiselle d'Epéron*; Anne Paule Dominique, whose home appellation was Pauline, was to the world *Mademoiselle de Maintenon*; and Rosalie, the youngest, was *Mademoiselle de Montclar*.

Their father, the Duke d'Ayen, seems to have been a thorough specimen of the French noble before the Revolution—a distinguished officer, and at the same time a man of great cultivation and many accomplishments, a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a brilliant talker, ever in great request in society, and spending less time at home than anywhere else; always most polite to his wife in the short intervals they spent together, but making his daughters rather afraid of his excessive vivacity and wit.

Madame d'Ayen, at first convent bred, and then

used to the grave quiet household of her Jansenist father, M. d'Aguesseau, was a complete contrast to her husband. Her tastes were all domestic ; and as one of her daughters said, her chief anxiety was that one day she might be able to stand before her Maker and say, ' Of those that Thou gavest me have I lost none.' The girls had a good governess, but their mother was the chief influence that watched over them, and formed their characters and tastes. Early in the morning she received their first kisses and greetings ; then, at twelve o'clock, she took them with her to Mass at the church of the Jacobins, or at St. Roch ; at three she dined with them, and then all sat together in her bed-room. This was a very large room, hung with crimson damask trimmed with gold, and with an immense bed. The Duchess sat in the arm-chair, called a *bergère*, by the fire, with her books, needlework, and snuff-box, ready at hand ; the young ladies round her, the elder ones on chairs, the little ones on stools, all with work in their hands, and talking freely to their mother, or listening to and discussing some choice extract from the best authors, which she would read with them, and then explain ; or else conversing upon the little events of the day which had interested the children. ' It was not like a lesson,' said one of them, ' yet such it was, and one of those best remembered ;' and even to old age the thought of these afternoons was cherished as the brightest time in the life of the sisters.

The little circle was soon broken into. Marriages arranged by the parents of the parties, were the only ones supposed becoming among the high nobility of France ; and the daughters of the Noailles family were certain to be disposed of according to the most rigid forms. Louise, the eldest daughter, was early married

to her cousin, the Viscount de Noailles, the son of her father's uncle, the Marshal Duke de Mouchy, and of the old lady whom poor Queen Marie Antoinette, in her thoughtless days, had been wont to call Madame l'Etiquette; and soon after, Adrienne, at fourteen, was given to the young Marquis de la Fayette, a boy of sixteen. His father had been killed at the Battle of Minden before his birth, which took place in Auvergne on the 6th of September, 1757. He remained in Auvergne till eleven years old, when he was sent to school at Paris, and while there, lost his mother. From her father he inherited property that made him worth the attention of the House of Noailles; and his school character being very high for ability, industry, and steadiness, he was thought a most desirable match. There were about him indications of a character, which, if it had been then understood, would probably have made the old loyal family shrink from him; for he says, in his fragment of autobiography, that his only objection to doing his school work, was that his temper revolted against whatever was exacted of him by authority, and that in a rhetorical composition required of him, he praised the horse who threw his rider on the sight of the whip, instead of, after the usual fashion, extolling the obedient animal who carried his master to victory.

If good Madame d'Ayen had been permitted any choice, she would probably have inquired into his religious principles, and shuddered at the danger of uniting to a youth, fast catching the infection of unbelief as well as of insubordination, her own young Adrienne, a thoughtful girl, who had already so many perplexities and doubts on matters of faith, that her mother had not thought it right as yet to take her to her first

Communion. However, these early marriages did not entirely separate the bride from her mother's care; and Madame d'Ayen was enabled so to train her daughter, that she acquired a steadfast faith, stronger, perhaps, than if she had never gone through the struggle, and able to withstand the dangerous example of her much loved husband.

No one could be more pleasing and amiable in all his home relations than M. de la Fayette; he was kind, generous, open hearted, and of considerable ability; but vain, shallow, and insubordinate, and completely led away by the new lights that then seemed to be the newly discovered radiance of liberty and truth.

A place at court seemed a necessary of life to all members of the Noailles family; and the Duke was soliciting one about the person of the Count of Provence for his new grandson-in-law, when young La Fayette, hating courts, and yet not wishing to affront the Duke, put forth a witticism on the person of the prince, which was so stinging as not only to prevent the appointment, but never to be forgiven till after the Restoration, when Louis XVIII. certainly had a good deal besides for which to pardon the Marquis, though perhaps nothing equally personal with this offence.

The next king's brother he encountered had a different effect on him. This was the Duke of Gloucester, who was visiting Metz, where La Fayette, being then with his regiment, was asked to meet him at dinner. The last news from England was of the Declaration of American Independence; and it was from the brother of George III., that the boy marquis first heard of a state of things in the colony, that made him believe that there his visions of liberty would be realized; and

before the end of the dinner party, he had resolved to offer himself as a volunteer in the cause.

Returning to Paris, where he had left his wife with their little daughter Henriette, born when he was still under nineteen, he had a secret interview with an American agent, who was buying arms at Paris, and agreed with him to purchase a sloop at Bourdeaux, and sail in it with arms and stores. He revealed his designs to no one but his wife; but just as he had started, his plans were discovered, and the whole house of Noailles was in agitation. Letters were sent after him, and he was brought back to Paris; a *lettre de cachet*—i. e., one of the royal mandates by which heads of families were authorized to imprison refractory young gentlemen—was solicited; and the Duke de Noailles only refrained from making use of it, when he thought he had devised occupation for this restless young spirit by ordering him to join the Duke d'Ayen, who was travelling in Italy with his clever sister, the Comtesse de Tessé.

A youth who had never known a father, was not likely easily to brook the yoke of a grandfather-in-law; and though the young wife was the only person taken into confidence, no one could have been much surprised that the travellers were never joined by the marquis. In due time he wrote from Charleston, in ecstasies with his reception; but it was long before any home letters reached him, and very sad it must have been to his wife to receive his continual messages to her poor little Henriette, who had died while he was on the voyage. 'Henriette is so engaging, that she gives me a taste for daughters,' he wrote, while expecting tidings of the birth of his second child, who was also a girl, and was named Anastasie. He was wounded in

the leg at the Battle of Brandywine ; but he returned to the army while he was still unable to wear a boot, and was greatly distinguished and much beloved, especially by the Indians, who were much impressed by the noble address, of which he could not divest himself with all his republicanism. However, in 1779, a severe illness sent him home, scarcely knowing whether a *lettre de cachet* might not still be awaiting him ; but Louis XVI. had allied himself with the Americans, and the runaway was welcomed like a hero of romance, fêted, admired, consulted, and appointed colonel of a regiment of dragoons. He returned to America with the troops sent out by the King, taking with him his brother-in-law, the Viscount de Noailles ; and, with the exception of one short visit to France, they there remained till the peace with England was concluded ; and afterwards, in 1784, he made a sort of triumphal visit to his old friends, found new towns being named after him, his bust set up at Richmond, in Virginia, and diplomas of citizenship granted to him and his little son, whom he had named after his friend, George Washington, and in like manner his youngest daughter was called Virginie. The aspect in which he had seen change and freedom, in America, wrought out by men of such high minds and disinterested characters as Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin, no doubt did much to prepare him for the part he was to play in France, in a spirit as generous as, but far less well balanced than, that of Washington, and above all, unguided by Washington's deep sense of religion.

Meantime, the two younger sisters, Pauline and Rosalie, were growing up in the fondest affection for one another. Rosalie, whose small black eyes and irregular features caused her to be considered as the

plain one of the family, was likewise the good one, with a deep sense of religion, and great self-command. Pauline was in early childhood somewhat passionate and domineering; but when twelve years old, she likewise began to think seriously, a change that she always ascribed to her little sister, whom she thenceforth not only loved but revered, begging her to tell her of her faults. Whenever Rosalie complied, it was with such downcast eyes and burning cheeks as showed how much the reproof cost her, and it was never either resented or unheeded by the elder sister.

This pair were for some time left alone together, for in 1779 their remaining senior was married to M. de Roure, who died at the end of the second year afterwards. Brilliant offers were however soon made for Pauline, by the families of the young nobles of rank enough to aspire to a daughter of the house of Noailles. It is amusing to find the first negotiations for the marriage being made, not by the suitor, who had never even seen the young lady, but by his first cousin once removed, the old Princesse de Chimay, a granddaughter of the Marshal Duke de Berwick, illegitimate son of James II. She offered on the part of Joachim, Marquis de Montagu, or rather of his father, who, though really Marquis de Montagu, bore the inferior title of Viscount de Beaune, in consequence of a clause in the will of the ancestor from whom he inherited the viscounty, bearing that for six generations the head of the family should be termed Viscount de Beaune.

The Noailles family accepted these addresses; and everyone knew of the arrangement except the two young sisters, who remained in ignorance till the very day before the first introduction of the young people, then nineteen and fifteen years old. Poor little

Pauline could not sleep all night, and was very pale when, at seven o'clock in the evening, she and her sister were dressed in *robes a la turque*, of blue satin, with white satin petticoats, their hair rolled back and powdered, and led down to the salon, where the whole family was assembled. Pauline was a pretty slender pale brunette, with fine soft black eyes, and a profusion of black hair, and was considered to be the most like her mother among all the sisters. Her heart beat fast as a carriage drove into the court, and M. le Vicomte de Beaune and M. le Marquis de Montagu were announced, and were both formally introduced to her; while she, poor child! trembled like an aspen leaf, lest the Marquis should speak to her; but not a word did he say, and his father began to talk to Messieurs de la Fayette and de Noailles about America. A portrait of Washington hung over the fire-place; the gentlemen went to look at it, and while the eyes of her intended were thus engaged, Pauline stole her first glance at him, and beheld a youth of nineteen, tall, somewhat marked with small-pox, and, captain of dragoons though he was, quite as much confused as herself, but with an honest good-humoured expression that pleased her so well, that she confessed to her mother that she had no repugnance to the match.

Then came the solemn contract, and the presents. The corbeille, the regular bridegroom's gift, contained all that a lady could desire for her toilette, the diamonds alone being worth 40,000 livres, and at the bottom was a purse of 200 louis, which the bride distributed among her father's servants. Her relations likewise poured in splendid presents; her three married sisters gave her three diamond wheat ears to be worn in her hair, and rings, crosses, and necklaces of diamonds, came in pro-

fusion from the family on both sides. Little did the givers guess what would be the fate of their costly presents.

During the six days that passed between the signing of the contract and the marriage, the evenings, after six o'clock, were devoted to grand receptions. All the Noailles, all the Montagus, all their uncles, aunts, cousins, sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law, were ranged in battle array; and the poor bride, in a fresh full dress every night, but always equally tightly laced, and half dead with weariness, was placed beside her mother, and by her presented to every guest in turn, till she had gone through the whole fashionable world of Paris; and at each introduction there was an exchange of at least two, often three, magnificent bows and curtsies.

The wedding took place on the 12th of May, 1783, in the choir of St. Roch. The bride wore a dress of silver tissue, over an enormous hoop, trimmed with tufts of white feathers; and a veil was thrown over her powdered hair. She was led by her father through a double rank of relations, and was greatly frightened and bewildered till she knelt down in her place. Then, as she afterwards described her feelings, 'I felt as if I were in another world, and was entirely absorbed. Oppressed by the multitude of things I had to ask, I only could make with fervour the offering of my life and of my tastes, and seek, rather than for any other grace, for that which comprehends all the rest, ever to follow the Will of God in whatever might await me. I then prayed with all my heart for him to whom I was about to be united.' Trembling, she curtsied to her parents to ask their consent to the espousals; and she scarcely heard the sermon that ensued, for she was in a trance

in which she was conscious of nothing but the sobs of her sister Rosalie close behind her.

Her father-in-law led her back to the carriage; and on her return to the Hotel de Noailles she had a long peaceful interview with her younger sister, before she had to dress again for an evening reception, ending in a supper for sixty people. However, her mother stole some quiet moments with her, and in them read with her the bridal chapters of the Book of Tobit, before launching her into married life.

For two days she remained at the Hotel de Noailles, the great state bed-chamber, where Madame d'Ayen had given her daughters so many lessons, being resigned to the newly-married pair; but on the third day the little bride was conveyed in a great blue carriage, called a Berlin, spangled with gold, to take up her abode in the house of her father-in-law, M. de Beaune, who met her at the foot of the staircase, and conducted her to her suite of apartments, where she felt extremely forlorn, and as if she were alone in the world. Not that she was neglected, for every relation gave an entertainment in honour of the marriage. The gaieties lasted for seven weeks, and a different dress was required on each occasion; and all the time the bride was ill at ease, fearing to give her mind to these vanities, and resolving to enjoy only the pleasure and kindness of the friends who devised them for her. Only one of her many dresses did she regard with real pleasure; it was that in which she was presented at court, and it had been chosen by her mother. It met with general admiration, and the good Duchess d'Ayen gained the more credit for it, because the fashionable world accused her of being less attentive to her daughters' appearance than was expected of her. This renowned

dress was a white skirt over blue, all loaded with jewels according to etiquette.

At the end of seven weeks M. de Montagu had to return to the army, and the young wife was left to the charge of M. de Beaune and his sister-in-law, the Marquise de Bouzolz, who was not many years older than herself. M. de Beaune was a kind-hearted man, but an unbeliever, and very passionate. He was very fond of his daughter-in-law, very anxious about her dress, desirous that she should shine in society, and resolved on her coming to all the parties which he frequented; while Madame de Bouzolz was a gay, lively, frivolous woman, ever ready to laugh both at M. de Beaune's irreligious wit, and at Madame de Montagu's religious scruples, but full of good nature, holding her ground against the one when she had enraged him, and kissing the other when she had grieved her.

A dangerous exchange of companions, after the home Madame de Montagu had left. She only saw her mother twice a week, and her sisters in chance meetings; but the advice she then received from them gave her steadiness to conform good humouredly to the family habits in all things innocent, but to keep firmly to her own devout observances, and to resist all that did not approve itself to her conscience. Gradually Madame de Bouzolz was led by her example to think far more seriously, and to enjoy going to church, and sharing in the charitable work of her young niece; and when, in the summer of 1784, a daughter was born, Madame de Montagu devoted herself entirely to her child, and never went out at all, except once to the very quiet marriage of her widowed sister with the Viscount de Thésan. But the little one only lived till the 2nd of April of the next year; and the grief her

loss occasioned was so great, that M. de Beaune, unable to enter into its depth, fancied that oblivion would be the cure, and took away the baby's portrait; but the next day he found her sitting by the empty cradle, drawing its former little inmate from memory. To satisfy him she ceased to mention her child; and when he insisted on taking her into society again, though she at first resisted, when she saw that he would not go out without her, she sacrificed her feelings, and let him choose her dress and carry her about with him; but the effort was too much for her health, and she became so ill as to require to be sent to the baths at Luchon, where she had the pleasure of being visited by her mother and eldest sister, and afterwards by her husband, who, though unwell himself, came three hundred leagues from his garrison at Sarreguenines to satisfy himself about her health. She returned to Paris better, though not well, and was at the marriage of her favourite sister, Mademoiselle de Montclar, with the Marquis de Grammont.

Madame de Montagu had two more children, Noémi, born in 1786, and Clotilde, in 1788; but the family tribunal decided that the mother had suffered so much from her care of the first, that these must be put out to nurse in the country; and she had no excuse for not going into company, since she considered herself as bound like a daughter to obey her father-in-law, M. de Beaune. He was delighted with the admiration expressed for her grave, modest, but smiling courtesy of demeanour, and once asked her how it was that though shy and timid at home, she could be at ease in a party. 'It is no wonder,' she said, 'if I am more shy with you than among strangers, for shyness comes from the wish to please, and the fear of not succeeding.'

1788 was a sad year to her, for in it she lost both her young aunt, Madame de Bouzolz, and her sister, Madame de Thésan, who died at twenty-five, leaving one little girl; but that winter was one of great activity with all the other sisters, for it was unusually severe, and they took infinite care of the poor. Madame de Montagu used to collect subscriptions on their behalf in the *salons*, and M. de Beaune contributed freely, always giving her a louis d'or whenever he had won a game at cards. The distribution fell to her share; she went about among the poor and sick, sent them her doctor, gave clothes and food, and put the healthy in the way of obtaining a livelihood. If Madame de la Fayette had to leave Paris for the country, it was to Madame de Montagu that she left the care of her pensioners; and the two sisters used to go together to visit the jails and relieve the wants of the prisoners. Little did they then think whom those prisons would soon contain; but they were making the best preparation for those terrible days that were coming.

The Revolution was already preparing; but these were the early times, when the King and people, alike in good faith, were preparing to look into the causes of the dreadful state of oppression and misery, into which the whole country had fallen. All was bright and hopeful, and a door was being opened for the redress of long standing grievances. The Marquis de la Fayette, always liberal in his views, and the Viscount de Noailles, thoroughly Americanized, led with them their two young brothers-in-law; M. de Grammont gave all his heart to the reforms, M. de Montagu was more moderate in his views—but all four were generously willing to sacrifice all those privileges of their rank,

that had come to weigh so heavily upon all those of inferior station, as to be an absolute injury and injustice. Old M. de Beaune, on the contrary—though he had all his life quizzed the unreasonableness of all these privileges, and in theory had been a violent democrat—no sooner found that his principles were to be put in practice, than he was altogether silent upon them; and when any discussion on politics was going on, slipped away, went to the card-table, and was dreadfully cross to his partner. Madame d'Ayen was full of foreboding; and during a serious illness that she had about this time, she talked to the four daughters who sat round her bed, of the troubles that she apprehended, preparing herself and them to face them in the martyr spirit. The words seem to have struck the most home to Madame de Montagu, since she was less a believer in the spirit of progress than were her sisters, who all went along with their husbands in their political opinions; whilst hers was even then far in the rear of the others—and owning the danger and sin of the abuses, doubted of the soundness of the measures taken to reform them.

On that 2nd of May, 1789, the day of the Assembly of *Notables*, which is regarded as the first moment of the Revolution, M. de Beaune and his son went to Versailles to see the ceremony; but Madame de Montagu remained at home to nurse a sick servant, beside whose bed she united her prayers with those of her mother and sisters, while they had gone to church to hear a Mass for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit to prompt the deliberations of the Assembly, where so many of their relations were seated. Alas! France had come to such a state as that in which the land of Judah was, when Noah, Daniel, and Job could but have delivered their own

souls. These good women did deliver their own souls, but in what diverse ways!

Shortly after, Madame de Montagu became so unwell, as to be sent to Bagnères with her husband. She set out on the 8th of June, and on the way drew up a petition for the inhabitants of a little village, whose harvests had been destroyed by an inundation; but she was extremely ill when she came to Bagnères, and there she heard that La Fayette was appointed to the command of the National Guard.

It was a great shock to her; her imagination depicted him as acting the same part as Sir Thomas Fairfax had taken in England at the head of a revolutionary army. She fainted upon hearing it; and her state of health became so much worse, that she was given over by the doctors, and committed to Madame de Noailles the charge of her two little children. However, she recovered slowly; and her first care was to complete the restoration of a little old ruinous hospital at Bagnères, for the poorer bathers. Her husband, who was very popular in the place, had been named as commander of the local National Guard; and wherever they went, there were banquets, harangues, and concerts with drums and fifes; where the Parisian lady astonished the mayors, syndics, captains, and sergeants, by begging for subscriptions for the hospital. In the month of August, she had the pleasure of seeing it re-opened for the convalescent poor.

She came back to Paris in October, just after the King and Queen had been forced back from Versailles by the mob. The silent acquiescence of the National Guard in this step, and their tacit permission of the outrages then committed, were the points for which their General, La Fayette, has incurred much blame.

Evidently he either connived at the violence, as a needful step in the Revolution, or he was not equal to the occasion, and could not check the populace.

This is not a history of La Fayette in himself; but the picture of his position at this time, from the eloquent description by La Martine, will show the light in which he stood.

‘The federation of 1790 was the apogee of M. de la Fayette; he eclipsed on that day the King and the Assembly. The thinking and the armed nation were present in person, and under his command. He could do anything, but he attempted nothing. The misfortune of the man was his situation. A man of a transitionary era, he spent his life between two ideas; if he had had but one, he would have ruled the destiny of his country. Monarchy or Republicanism were alike in his hand, he had only to open it entirely; but he only half opened it, and there resulted only a semi-liberty. While inflaming his country with desire for a republic, he defended a constitutional monarchy and a throne. His principles and actions were in apparent contradiction: he was upright, and seemed a traitor; and while he fought out of duty for royalty, his heart was in the republic. While he was the protector of the throne, he was its terror; and above all, more than all, and after all, he had the spirit, the constancy, and the moderation, of the Revolution. Add to this, that he was eminently a gentleman, courteous, generous, kind, and humane, though disowning all the influences that had made him one; and virtuous, with Christian morality, though he had cast off the Christian Faith; and it is no wonder that his truly Christian wife could love and admire him, and that those of his family who broke with him for his opinions, still personally loved him.’

Everything had become much more grave and sad, and families were divided by party spirit; bitter irritation prevailed, and in the salons, instead of courteous argument, there were fierce disputes, in which the Viscount de Beaune was especially violent on the royalist side. Madame de Montagu avoided these scenes as much as possible; she fetched home her little girls, and devoted herself to them; but even in the family circle these differences grieved and disturbed her. She was loyal from the high-minded fidelity that takes 'Fear God, and honour the King' for its watchword, but she could not hate those who held other opinions; M. de Beaune was conservative from mere selfish fear and dread of losing the privileges of aristocracy; her husband was a moderate, loyal, and thoughtful, reformer; and her three brothers-in-law were all eager for change, and their wives partaking their sentiments. La Fayette, who from his grace and nobility has been called 'the Grandison of the Revolution,' was at this time at the height of his popularity and influence with the Parisians, and M. de Beaune hated him in proportion, would not see either him or the Viscount de Noailles, and scarcely allowed Madame de Montagu even to receive her sisters. If one of them was announced, he would take up his hat and walk off, banging all the doors behind him; but even this rudeness did not distress his daughter-in-law so much as the debates that often took place between him and his son, when he was always rough and violent, M. de Montagu calm, earnest, and respectful.

Soon M. de Beaune became desirous of emigrating, and of carrying his family with him; but M. de Montagu thought this step would be a cowardly desertion of king and country, and still hoped to see affairs set upon

a footing that would conduce to the general welfare, as certainly would never be the case if all the nobility should flee, so as to leave the violent revolutionists unopposed. After many painful discussions, M. de Beaune departed alone.

Just at this time, in the February of the year 1790, the little Clotilde fell ill, and after a long night of agony in her mother's arms, died in early morning; and while Madame de Montagu was pouring forth her first gush of tearful prayer over the little corpse, tidings were brought that her sister, Madame de Grammont, had just given birth to her first-born son, in the Hotel de Noailles. Dreading that her dear Rosalie would miss her, and be endangered by learning the cause of her absence, she restrained her tears, dressed herself, asked her husband whether any traces of weeping remained, and drove at once to the Hotel de Noailles, where she admired the baby, and kissed and congratulated the mother with a smiling face; but fainted on the floor as soon as she was out of the room! Her self-restraint nearly cost her life, and she was taken to the baths at Aix, and afterwards went into Auvergne to Plauzat, an old seignoral castle which had belonged to the house of Montagu from the earliest ages, and had been inhabited by the illustrious crusader, Guérin de Montagu. There were magnificent views from the towers and windows, and the building was a grand irregular pile of all dates and styles. The great hall was hung with crimson damask, and on it appeared a double line of family portraits—bishops, barons, knights, cardinals, abbesses—and a fine portrait of the late King at the end; and near it was Madame de Montagu's bed-room, a very large apartment, entirely hung with tapestry, worked with the needle in blue and white by M. de Beaune's mother,

Laure de Fitz-James, the daughter of the great Duke of Berwick. She had been a wonderful example of industry, and never slept but in sheets of her own spinning.

The villagers of Plauzat intended to receive the family with ringing of bells, and a procession headed with cross and banner; but knowing what umbrage such a demonstration would give to the democrats, M. and Madame de Montagu timed their arrival in the middle of the night, but in early morning the whole court-yard was filled with a delighted crowd, and rang with acclamations. The lady's simple manners and genuine humility and charity delighted all the peasants; and it was observed that instead of hearing Mass from the '*tribune seignorale*,' she knelt on her straw chair among the crowd in the nave. At home she spent much time in knitting striped grey and black petticoats, according to the costume of the country, for the poor peasant girls; her little Noémi playing round her as she worked. One fine Sunday she dressed the little maid in one of these petticoats, with the rest of the full costume of the country women. That evening the peasants were dancing on the castle terrace; and at the sound of the *chevrette*, the merry child began to roll her apron in her fingers, cast down her eyes, bend back, leap up, and clap her hands, as she had seen the maidens do in their dances. Her mother led her out to the terrace, and let her dance for some time among the little girls of her own age, to the extreme delight of all concerned. But this was the last of the happy days at Plauzat. The Revolutionary spirit was spreading, and the poor King's attempt to escape had been interpreted throughout France as the token of his desire to commence a civil war, and crush the liberty newly obtained by his subjects.

A club was set up at Plauzat, democratic speeches were made, the sounds ascended even to Madame de Montagu's apartments; the minds of the villagers were poisoned, and the very persons who, six months before, would have harnessed themselves to their seigneur's carriage, now paraded before M. and Madame de Montagu with their hats on, whistling *ça ira*, and beset them, when they walked in the fields, with shouts of '*à la lanterne*,' out of the hedges, vineyards, and standing corn. The curate of the parish vacillated about the constitutional oath; and all was confusion. Madame de Montagu longed to emigrate, thinking that the King's cause could best be served by joining the armed emigrants at Coblenz; but her husband, though desirous of raising a force for the deliverance of the King, and the restoration of order, thought such a measure ought not to come from a foreign land, but to be effected by a rising of the bourgeoisie and peasants; and he continued to hold conferences with the nobles who held the same opinions, until a letter from a relation, who had seen the Viscount de Beaune, said that he spoke of his son with the utmost bitterness, declaring that he should be in despair if the rest of his family did not emigrate—and indeed the friends feared that he would die of grief. On reading this, M. de Montagu took several strides up and down the room in great agitation, and at last told his wife that they must go, but that it should be to England, not Coblenz; and he set off at once to Paris to make arrangements.

Meantime, M. de la Fayette and his family were setting off for Auvergne. The Constitution had been accepted and sworn to by the King. La Fayette imagined that the new state of things was as secure as the American Constitution; and thinking his work

done, retired from the command of the National Guard, and was going to live with his wife and their three children on their own estate at Chavaniac, in Auvergne, where he hoped to spend a life of beneficence and tranquillity. His wife, in great delight, wrote to offer to come to Plauzat, on their way; but Madame de Montagu, aware that M. de Beaune would be direfully offended with her for receiving the General in one of his castles, was obliged to decline the visit, and only went to meet her sister in secret, at a little inn upon the road. The La Fayette family had had an absolutely triumphal procession from Paris, with addresses from every municipal body; honours from each national guard; illuminations at their halting places; and in strange contrast to these honours, came the stealthy meeting with the weeping sister about to become an exile by the triumph of the party to which her brother-in-law belonged. They parted most affectionately; and one, at least, foreboded that there would be much to suffer before they should meet again. The La Fayettes went on to Chavaniac, where M. de la Fayette's kindness of heart led him to shelter three of the clergy who had refused to take the oath that disowned allegiance to Rome, and who had therefore lost their preferment. He had come to the place where he was ready to stop, not yet knowing that he could not stay the course of the avalanche which he had helped to set in motion.

Madame d'Ayen, on her way to stay at Chavaniac, spent a fortnight at Plauzat, but Madame de Montagu would not grieve her by telling her of the intended emigration. Still there was a great sadness hanging over both, and they often conversed on the perilous state of their Church and country, while the elder lady, with her natural eloquence and fervent piety, comforted

her daughter by showing her how often the Divine mercy has shone out in the midst of judgment; then taking her little grandchild on her lap, would give her lessons in holy things in so sweet a manner that Noémi loved them as well as her sports. To the very last the emigration was never spoken of; but the halo of a last precious meeting ever shone upon that fortnight; and when Madame d'Ayen at length drove from the door of Plauzat, her daughter wept in her own room as one sure that they were never to meet again.

A few days after, Madame de Montagu, with little Noémi, met her husband at Paris. She was disappointed of finding her eldest sister there, but Madame de Grammont welcomed her, and though very unwell, went with her to make their purchases, as quietly and secretly as possible, for those suspected of an intention to leave France were liable to arrest, and the servants might all be spies. On the 7th of December, at day-break, the two sisters went together to hear Mass in a secret oratory, where a proscribed priest ministered. Snow was on the ground, and fearing they might be tracked by it, they passed the house, made a long circuit, and returned again from another direction. The chapel was up two flights of stairs, cold, dreary, only lighted by a taper on the altar. The two sisters knelt together in a corner, while the chapel silently filled with worshippers, all so absorbed in the service that they would scarcely have recognized one another in open day. Here the loving sisters received the Holy Communion together, and feeling strengthened for the parting, returned to pack up as secretly as they could. At night, after her little girl was in bed, Madame de Montagu wrote her farewells to her mother and eldest sister, weeping so much that her eyes were still quite

red when Madame de Grammont returned to her at five o'clock in the morning, through a snow storm. Little Noémi was waked and dressed, asking why she was taken up by candle light, and where they were going, and her father carried her down-stairs, all rolled up in her wraps, saying to his wife, 'All is ready,' and pressing his sister-in-law's hand, but venturing no further farewell, lest the servants should observe on it. Madame de Grammont detained her sister for a moment, to ask if she had everything that could be useful to her, especially her jewels.

'What would be the use of them?' said Madame de Montagu. 'I should not wear them. We are not going to a feast.'

'The more reason,' said Madame de Grammont. 'It is just because you are not going to a feast, my poor dear, that you must take them.'

Madame de Montagu understood, and took her casket under her cloak. One long kiss, the hasty exchange of two locks of hair, and Madame de Montagu ran down-stairs and entered the carriage, which in two days took them to Calais, whence they sailed for England.

Her first residence was in a pretty cottage on Richmond Hill, and there M. de Montagu left her, on receiving tidings that the property of emigrants was being confiscated, that he might return to Paris in hopes of saving his own. M. de Beaune arrived just as he was gone, but found Richmond too quiet, and travelled about in search of amusement. Meantime, little Noémi fell sick of the same malady that had carried off her two sisters, and sank rapidly. Kind emigrant friends were with the mother, but the father was only setting out from Paris on the very day that

the child was dying, the 8th of June, 1792. The mother, when all hope was over, and all means had been tried, knelt by the senseless child, reading aloud the prayers for the dying, until her servant said gently to her, 'Madame, she is *bienheureuse*.' Still she knelt on, and strove to repeat aloud the *Te Deum*, but her book fell from her hand, and a violent hysteric attack came on, during which she was heard to sigh forth, 'My God, my God, I submit!'

Her husband found her in a friend's house in London. Wretched at the loss of his last child, and miserable at the condition of his country, he now longed to throw himself into the emigrant army on the Rhine, which hoped to deliver the King, but, alas! only terrified the Jacobins into their wholesale cruelties in the prisons. But in the hurry of hearing of poor little Noémi's danger, M. de Montagu had secured none of his property; the estates were seized, and after the expenses at Richmond were paid, it was only by the sale of the diamonds that Madame de Grammont had insisted on her taking with her, that it was possible to raise a sum sufficient for their removal to Germany.

There, while her husband and his father joined the army at Coblenz, Madame de Montagu remained in furnished lodgings at Aix la Chapelle, very solitary and forlorn, her heart aching for her child, and her connection with La Fayette causing her to be distrusted and neglected by the other emigrant ladies, who had, further, heard a strange story—founded on poor little Noémi's dance at Plauzat—that she herself had performed revolutionary dances, in a peasant dress, among the Jacobins of the place.

She was also in the utmost anxiety respecting her relations in France. Her father, who had once escaped

to Switzerland, had returned as soon as the King's danger became pressing; and all she loved were in imminent danger. The 10th of August was known to have been fatal to many of the most loyal gentlemen of France, and she remained in terrible anxiety until she received a letter from Madame de Grammont, whose husband, though at first a reformer, had become a partizan of the King in his distress, and had been a member of that division of the National Guard called of the Filles de St. Thomas, who had done their utmost for the King on that frightful day. M. d'Ayen had gone with the Royal family, even to the door of the National Assembly, and had then come safe home; but nothing was heard of M. de Grammont till nine o'clock at night, when his wife received a note from him, saying that he was safe, and half-an-hour after he appeared, having been hidden all day in a chimney at the Tuilleries. The Hotel de Noailles was no longer a safe residence, on account of its nearness to the palace, and the family had taken refuge in an obscure house in the faubourgs, where they could only receive letters directed to one of their servants. M. d'Ayen soon escaped again to Switzerland. It was not then imagined that the barbarity of the Revolution would strike at women as well as at men, and his wife remained, with her daughters, and her father and mother-in-law.

La Fayette could no longer protect them. He had soon been called from his retirement at Chavaniac, to take command of the army on the frontier; but on hearing of the outrage of the 2nd of June he had hurried to Paris, to endeavour to free and serve the Royal family; but his influence was past; spirits of fury had been let loose, and he could no longer bind them. He did, indeed, denounce the crimes that had been com-

mitted before the Assembly, but nobody attended to him. He also went to the Tuilleries, and tried to persuade the King and Queen to put themselves under the protection of him and his army, but the part he had already taken prevented Marie Antoinette from giving him the trust he really deserved as an honourable, humane, and generous man, and she refused this last chance of safety. He returned to the army; but on the 19th of August, hearing of the overthrow of the Constitution, he fled.

At Liège, he and his aide-de-camps were arrested by an Austrian out-post, and most unjustly imprisoned, on the plea that La Fayette was the enemy not of the French crown alone, but of all crowns! They were sent to Wesel, and so completely separated that his aide-de-camp, M. de Latour Maubourg, hearing by chance that the General was dangerously ill, applied in vain for permission to go to him if he should be in a dying state.

Early in September, Madame de la Fayette was arrested and placed under surveillance at Puy, by order of M. Roland. She wrote to Brissot, the head of the Girondin party, a most spirited and dignified letter, calling on him for his protection, beginning, 'Sir, I really thought you a fanatic in the cause of liberty, an honour I pay to few at this moment. I do not examine whether such fanaticism, like religious fanaticism, turns against its object, but I cannot suppose that a zealous friend of the blacks can be a supporter of tyranny.' And after explaining how anxious she was to join her husband in his prison, she concluded, 'I consent to owe you this service.'

Brissot succeeded in having her released and allowed to return to Chavaniac, on her parole; but her object

was to join her husband, and she wrote again, an equally dignified letter, which, however, did not avail to obtain permission for her to leave France. She also wrote to Washington, entreating his interference on behalf of her husband as an American citizen; but the first letter appears not to have reached him, and her second letter, in the next spring, shews a noble trust that accident alone could have delayed his succour.

Meantime, Madame de Montagu lived in her little room upon twenty sous a day, and employed herself in studying English and German, and reading the Lives of the Martyrs, in order to strengthen her spirit for endurance. She lived next door to a nunnery; and when in the silence of the night she heard chants through the wall, she often rose to unite her prayers with those of the sisters. Her husband and his father were in the Duke de Bourbon's army, and shared its terrible defeats; nor was it till five days after the Battle of Jemappes that M. de Montagu reappeared in safety. The news that Dumourier was advancing upon Aix la Chapelle, made immediate flight necessary, for the emigrants were shot by their countrymen as deserters. The furniture was sold at a great loss. Madame de Montagu packed up everything herself, for both her servants had run away, and they had none with them but a good-for-nothing German lad, of M. de Beaune's, named Garden. Obtaining a carriage with much difficulty, off they set on a bright but cold December day, not knowing where to go. All the roads to the south, west, and east, were obstructed by the enemy, and they could only pass towards Holland, in the midst of every sort of vehicle, old and new, full of fugitives like themselves. They passed along the bank of the Rhine, and came in sight of the fortress of Wesel, where M. de la

Fayette was imprisoned. Madame de Montagu leant out of the window, in tears, gazing wistfully up at the gratings, as if she hoped to catch a sight of her brother-in-law, but durst not ask to stop. M. de Beaune pretended not to understand what was the cause of her excitement, though he had pity enough upon her not to complain of the window being kept open.

England was the only safe place for them. They resolved to go thither, but were detained a fortnight at the Hague, by bad weather, before they set out for Helvoetsluys, with a number of other emigrants, in long open wagons, full of packages, on which they had to sit, as best they could, in the most icy cold imaginable, on one of the first days of the year 1793. Jolts were frequent, and the Baron de Breteuil, in the midst of trying to encourage Madame de Montagu, was suddenly upset in the middle of his speech, and dislocated his wrist. The Meuse had to be crossed on foot, upon the ice, and most perilous walking it was, in the darkness, with continual falls. Madame de Montagu leant on her husband's arm as far as the little island of Warn, which made a resting-place; but afterwards he thought her safer in the arms of a sure-footed Dutch sailor, and here perched, she anxiously watched M. de Beaune, who had refused all help except Garden's, and was as often pulled down as pulled up by the idle and giddy lad. It was dark when they reached Helvoetsluys, and the next morning they embarked. They landed in England safely, and took a cottage near Margate, in the midst of a society of French emigrants. Here it was that the tidings of the execution of Louis XVI. fell upon the ears of the exiles. It was not soon forgotten how, when the Abbé Durand was saying Mass, he paused at the place for the prayer for the King, and

began the *De profundis clamavi*, responded to by many a sobbing voice. But when it was over, and he was going on with the service, a high-spirited lady's voice interrupted him with 'Not yet, M. l'Abbé. The prayer for the King!'

The declaration of war caused the English Government to intimate that French subjects must move further inland; and the wanderers took up their abode again at Richmond, where Madame de Montagu had a gallant struggle with poverty and the desire to keep M. de Beaune happy and at ease. Her Paris life had been no preparation for economy. She was ignorant of all details of household management; did not know the price of the commonest articles of food, and blushing, would ask her husband, who knew as little as she did, what shops to go to for different articles. Or, if she thought to economise by herself making up a garment, she might succeed in her work, but at a great waste of material. On Easter-Day the exiles had obtained leave to open a Roman Catholic chapel at Richmond; and the little French society was in great delight, begging flowers for the altar, and preparing the young people for their first Communion. Madame de Montagu had hoped to be present, but that great day brought her other comfort, and the name of her first-born son, Alexandre, was the first to be inscribed on the chapel Baptismal Register.

Here was healing for many sorrows; but the life was very trying; the three servants, English, Dutch, and German, were always quarrelling in their several languages, and M. de Beaune's temper had become dreadful; he scolded everyone, even his ever gentle and attentive daughter-in-law, and quarrelled to such a degree with her best friend, Madame de Rebours,

that thenceforth they could only see each other through the garden trellice. In his more amiable moods, he read novels aloud; and most novels had for many years been of such a description that pious Frenchwomen condemned and avoided the whole race like a sort of poison, so that Madame de Montagu sat at work, pretending to listen, but all the time keeping her ears closed by praying for the reader.

By the month of August, the family funds, which had been raised by the sale of the jewels and weapons, were so reduced that Madame de Montagu calculated that she could only keep house in England for three months longer, but that prices were so much lower at Brussels, that in spite of the expense of moving, they could hold out double the time there.

Off again they set, and landed in Holland in the midst of an invasion, accompanied the fugitives, and entered Brussels with them, there to hear that the old Marshal de Noailles, her grandfather, had peacefully died at St. Germain sur Laye, without having fallen into the hands of his enemies. At Brussels, M. de Beaune, to their great relief, went to lodge with the Countess de Villeroi, who kept a sort of boarding-house for her friends, while his son and his wife took a tiny lodging, and went daily—English nurse and all—to dine at a table kept by Madame de Rebours, a capital economist. The Dutch maid, a model of fidelity, was placed out with a sempstress, but she brought all her wages home, and with them was paid the man-servant, with whom M. de Beaune could not dispense. There was a wonderfully contented and friendly society at Brussels, living by make-shifts, and using their high-bred Parisian courtesy to take off from one another the keen edge of privation. Some taught French, history,

mathematics, even riding or dancing; all were thread-bare; all lived as cheaply as possible. A cook's shop was found, where the dinners were so fabulously low in price as to attract a large number of emigrant customers, who never guessed at the reason of the small charges. Long after, on the death of a certain Madame de Maldeghem, her diamonds were all found to be false, and a note in the casket attested that she had sold her jewels to pay the expenses of the cheap dinners of the emigrant noblesse—one of the most gracious and delicate acts of generosity upon record.

In spite of all these advantages of the stay at Brussels, in the January of 1794 Madame de Montagu had come to the end of all her means, and began to consider of getting work as a sempstress! However, M. de Montagu discovered a Jew, who was long-sighted enough to accept a note for 30,000 francs, payable on the family estates, for which he gave a packet of merchandise that he valued at 20,000, but which was, of course, worth far less. It consisted of pieces of cloth, jewellery, a hundred watches, good or bad, &c.; and these were confided to three emigrants, who went round the country as pedlars, and though not skilful in bargaining, and handsomely rewarded by their employer, they brought in some thousand francs, with which this dutiful son and daughter secured to M. de Beaune a pension of six louis a month. Poor little Alexandre, at ten months old, followed his little sisters to the grave; and the home of his mother was again desolate, save for the thought of her children in Heaven.

Just then she received an urgent letter from her aunt, the Countess de Tessé. This lady, her father's sister, had been more provident than her friends, and

had invested money enough in Switzerland to buy an estate at Lowemberg, where she lived in comparative affluence. She had often begged her niece to come to her, but Madame de Montagu could not bear to leave her husband and his father to their worst poverty, and had excused herself; but at last Madame de Tessé, suspecting that she really had no means for the journey, sent her, not money, for that was a scarce article likewise in Switzerland, but a beautiful gold snuff-box, which had once belonged to Madame de Maintenon, and was by weight alone worth fifty louis. It was entrusted to Douglas of Glenbervie, who took it to England, and sold it for one hundred pounds; and Madame de Montagu, thinking that to be relieved from her would make the family resources last a little longer, decided on accepting the invitation. Her husband and his father decided on joining another colony of emigrants, among whom they had relations on the Lake of Constance, so that they might be nearer to her; and again their wanderings were renewed.

Lowemberg was near Fribourg, and was a great pasture farm, which the Countess de Tessé had purchased, for M. de Tessé was quite a subordinate personage to his wife. A Noailles by birth, she was a dignified and graceful 'grande dame,' in spite of a nervous affection, which contracted her features when she spoke. She had given herself up to the new lights. Voltaire was her philosopher, and La Fayette her hero; and she laid down the law with the air of a sybil, often enunciating high-flown sentiments of folly; but all the time her actions were of the shrewdest common sense, and generously kind. Her talk was strongly against priests; nevertheless, she maintained three poor exiled clergymen with the produce of her kitchen garden.

No sooner did Madame de Montagu hear this than she began daily to water the vegetables, and it was said that she extended her favours to the nettles, taking them to be a valuable part of the stock !

Terrible anxieties were growing on the exiles. Madame de la Fayette had been again arrested in October, 1793 ; and after being kept for some months at Brionde, was brought to Paris in the end of May, 1794, when the Reign of Terror was at its height. This Madame de Montagu knew ; and soon after, a letter from London had informed her that her uncle and aunt, the Marshal Duke and Duchess de Mouchy, had been guillotined together ; and of the fate of her mother and of her three sisters she remained in perfect ignorance, and never felt a moment's rest but when actually at her prayers. Daily, when the hour struck at which the Paris executions took place, she used to shut herself up in her room and recite the Church's prayers for the dying. She lived in a continual fever, rising every morning with the expectation of hearing of a fatal catastrophe, going to bed at night without hope. At last, on the 27th of July, she set out for a short visit to her father, who was residing in the Pays de Vaud. She went under the escort of a young gentleman, one of the emigrants, who, like herself, was sheltered by Madame de Tessé, and who did his utmost to amuse her by burlesque songs ; but she was in a state of intense suspense and presentiment that made the journey all one agony.

At last, she saw a char-à-banc in the distance, driven by a man with a great green umbrella. The carriages met, the man with the green umbrella got out. It was her father, but so much altered that she hardly knew him. He desired the driver of her carriage to

turn back to Moudon, where she had slept. She sprang out, leant against a tree, and prayed to God not to forsake her, entreating to be told all. Her father, however, refused to tell her anything till they should be at the inn at Moudon; only, in answer to her scarcely intelligible questions, he assured her that he had no news of Madame de Grammont. Such was the utter confusion and distress of her mind, that, during part of this dreadful journey, she fancied herself bound to the other victims in the tumbril on the way to execution, and felt at peace in the illusion.

When in a room at the inn at Moudon, M. d'Ayen began by telling her that he had lost his own mother, the Duchess de Noailles, she turned deadly pale, and joining her hands, said, 'And I, Father?' Then he owned that he was uneasy about the fate of his wife, and even of his eldest daughter. Perceiving that all this was only meant to prepare her, and that her father knew far more than he told, she exclaimed, 'My God, my God, let us submit!' and then cried out that she would fain have been in her sister's place; but here recollecting that her mother always praised God in her grief, she clasped her hands, and recited the *Magnificat*. Calmer then, she knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer, dwelling chiefly on the clause of forgiveness—sure that thus she was best approaching her mother in her best thoughts. She was then able to return to the carriage; but her father took her back to her aunt's, instead of on to make her visit to him.

At Lowemberg, the list of victims of the 22nd of July, 1794, forty-six in number, reached her in a newspaper, and among them were those of the Maréchale Duchesse de Noailles, the Duchesse d'Ayen, and the Vicomtesse de Noailles—the mother and daughter

undivided in life or in death. For some time Madame de Montagu was extremely ill, but ever full of the thought of their bliss; and indeed, once she began talking of it so rapturously, that a maid, who was sitting with her, deemed her frantic, and so entirely possessed Madame de Tessé with this opinion, that she was never left alone again till she recovered—and was much comforted by attending a funeral Mass, which, with much difficulty and danger, kind though free-thinking Madame de Tessé caused to be celebrated for her gratification.

A confidential agent was sent into France to endeavour to bring away Madame de Grammont; but he returned without her, since she could not leave her husband, who was just recovering from a severe illness. They were in hiding in Franche Comté, and had with them Euphémie, the little motherless daughter of the Viscountess de Noailles—the two sons, with their faithful tutor, were to be with them in a few days. Madame de Grammont had written two long letters to her father and sister upon cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, which were sewn between the coat of the messenger and its lining; and oh! what letters were these, containing the account she had obtained of the martyrdom of her mother and sister through Père Carrichon, a priest of the Oratory, who contrived to live in disguise in Paris.

The Viscount de Noailles had long before emigrated, and was expecting his wife in London. The means of her escape were provided, but she would not leave her mother while her grandfather, the old Marshal, was dying, more especially as his wife, her grandmother, was very old, and much enfeebled both in mind and body. Soon after his death, in August, 1793, the

three ladies were arrested on suspicion, and were at first only confined to their own house, where Père Carrichon could often contrive to visit them, in disguises that prevented the suspicion of their keepers from being awakened. Already foreboding their fate, the Viscountess de Noailles asked him whether he would attend them even to the scaffold; and after a moment's hesitation, he promised that he would be there to bless them, and that he would wear the revolutionary dress, a red carmagnole over dark blue, that they might know him.

Soon after the three ladies were taken to the prison of the Luxembourg, recently a palace, where the Marechal and Maréchale de Mouchy, the parents of the Viscount de Noailles, had been married—the Maréchale had been born there—and thence both went to their death, after for a few days sharing the captivity of their relatives. The last words of the old Marshal were, 'At seventeen I mounted the breach for my king, at eighty I mount the scaffold for my God! I am happy.'

The young viscountess acted as servant of all work in the prison—made the beds, washed the cups, dressed and combed her helpless grandmother, and slept with a string tied to her wrist that she might be waked at the first touch of the old lady—all with the utmost cheerfulness. Her children were with a tutor, M. Grelet, who twice a week took them to walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where she could see them; and she could sometimes exchange a few notes with Madame de la Fayette, who had likewise been brought to another Paris prison, but was in less danger, as the American ambassador was exerting himself on her behalf, and pleading the citizenship of her husband. The Duchess of Orleans, widow of Egalité, and mother

of Louis Philippe, was also at the Luxembourg, and in a severe illness received the tender care of the viscountess.

The time came at last; on the 22nd of July, 1794, the mother, daughter, and granddaughter, were summoned to the jailor's office, to hear the accusation on which they were that day to be removed to the Conciergerie, and thence to be taken the next morning to the tribunal. They were amazed to find that their crime was a plot for poisoning the members of the Committee of Public Safety!

They were allowed to return to their room; but at five in the evening the summons came; Madame d'Ayen closed the book she was reading, Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*, marking the place with a scrap of paper, on which she wrote, 'My children, courage and prayer!' then kissing the book, she gave it to the Duchess of Orleans, and entreated her, should she be spared, to give it to her daughters as her last pledge of affection. Her tears flowed as she spoke of them; but she was hurried away, and they were taken to the crowded Conciergerie, where two of the ladies, comparatively old inhabitants, gave up their beds to the two elder ladies; but the viscountess said, 'Why sleep on the vigil of eternity?' and with her bright eyes open in contemplation, she prayed all night.

At six, she more carefully than ever dressed the poor old grandmother, who was only half alive to what was passing, and kept reading over the paper of her accusation without being able to understand it. Then the viscountess dressed her mother's hair. 'Courage, Mamma,' she said, 'we have but an hour longer.' And at nine, the huissiers came for them, amid the tears of their fellow inmates. The viscountess thanked those

who had been kind to them, with her natural grace and sweetness, telling one lady that she knew by her face that she would be saved, as indeed she was.

More than forty persons were placed before the president, Dumas, all accused of a conspiracy in the Luxembourg against the Government, which had been supposed to exist six weeks before the ladies of Noailles had entered that prison!

The president spoke to Madame d'Ayen; and on her answering that she was rather deaf, (*sourde*,) he answered with a brutal pun, '*Eh bien, citoyenne, tu conspirais sourdement.*' (secretly.) She said that the alleged conspiracy had been over six weeks before they entered the Luxembourg. 'But you knew the femmes Levi? they had been in the plot.'

And cutting short the Duchess's explanation that they did not know these women, and that they had only once seen them in the prison, he exclaimed, 'Silence, enough;' and to the jurors, 'You have heard her confession that she knew the femmes Levi! The femmes Levi were in the plot, and carried their guilty heads to the scaffold. Then—'

The other two ladies were not interrogated at all, and only stood waiting till the same mockery had been gone through with the other prisoners.

Meantime, the tutor of the viscountess's three children, Alfred, Alexis, and Euphémie, repaired with them to Père Carrichon's, and leaving them in the outer room, called the priest apart, and informed him that the time was come for fulfilling his promise to the ladies.

Trembling and overcome, the good priest took his disguise of the blue coat and red carmagnole, kissed the three children, who were still unaware of the tragedy

that concerned them so nearly, and set forth on his work of mercy. All day he hovered round the gates of the prison, but not till five o'clock did the carts appear. Eight ladies were on the first—one of these was the poor old feeble Maréchale, who had been cruelly separated from her daughter and grand-daughter. They were on the next, where were also six men. The Duchesse d'Ayen looked about forty years old, and wore a blue and white striped dress; her daughter was in white, and scarcely looked more than four-and-twenty. Her sweet high-minded face made the crowd exclaim, 'See the young one; she is speaking to the other; she does not seem sad!' The priest could not catch their eyes, though they scanned the crowd anxiously; but he hastened across the bye-streets to meet the carts again, and a sharp thunder-storm coming on, scattered the sight-seers, and even caused some confusion among the soldiers, and he was thus enabled to come so near the cart that the viscountess saw him, and smiling with joy, bent down and pointed him out to her mother, whose face at once lighted up with heavenly joy; and the good priest continued to exchange glances with them as he walked close to the cart, in the wild furious storm which was descending on the victims. The saddest sight was the poor old Maréchale, in her cart, her hands tied behind her, reeling on the backless bench, and her cap blown back on her head, showing her white hair dishevelled. At the thickest of the storm, when the clouds were the blackest, the rain hardest, the lightning and thunder wildest, the priest made a sign to the viscountess. She bent towards her mother: 'Mamma, M. Carrichon is going to give us absolution.' Both bent their heads with an air of contrition, love, and

hope ; and the priest, at the peril of his life, pronounced, with his hand raised and head uncovered, the form of absolution and the succeeding words of commendation of the soul. They heard, and their faces were full of the deepest peace and thankfulness. O wonderful peace of His secret ones, when 'the blast of the terrible ones was as a storm against the wall !'

It was as if the hurricane had been sent to enable the sufferers to enjoy this last consolation, for immediately after it, the rain ceased, the sky cleared, and the blood-thirsty gazers again flocked round the carts ; and thus they arrived at the fatal spot, the *Barrière du Trone*. There rose the guillotine, there the carts stopped, and Père Carrichon pressed near enough to gather the low soft sweet words of the viscountess : 'Our sacrifice is over ! How many dear ones we leave ! But God calls us in His mercy. We will not forget them. Receive our tender adieus for them, our thanks for yourself. May we meet in Heaven. Adieu.'

The grandmother was the first. She was seated on a wooden bench close to the guillotine, and looked very calm, as if she did not hear the abuse lavished on her by the frenzied beings around. She suffered the third of those in her cart ; and after all eight had died came the turn of Madame d'Ayen, whose attitude and air, the priest said, was exactly that with which she was wont to come to receive the Holy Eucharist. The executioner hurt her by roughly pulling off the cap that was pinned to her hair, and she showed the pain in her features for a moment, but the last look was of ineffable peace. Both she and her daughter had exhorted and comforted their fellow sufferers on the way : Madame de Noailles had especially spoken to a young man who had begun

by cursing and swearing at his fate, and her last words, after her foot was on the bloody stair, were, with an entreating look at him, '*De grace, dites pardon.*'

Père Carrichon, who had dreaded to carry the impression of blood and horror to his grave, felt instead perfect peace, and returned home praising God, as the primitive Christians did when they had witnessed a martyrdom.

Madame de la Fayette, in her prison at the College Duplessis, received the tidings from her fellow captive, the Duchess de Duras, the sister of the Viscount de Noailles, and was completely struck down for a time; but she found her great solace in ministering to every sickness, sorrow, or terror, among her companions, and often so importuned the jailors to obtain comforts for them, that her friends feared that they might rid themselves of her by suggesting her head to Feuquier Tinvile, the public accuser, to fill up the grisly daily amount of sixty victims, over which even he sometimes sickened, grew weary, and bade the jailors make up the number.

The lessons of the great red damask room had been a precious inheritance, keeping the mother and sisters ever one in heart; but the father (now Duke de Noailles) had always stood outside of their inmost life, and when Madame de Tessé pressed him to join her colony, he made excuses, and ended by declaring that he could not make up his mind to leave the Pays de Vaud. His daughter could not but guess that a certain Polish Countess Golowskin was the attraction, and keenly did she feel this slight to the saintly mother whose blood had so lately flowed.

Difficulties with the Swiss Government induced Madame de Tessé to sell Lowemberg, invest her money

at Hamburg, and remove her caravan of exiles in search of a fresh residence. They found a halting-place at Erfurt, where many friends were settled; and there were likewise a number of the very poorest emigrants, whose misery deeply moved Madame de Montagu. She sold even her dresses for their relief, and parted with a pair of gold-handled scissors, the last ornamental article belonging to her, knitted stockings for their children, and was viewed by them as an angel of charity. The party stayed only a month here, and then went to Altona, where they took lodgings, while Madame de Tessé sent out her gentlemen to look at any farm she could hear of for sale. She was too thorough a Parisian to like a rustic life; but her shrewd sense told her that a city salon in poverty was a miserable place, while a country house might be made elegant and full of plenty at a much smaller expense; so she sent out various inspectors to look at the different estates, searching especially for a house large enough to contain the friends and kindred whom this generous woman was maintaining at her own sole cost, and ruling over like a queen of these high-born gipsies.

At Altona, one of the very poorest emigrants was Monseigneur Bonald, the excellent Bishop of Clermont, who had been a most intimate friend of Madame d'Ayen, and received her daughter like a father, holding daily conversations with her after Mass, and giving her infinite comfort. He was not only very pious, but a high bred gentleman, and his wit and wisdom even gained Madame de Tessé's heart. She went to visit him, and was shocked to find how bare and wretched was his room, without even the merest necessities of life. The winter of 1795 was coming on, and Madame de

Tessé suggested to her niece to knit a woollen quilt for him; and it was during the knitting of that quilt that Madame de Montagu first found the tide of her many sorrows turning. First came a letter from England, announcing that Madame de la Fayette was at liberty, and about to set out for Germany; and while Madame de Montagu was still so restless with gladness that she could not sit still, a cannon shot announced that a ship had come in; and not long after, Madame de la Fayette, with her two daughters, Anastasie and Virginie, actually entered the house! Madame de Tessé, after one short greeting, took away the two young girls, and left the sisters together in one another's arms, but both too much agitated to speak for many minutes. At last Madame de Montagu was able to say, 'Did you see them?'

No! Madame de la Fayette had not had that happiness, but she had seen M. Grelet, and Père Carrichon, and brought a copy of the slip of paper that they called their mother's will. Nothing else was spoken of in this first interview, but the two sisters knelt down to give thanks together before going back to their aunt, from whom they could not stay away too long.

After the end of the Reign of Terror, when all the other prisoners were released, such was the hatred that the Convention bore to her name, that she continued in prison. She was summoned before Legendre, and answered his abuse of her husband with such spirit and resolution, that he sent her back to confinement, calling her an insolent woman; nor was she set at liberty till the 2nd of February, 1795, on the strong remonstrance of the American Government. Then she determined at once to join the General, who had been transferred to Olmutz, a fortress in Moravia; but she had first to

go back to Auvergne, to fetch her children, who had been left with the old aunt who had brought up their father.

Chavaniac had been forfeited as emigrant property ; but this spirited woman, borrowing money from the American minister, and diamonds from her sister, Madame de Grammont, bought it back in her own name, and thus secured a home for the old aunt. Her little son she sent off to America, to the care of his father's friend, Washington ; her daughters she took with her, and set out on her return to Paris in an old hired springless vehicle, called a *patache*.

At Brionde, what was her exceeding joy to meet M. and Madame de Grammont ! Longing to see her again, but too poor to travel post, and afraid of the revolutionary company in the coaches, they had actually walked from Franche Comté to Paris, and not finding her there, into Auvergne, rather than miss the sight of her. There was an overflow of deep tender feeling, and then the whole party proceeded to Paris, some on foot, some in the '*patache*.'

Of Madame de la Fayette's whole conduct at this time her husband thus wrote thirteen years later, when mourning over her death : 'You know as well as I do what she was, and what she did during the Revolution. It was not for coming to Olmutz, as Charles Fox said, "on the wings of duty and love," that I wish to praise her here, but for having waited to secure as far as in her lay the welfare of my aunt and the rights of our creditors, and for having had the courage to send George to America. What noble imprudence,' he adds, in allusion to the device of simulating a divorce, by which many other ladies, wives of proscribed emigrants, had saved part of their fortunes, 'made her remain

almost the only woman in France whose name was dangerous to her, yet who would never change it. Each of her petitions and appeals began with the words "La Femme Lafayette." Never did this woman, so indulgent towards party spirit, allow, when close upon the scaffold, a single imputation on me to pass without defending me, nor an opportunity of showing her principles without manifesting them, and owning that they came from me.'

From Paris Madame de la Fayette started for Germany, meaning to go to Vienna, and supplicate the Emperor to permit her to join her husband in his imprisonment. It was known that the Prussian Government had made M. de la Fayette over to the Austrians, and that he had been shut up at Olmutz, in Moravia, where he was allowed no communication with the outer world, but was shut up in a cell, and only designated by a number. Madame de Tessé in vain represented to her the difficulties she would meet, the danger to health that had been already injured by her sufferings at Paris, and the discomfort of the prison life for her two girls, the eldest only fifteen. She replied gently but firmly, and after a short visit proceeded on her way, leaving her sister infinitely happier, and greatly refreshed by contact with her vigorous spirit.

Before the bishop's quilt was finished, came another joy in the shape of M. de Montagu, who was on his way to join the emigrants, who were to land in La Vendée and march on Paris. At Altona, however, he met the news of the miserable failure in Quiberon Bay, and the expedition being given up, he was about to return to Constance, when Madame de Tessé, perceiving the grief with which he and his wife were

separating, declared that having once met they should not part again, and added him to her colony. Three days after, Madame de Montagu presented her quilt, telling the bishop that the work had brought her happiness; but though he was much pleased with it, he gave away so freely, that she was always afraid he had found someone whom he thought chillier than himself.

Soon after, the party quitted Altona, and went to winter at a little town called Ploen, near the estate of Witmold, the purchase of which was under consideration. Madame de Montagu was again grieved at the quantity of novels she had to listen to; but an excellent priest, the Abbe Luchet, had been added to the establishment by Madame de Tessé, who called him her chaplain, saying, however, that she had nothing for him to do, but that her niece would employ him.

Every day the good old man said Mass in his garret, with no congregation but Madame de Montagu and one valet, and on Sundays two French gentlemen from the neighbourhood. At Christmas, however, some persons from the adjacent country, hearing there was a priest at Ploen, begged leave to come to the midnight Mass. At eleven at night, they were received by Madame de Montagu by the kitchen fire, and proved to be two or three peasant families who had remained constant for generations past to the old faith. They had come across the frozen marches for several leagues, and women as well as men wore great leathern gaiters, with the fur turned inwards. They crouched round the fire, while the patriarch of the party, an old white-haired man, with a patched black-striped cloak, told her that neither he nor his father nor grandfather had ever heard the midnight Mass. One woman, while

waiting, said her chaplet, the rest responded; and when they were summoned to the Abbé's little garret, and for want of room several knelt on the stairs, Madame de Montagu felt indeed as if she were among the shepherds of Bethlehem.

In the middle of the summer, on the eve of the dread anniversary of July, Madame de Montagu gave birth to another son, whom she was not destined to lose like her former little ones in early infancy. He was baptized beside her bed by the names of Adrien René Joachim Attale, the last of which became his appellation. There was still much anxiety about both the sisters, and when a day or two after a letter arrived from Madame de Grammont, her aunt opened it in order to spare her the shock of meeting bad news; but she found it so full of the blissful yearnings of piety, that she brought it to Madame de Montagu, saying, 'Here is something that you will like much better than my gossip. Your sister is in the eighteenth heaven.'

As soon as Madame de Montagu had recovered, the removal to Witmold took place, by boat. The place was a large pasture farm, upon a peninsula on the Lake of Ploen, one of the sluggish lakes of Holstein, and was a low watery misty domain, with fog often resting on it; but a kind of rude plenty prevailed there; there were a hundred and twenty cows, much poultry, hop grounds, plenty of apple trees bordering the fields, and arable land where corn and flax were grown; and, wonderful to relate, all thrived and prospered in this Holstein farm, with its colony of French noblesse, presided over by a Parisian Countess. M. de Tessé fished, M. de Montagu shot, and Madame de Montagu looked after the dairy establishment, the

produce of which was the chief source of profit, the butter being sold at Hamburg.

She was grieved at hearing of her father's marriage with the Countess Golowskin, but otherwise her time here was very happy and peaceful, between the care of her child, her religious exercises, her farm-house employments, and her works of charity. Her favourite days for these last were the holy-days of her Church; and besides these, she had a host of special holidays of her own heart. Madame de Tessé had coined a word for her strong domestic affections, and accused her of familiomania, for she delighted in special little observances on all the anniversaries connected with those dear to her, and had her private calendar of prayers for birth, baptism, first Communion, and wedding, days, thus keeping herself in her exile in constant communion with the absent or the dead.

Twice a year it was her habit to write out a fresh arrangement of her time, according to her circumstances, always trying to add to her tasks every time, and to make them methodical. 'If I do not write down my resolutions,' she said, 'it seems as if they had lost their way in my head, like a wood where the paths have been neither traced nor cut out.'

Her evenings were spent in the great work which occupied her throughout the later years of her exile. Her many wanderings had made her acquainted with the exceeding distress of the French emigrants, who for the most part were absolutely destitute, and very few of them in the least fitted to earn a livelihood. Living in comfort herself in the house of her aunt, she could not rest without endeavouring to organize some means of raising a fund for their support, and, penniless as she was, she carried out her design. Through

her many friends, she obtained information about the numbers in each town, and thus learnt that there were absolutely 40,000 of her own nation living in exile, and almost beggary. She reckoned that 400 francs per year would support one of these, 16,000,000 altogether; and to work she set towards collecting such a sum! The famous Count von Stolberg was then minister to the Prince Bishop of Lubeck, and not only subscribed largely, but drew up an address for her, and gave all the influence of his name to assist her in Denmark. To every person she could hear of in Germany, Scandinavia, the Low Countries, and England, did Madame de Montagu send her circular, writing many letters a day with it; and when responses were made in money and in kind, it became necessary to establish an office for distributing them.

The exiled Archbishop of Rheims, the good Bishop of Clermont, and the excellent Princess Galitzin, assisted in this work, and a hospice was founded at Munster for the banished priests; while Madame de Montagu spent not only the evenings, but great part of the nights, upon the details, arranging that the helpless should have pensions, placing out ladies as governesses, bringing children and free schools together, disposing of work and drawings, pulling the strings of an enormous web of charity, all while quietly acting as chief dairy-woman of Witmold! The postage cost Madame de Tessé 400 or 500 livres a year, but this she cheerfully gave, saying that the cost of twenty sous often brought in two louis d'or, and thus that her niece had learnt to change her copper into gold.

'My niece,' she said, 'always gives people twelve times too little to make them happy;' but then these savings kept twelve more families from starving. She

was constantly seeking in her chests and wardrobes to see if she could not find something to sell or to give away. She even gave the black dress she had worn as mourning for her mother, which she valued as a sort of relic; she gave away her Prayer Book, and daily she gave her toil, her time, and even her sleep. M. de Beaune was as destitute as the rest, but she would not let him be succoured by public charity, and all she sent to him came by the work of her own fingers. One day, when she was working embroidery with infinite pains, though evidently worn out with fatigue; Madame de Tessé, sure that she had some special object in the work, gave her a beautiful gold snuff-box, adding that she was not to divide the price among many, but it must all go to the emigrant whom she loved best. She sent it at once to her father-in-law, who in the cold of winter was without wood for firing; and once or twice he came to stay at Witmold, but his politics were so different from those of the colony there, that it was always an anxious matter to see him among them.

Meantime, Madame de la Fayette had gone to Vienna, where she was graciously received, and permission was given to her to join her husband at Olmutz, upon condition that her seclusion should be as complete as his own, and that no letter from him should ever be sent out to the world. It was happiness indeed to her after their long separation; and when, on the 15th of October, 1795, she first came in sight of the gloomy fortress, she broke forth into the hymn of Tobit, 'Blessed be God, that liveth for ever, and blessed be His Kingdom, for He doth scourge and have mercy. I will praise Him in the land of my captivity.'

She and her daughters were admitted to her hus-

band's room, and found him terribly altered by his three years of captivity; but in the midst of the first transports of their meeting as those who had barely known each other to be alive, and had passed through grievous perils, the authorities came to carry off the purses and silver forks belonging to the ladies.

A dreadful account M. de la Fayette had to give of his imprisonment under that Austrian policy always so cruel to its captives. On arriving at Olmutz, he had been shut up in a cell, and told that all communication from the outer world was over for him for ever. He was only to be known by a number, was deprived of all writing materials, and only when he became dangerously ill, was taken out for a brief airing every day.

A Hanoverian physician named Bollman, however, contrived, through the servants, to send him a note in October, 1794, by which he learnt that his wife was still alive; but he could only answer in Indian ink and lemon juice on the margin of a novel.

Bollman then went to Vienna, and there met a young American named Huger, who came readily into his design of rescuing the General. They contrived to meet the escort during one of the airings; they inveigled the soldiers into an ale-house to drink, and obtained the officer's sword under pretext of examining it. A corporal remained to be dealt with; but after a desperate struggle, in which La Fayette received a bad strain, and left a bit of his finger between the man's teeth, he succeeded in mounting. The friends had not ventured to bring a spare horse, so they both rode on the same, calling out in English to La Fayette, 'Go to Hoff—go to Hoff!' where they had arranged for him to be met by relays of horses; but he unfortunately took this for 'Get off, get off!'—over-passed them, and

losing his way was re-captured and brought back, ill and exhausted, to Olmutz, where he was told that his friends would be hung before his window the next morning.

Huger had in fact let himself be captured in the hope of saving the other two ; but Bollman was not seized till he had reached Silesia. They were put in chains ; and at the end of six months were tried and sentenced to half-a-year's imprisonment with hard labour. The Court of Vienna thought this punishment too mild—annulled the sentence, and commanded that there should be a fresh trial ; but before the order could arrive, a humane magistrate, reckoning that they had already had their six months, released them, and sent them in good time over the frontier.

La Fayette was in the meantime more severely imprisoned than ever, and it was the special resolve of his jailors to hinder him from hearing of his family. Latour Maubourg, who was allowed letters, begged the officials to tell the General that his wife still lived ; but they answered that it was expressly forbidden, and Maubourg never was allowed to receive another letter in which Madame de la Fayette's name occurred. However, in the end of the summer of 1795, she was mentioned under a name that the Austrians did not understand. Maubourg told his servant, who by an ingenious arrangement already preconcerted, whistled an air that was understood by another servant, and he, carrying on the same air, conveyed it to another prisoner, whose whistling could be heard by the General.

Nothing more had he known till his wife and her daughters walked into his room ! Their captivity became as close as his own. The two girls were in a

separate room, but were marched into that of their parents for breakfast; then, till noon, their mother went back with them to their cell, where they stayed till dinner-time, and returning to the General's room, they remained there till eight o'clock; when a great corporal, with a bunch of keys in his hands, stood at the door, while the sisters, one blushing up to the ears, the other sometimes looking haughty, sometimes amused, passed between the sabres of the guard to their own cell.

Each cell was furnished with a curtainless bed, two tables, two chairs, a cupboard, and a stove only lighted from the outside. Madame de la Fayette was not allowed even to attend Mass in the chapel attached to the fortress. The food for the whole family was provided at her expense; and though in sufficient quantity, was served up in a dirty condition and without forks. Only when her money ran short was she allowed to write for more to the American minister; and she thus contrived to send letters open to her aunt and sister, but those to her son were always stopped.

All this time the family were content and perfectly happy to be together. La Fayette himself had a wonderful buoyancy and sweetness of disposition; and though his health had been much injured, and his chest suffered continually, his temper was unruffled and his spirits cheerful as ever. His wife's serenity had deeper roots, which sustained her through all her sufferings.

She occupied herself with writing a memoir of her mother in Indian ink on the margin of a copy of Buffon. Anastasie made shoes for her father out of an old coat, and contrived stays and gowns, which her

mother and Virginie made up under her directions. Madame de la Fayette's health, already much impaired, entirely gave way, and she was allowed the visits of a German doctor, whose only means of conversation was to talk Latin to her husband. She was not granted even an easy-chair; and when she begged leave to spend a week at Vienna for the sake of medical advice, she was answered that this could only be on condition of never returning to Olmutz!

At last, after Fox had spoken indignantly in the House of Commons, and both England and America had remonstrated, Bonaparte and Clarke, in signing the Treaty of Leoben, stipulated that La Fayette and his companions should be released on condition of not returning to France; and La Fayette, Latour Maubourg, Bureaux de Pusy, and two other officers, were set free.

On the 10th of October, 1797, Madame de Montagu was struggling to exert her usual self-restraint, being absolutely afraid of her own joy as of an excess, and she was trying to sober herself by prayer in her own room, when she heard a postilion's horn sounding across the waters of the lake to announce an arrival at Ploen. She flew down-stairs, and sprang into a little open boat, piloted by the Marquis de Mun, an old gentleman of the colony of Witmold, feeling as if in her sister Adrienne she had recovered her mother and all the rest. Never did a more joyous fleet of little boats cross the sluggish waters of the Lake of Ploen. Madame de Montagu had her sister and her niece Virginie in hers, and was in such an ecstasy that she was the one who would have been taken for the newly-freed prisoner, as the sisters sang together Tobit's song of the captive in a strange land, and then talked over the many things that their constrained correspond-

ence could never have told, listened to by Virginie, who had grown from child to maiden in her father's prison. Her sister Anastasie was in the same boat with her father and M. de Montagu, and was steered by M. de Latour Maubourg; the others came in more little boats, and Madame de Tessé stood ready to receive them on the shore in transports of joy.

Happy days were these at the Holstein farm, with the newly-restored relations flocking together. M. de Pusy's wife met him, with a child of five years old whom he had never seen; old connexions came to visit them, and the whole party felt as if General de la Fayette had made them young again; for, after all he had gone through, he held the very same opinions with which he had started in life, and looked back at all the catastrophes of the Revolution only as a brave sailor might look upon a shipwreck, and burnt to re-embark in the cause of liberty. The Tessé society was perfectly agreed with him, and full of admiration; all but Madame de Montagu, who while heartily loving him in his personal private character, was too loyal to wish to see him come forward in public life. 'Poor Gilbert,' she wrote to Madame de Grammont, 'Heaven defend him from ever appearing on the scene again!' In general she avoided argument; but one day, when she heard him explaining to Count Stolberg the causes of the Revolution, she could not help exclaiming, 'I admire to see how people can console themselves by feeling over all the abuses of the old régime.' But she repented of this speech, and wrote down in her journal, 'I was wrong. It is absurd to be made angry; what is said in politics signifies far less than what is done. Peace above all. One would only give pain by striking, and convert no one.'

But with her sister and nieces there was perfect satisfaction, as they worked together for the poor, and read aloud the Book of Job, and the sermons of Bossuet and Fenélon. In the winter, George Washington de la Fayette returned to them from America; in the spring, Anastasie was married to M. Charles de Latour Maubourg, the brother of her father's aide-de-camp; and ten days after, Madame de Montagu's little daughter, Stephanie, was born, and according to the family story was at once '*ondoyée*,' or privately baptized, by Madame de Tessé, in her haste and confusion, with a bottle of eau-de-cologne. The only grief was that Madame de la Fayette was very unwell all the time; but on her partial recovery, she went with her whole family to live at the little Dutch village of Vianen. Here, in the spring of 1799, the three surviving sisters all met, rejoicing that business had made their being together indispensable, since the inheritance of their mother was to be divided between them and the two widowers, M. de Thésan and the Viscount de Noailles. It was indeed needed, for the La Fayettees were so poor that M. de Montagu declared he had only one good dinner the whole time he was in Holland, and that was when he dined with a General at Utrecht. Sometimes Madame de la Fayette's best resource was eggs *à la neige*, for a *piece de resistance*, for fifteen or sixteen hungry guests; and having no fire in their bed-rooms, the three sisters used to sit up in their pelisses, their feet on a *chaufferette*, talking and shivering, at night, till twelve or even two o'clock, unable to separate.

In spite of illness and suffering, Madame de la Fayette's vigorous nature made her at forty look younger than Madame de Grammont at thirty-one, with her grave face and marked features; but the

great resoluteness and deep devotion of this youngest sister made both the others look up to her, and ponder all her words deeply. It was to them like a renewal of the happy afternoons round their mother's chair; and during these meetings they composed, in memory of her and their sister, a sort of litany, which they agreed all to repeat at the same time each day. It is so beautiful a commemoration, so truly catholic in spirit, that we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers as it was drawn up by Madame de Grammont, with large suggestions from her sisters :—

Litany of our mothers, to be said at the hour when in spirit we visit the field Aceldama, or rather when we mount with them to the peaceful, heavenly, and everlasting home: for the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God; there shall no evil touch them. Fools counted them dead; their departure was taken for misery, and their parting from us for destruction, but they are in peace. If they suffered before men, yet are they satisfied by the immortality that was their hope.

Lord, Who hast enlightened them with Thy light and truth, to lead them unto Thy holy hill, to enter into Thy sanctuary:

Have mercy on us.

Lord, Who wast their strength, their deliverer, and their stay:

Have mercy on us.

Lord, Who didst create them for Thy glory, preserve them by Thy power, and save them by Thy mercy:

Have mercy on us.

Lord, Who art our refuge now, and their reward for ever:

Have mercy on us.

Remember Thy mercy, which is from generation to generation upon such as fear Thee:

We beseech Thee, Lord, save the children of Thine hand-maid.

Remember all their offering. Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints:

We beseech Thee, Lord, save, &c.

Make us a glory unto them in the day of Jesus Christ, as they are now our glory:

We beseech, &c.

Let us, for ever remembering those who made known to us the Word of God, and considering the end of their lives, ever imitate their faith:

We beseech, &c.

Having been merciful to them, have pity on their orphan children:

We beseech, &c.

A silent resolution followed.

Let us seek to enter into the spirit of these dear victims when they made ready for their death, filled with resignation and burning charity. After their example let us pray for their enemies, and, as it is said in the last lines of their will, let us not only forgive them, but pray God to fill them with His mercy. Let us strive to gather up fresh blessings for the fulfilment of the duties of our station. Let us entreat the Lord to increase in us His love, to fulfil His holy Will in us. Let us join our devotions to those of the Church Militant, the Church Suffering, and above all to the Church Triumphant, in the eternal song of the Heavenly Jerusalem. Amen. Alleluia!

We beheld them sow in tears. Yet shall we see them in the harvest day come again in joy, bringing their sheaves with them:

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou madest them pass through fire and water, and broughtest them out into a wealthy place:

Alleluia! Alleluia!

In Thee is the well of life, and in Thy light do they see light:

Alleluia!

It was Thy Will that, freed from adversity, they should rejoice in praising Thee for ever and ever:

Alleluia!

Even as Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, blessed the Lord in the furnace, so would the sisters who remain in the valley of tears glorify God in the midst of their grief.

Thus were the three sisters daily to pray together in spirit after their separation, which took place only too soon, as it was found that the meeting at Vianen was suspected by the authorities of being intended for political purposes. Madame de la Fayette, however, never having been placed on the list of emigrants, was able to come and go freely to Paris; and after the return of Bonaparte from Egypt, and the establishment of the Consulate, the way back to France was gradually opened to the rest of the exiles, who crept home under feigned names, and were, upon application to the authorities, taken off the list of the proscribed.

M. and Madame de Montagu went back in 1800; and on their petition, M. and Madame de Tessé, their Witmold friends, the Duke de Noailles, and the Viscount de Beaune, were also recalled; all the family met again, and though the Hotel de Noailles remained in the hands of Government, the property of Madame d'Ayen was divided, and a competence thus secured to her daughters.

As to Plauzat, the inheritance of Montagu, it had been confiscated and sold off in small lots; but an old Dr. Sauzey, an eccentric kind-hearted physician of Prudelles, very deaf and vivacious, attending the poor gratis, and '*tutoying*' all his patients for six leagues round, had a strong feudal feeling for the house of Montagu, and for six months past had been hunting up the purchasers of the estates, catching them in bed, at the plough, at market, and so dealing with them that they—being, for the most part, sensible of a sort of usurpation in the acquisitions they had made at so cheap a rate—came almost unanimously to meet M. de Montagu at Puy, and offer to restore them. He was only grieved to have no ready money to pay for them;

but the good doctor had thought of everything, and had brought a number of sacks full of crowns and old louis d'or, saying that he had sold a vineyard, and wanted to put the money out to interest if M. and Madame de Montagu would take charge of it. The vineyard was a part of his wife's portion, and he had sold it entirely for the sake of restoring his old seigneurs to their inheritance. Love had indeed done much for them. At their castle of Croc, their old servants had taken down and hidden their hangings, pictures, and furniture, so that all were restored to them again; and at Plauzat, though all the Fitzjames needlework had been demolished, there was a transport of joy on their return; every peasant had some remembrance of kindness received, and the women crowded round Madame de Montagu, kissing her hands and her dress, and greeting her children, who were now three in number, her daughter Anna having been born in the course of the summer.

One great anxiety of the three sisters was to learn where the honoured remains of their mother and sister had been interred, but the revolutionary tribunals had made the burial of their victims almost a state secret, and all the returned emigrants were in the same state of ignorance. At last Madame de Montagu was told of a young woman called Mademoiselle Paris, a lace mender, who was likely to be able to give her some information; and tracing her out with much difficulty, she found her way to a fourth story, where the poor woman lodged.

The story that Madame de Montagu drew from her, and wrote down in her journal, was thus: 'My father was an infirm old man, who had been a servant thirty years in the Brissac household; my brother, who was

somewhat younger than I, was employed by the staff of the National Guard. He was very steady and careful, and supported us all, since the troubles of the Brissac family had deprived my father of his pension, and I had no work, for lace was scarcely worn in the Reign of Terror. One day my brother did not come home as usual; I went to see after him, and on my return I found the house empty. My father, who could scarcely walk, had been dragged to prison in my absence; my brother had been there since the morning. I never knew of what they were accused. I was not allowed to be shut up with them, nor even to embrace them. I only saw them again on the cart that took them to execution. A person who saw me in the throng, and knew me, wanted in his compassion to lead me away, and when I would not, he went away weeping himself. I saw my father and brother guillotined, and if I did not die on the spot it was because God supported me. I did not even fall, but stood still, stammering a few prayers, but mechanically, and without seeing or hearing anything. When I recovered my senses, the Place du Trône was almost emptied; the spectators were dispersing in every direction, and the tumbrils, stained with blood, into which the bodies had been thrown, were going towards the country, surrounded by gendarmes. I did not know where they were going, and I could hardly walk; nevertheless I followed them to Picpus. It was almost dark, but I perfectly well recognized the old Augustinian house, and the place where they buried all the poor creatures they had just guillotined. Ever since, I have often gone to say my prayers there, and winter and summer it is my Sunday walk.'

There could be no doubt that the victims of the

Barrière du Trône had all shared the same grave. The guillotine there erected had only stood for six weeks, from the 14th of June, 1794, to the 27th of July, but in that short space of time no less than 1300 persons there suffered, whose names may be found in the register of the Conciergerie, with their ages. All the corpses had been thrown at once into great tumbrils, painted red, and sent off to this huge pit, without coffin or shroud, or anything that could lead to recognition. All ranks and conditions were there; indeed, it is specially remarkable how large a number were of the poor labouring classes, who would have seemed likely to be sheltered by their obscurity.

This field of blood had been purchased by the Princess of Hohenzollern, whose brother had been buried there the same day as fifty-two other victims. She had caused a wall to be built round it, and in this condition Mesdames de la Fayette and De Montagu found it when they were guided thither by Mademoiselle Paris. Their first idea had been to raise a monument to their own three sufferers; but when they saw the lonely enclosure where multitudes lay forgotten in one bloody grave, they felt that what was for one must be for all, and they agreed that the right thing to do would be to purchase the site of the old convent, and there build a church, with a charitable foundation attached to it.

The difficulties were great, and Madame de Montagu was told that she would only endanger herself; but Mademoiselle Paris advised her to begin by a quiet subscription among the relatives of the victims. The wish of a large number would be tolerated, whereas the work of a few ladies of high rank would be treated as an aristocratic reproach to the Revolution; and on

this account the subscriptions of the survivors of the Noailles family were set down at a very low amount, but the list was filled up with multitudes of names of all ranks, many of them those of faithful servants of the slaughtered.

While this was passing, the owner of the ruins of the convent, ignorant of all that was being done, built up a little chapel on the ruins of the old one; and the Abbé Bendot, the parish priest, going to say Mass there, learnt that close by was one of the charnel houses of the Revolution, and proceeding to the lonely enclosure, blessed the soil, and planted a cross there. Upon this, Madame de Montagu took him into her confidence; and he became apparently the foremost person in collecting the subscriptions, and making the arrangements. It was he who, in 1802, managed the purchase of the new chapel, and the old ruins around it; so that the work could be set on foot. It was gradually carried on through many years; and at present the memorial consists of a large handsome church, somewhat dark, and grave in style, and the walls of the two sides of the choir are covered from top to bottom with tablets of marble inscribed with the names, rank, and age, of the 1307 victims of the Barrière du Trône, taken, all but nine, from the register of the Conciergerie. It was thought fit neither to conceal these lists nor to make them too prominent, and they were therefore placed under the guardianship of the Altar itself. Mass is daily offered there, in special commemoration of these and of the other victims of the Revolution; and once a year there is a solemn service, at which the relations of the dead still meet, and, preceded by the clergy, go in procession, chanting the *Miserere*, to the enclosure, where, above a grove of

cypress and poplar, rises a bank surmounted by a cross.

Part of the old monastery is now a convent of nuns of the Perpetual Adoration, and another portion has been formed into a college for missionaries to the heathen. Such was the gradual work of the sisters, carried out with great secret self-denial, and with the utmost toil and difficulty, through a long course of years, during which there were several alarms that Napoleon I. would destroy all their work, but each time the Curé of the parish of St. Marguerite always claimed the whole as essential to his flock.

There is little more to tell of the lives of the three surviving sisters. The extraordinary events of their lives had ended, and there was nothing more to befall them than what came in the common routine of life. Madame de Tessé had bought a charming house at Aulnay, near Paris, where she kept such a number of visitors about her, that her party was even larger than that at Witmold. She used to read in bed, with a pencil in her hand, all the morning; then at noon she repaired to a kiosk in the garden, where she received company, till dinner-time; and after dinner there were cards, reading, and conversation, all much in the same strain as at Ploen, except that she had almost ceased to indulge in wit at the expense of religion, and never did so before the younger portion of her family. She went to Mass every Sunday, and took her husband with her, and in every way showed that a change was coming over her. She kept her marriage jubilee there in the spring of 1805, surrounded by a whole troop of relations.

Madame de Montagu, who this same year gave birth to her youngest daughter, named Marie, spent her time

chiefly at Plauzat, with occasional sojourns at Paris. She was at Lyons, on a visit to her father-in-law, the Viscount de Beaune, when she went one Sunday after Mass to see the hospital, and there found that an association of the town barbers came every Sunday gratis to comb, shave, and wash the patients with the utmost kindness and tenderness, and that the work-women did the like good offices to the females. The next day, she had occasion to employ a hair-dresser, who so much admired her fine black hair, that he told her it would fetch a high price. 'How much?' she asked. 'At least eighty francs.' 'Cut it off at once,' she said; and she sent the eighty francs to the hospital.

Madame de la Fayette had never been well since her imprisonment. She had married her daughter Virginie to M. Louis de Lasteyrie, and spent most of her time at Chavaniac, where she had founded a village school, to which she paid constant attention. In the autumn of 1807, she became suddenly worse, and was taken to Aulnay in a dying state. Madame de Montagu hurried to her, but Madame de Grammont was too near her confinement to leave her home at Villersexel.

Madame de Montagu found her sister in a semi-delirious state, sometimes fancying her mother was alive, and asking where she was; but in her lucid moments, full of affection, tenderness, and piety. On the 3rd of December, she thought it was Easter. Her sister told her it was Advent. 'Well,' she said, 'it is a time of longing. Life is short. Happy he who has lived for God.' On a Friday, she thought it was Sunday. 'It is the day of the Cross,' her sister said to her. 'True,' she answered; 'I unite myself to it with all my heart.' And in all her wanderings, to speak to her

of holy things brought back and fixed her attention. Her husband sat for hours beside her, absorbed in grief. One day she said to him, 'Are you a Christian? Of what sect? Ah! I know; you are a Fayetteiste.'

'So were you, I think,' said the General, with a sad smile.

'Yes,' she said; 'I would give my life for that sect; but first of all, one must be a Christian. You admire JESUS CHRIST, and one day you will own His Divinity. Will you come with me to martyrdom?'

He answered that he would follow her anywhere; and she began to give praise to God, telling her daughters that their father was saved. Her most incoherent words showed the constant thought of her mind; and when in full consciousness that her end was approaching, she began to sing the hymn of Tobit, her daughters thought of the day she had sung it in sight of the fortress of Olmutz.

On Christmas Eve, all her nearest and dearest were around her; her nephew, Alexis de Noailles, reading the prayers of the dying; her sister, Madame de Montagu; her son and his wife; and her two daughters, the younger with her baby in her arms. So peaceful and happy was she, that Madame de Montagu could not help adding to the prayers the words, 'I will lay me down in peace to take my rest; for it is Thou, Lord only, that makest me dwell in safety.' She died at a quarter of an hour before the midnight that begins the Christmas feast; and on the next day, Madame de Montagu had the strength to go to the hallowed cemetery at Picpus to choose a spot for her interment, according to her desire.

A letter from La Fayette to his former fellow-prisoner, Latour Maubourg, thus describes this perfect

wife:—‘She was fourteen, I sixteen, when her heart amalgamated itself with all that could interest me. I always thought I loved her well and needed her much; but only when losing her, did I fully understand what remains for me of a life which had seemed full of troubles, but for which there is now no possible happiness and well being. . . . I owed to her a happiness without break or cloud. Much as she loved me—with, I may say, a passionate affection—I never saw the least shade of *exigence* or discontent, nothing that did not leave the freest course to all my enterprises; and if I looked back to the time of our youth, I could recall traits of unexampled forbearance and generosity. You have always seen her heart and mind with me in my sentiments and politics, rejoicing at all that could conduce to my glory, and far more at what, as she said, made me fully known; above all, delighted when she saw me sacrifice opportunities of glory to a right principle.

‘Her devotion was also peculiar. Never in these thirty-four years did it cause me a shadow of inconvenience. All her observances were regulated with a view to my convenience; . . . and the hope she expressed was always that, with the uprightness she knew I possessed, I should yet be convinced. Her last recommendations to me were in this spirit. She begged me for the love of her to read certain books, which I will certainly examine once more with true earnestness; and to teach me to love her religion, she called it “sovereign liberty.”’

Would that we had any evidence that he had at length been ‘sanctified by this believing wife!’

Like all Madame de Montagu’s bravely endured sorrows, this last loss was followed by a nervous fever that lasted all the summer. She was happy even in

suffering, since she said she did not wish only to salute the Cross from a distance; and the care of her health became to her 'a constant discipline.'

She was advised to be as much as possible in the country; and M. de Montagu repaired her Castle of Fontenay, where they took up their abode in the old rooms that had belonged to Henri III.'s mignon, the Duke de la Valette; in one of which it was said that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew had been plotted between Catherine de Medici and Alva.

Very different scenes did the castle behold under its present lady. The guard-room of the old building was repaired, and used for a village school, under the care of a nun, and was called the Hotel de la Providence. Other parts of the building served as a refuge for orphans, and for the sick and aged poor, many of whom came there to die; and the great court of the castle was on the summer Sunday evenings the scene of joyous rural dances, in which young Attale and his sisters delighted to take part.

The curate was an excellent man, who had held by his parish through all the horrors of the Revolution, and had ingeniously saved the images of the saints in his church from the mob by painting them over as soldiers of the National Guard, in which disguise they remained till the return of better times.

Most noble were the charities of Fontenay. In a scarcity in 1812, Madame de Montagu daily presided over a soup-kitchen, whence one hundred and twenty persons had their meals. In 1813, she learnt that a convoy of six hundred Spanish prisoners of war, half clothed and nearly famished, would pass by that way. At once she made preparations for refreshing and resting them in the castle, but the convoy had orders not to

halt there. Immediately, however, a band of servants and labourers started from the castle, got before the carts, and at intervals lighted great fires by the side of the road, where the poor captives might warm themselves for a few moments. At their first halt a good meal was ready for them, and warm coats were given to the most ragged; and at their resting-place for the night, good straw beds awaited them, soup was ready for them, baths, barbers, linen, shoes, stockings, and even tobacco!

The last great family festival presided over by kind-hearted old Madame de Tessé, was the marriage of Stephanie de Montagu to M. de Romagère. The ceremony took place at Aulnay, on the 28th of June, 1813, and was celebrated by the bridegroom's uncle, who had been for years chained to a pontoon at Rochefort, and had seen his brother, likewise a priest, die in chains by his side.

A few months after, M. de Tessé was struck with paralysis; and his wife, who had always affected to hold him cheap, was utterly prostrated with grief. 'One cannot easily dispense with a habit of fifty-eight years standing,' she said to her niece; and at a week's end she died! Madame de Staël called her the wittiest woman she had known, and to Madame de Montagu she had been the kindest. She was deeply mourned for, but there was the one joy of knowing that she had become far more devout in her latter years.

During the advance of the allied armies, the Montagu family took refuge at Paris, and rejoiced with all their hearts at the Restoration. When the Count d'Artois arrived, his aide-de-camp was Alexis de Noailles, the eldest son of the martyred viscountess. He had never consented to take up arms in the cause of Napoleon.

though his brother Alfred had greatly distinguished himself until he was killed at the Berezina. Madame de Montagu took with her his young widow, and the Countess de Verac, once Euphémie de Noailles, to present to the Count d'Artois. When the King himself arrived, and the three ladies were at his first reception, he said to Madame de Montagu, 'Madame, I know perfectly well all you have done. You are charity personified.' And he knew Madame de Verac by her likeness to her mother.

The Duke de Noailles was most graciously received, and his grand old hotel was restored to him. He gave the Montagu and Lasteyrie families apartments there, and a sort of shadow of old times was restored. Even M. de la Fayette came to court, and was forgiven; and the whole family were in great prosperity, when the return of Napoleon from Elba threw all again into consternation. M. and Madame de Montagu returned to Fontenay; and their son, Attale, then just twenty, and on the point of marriage, had to escape into the Jura, to avoid the conscription. At Fontenay, whole troops of the foreign armies, Cossacks, Russians, Bavarians, and Prussians, all appeared the morning after Waterloo, and though they did little mischief, they ate up all the provisions in the country. M. de Montagu did his best to relieve his neighbours; he received the staff-officers as his guests, and Madame de Montagu worked hard to keep the soldiers satisfied, and prevent pillage. 'We held out well,' she wrote to a friend; 'we avoided murmurs, disputes, and plunder. I made all the calculations and distributions, and often spent day and night on my feet. I stammered German, and in a riding-habit made head against the Cossacks, listening to and trying to satisfy everybody, but often mentally repeating

the words of Joseph's brethren, that we justly deserve the ills we suffer because of our sins.'

The miseries brought by the Hundred Days did not end with them, for there was a terrible long-continued famine. In one week a thousand destitute peasants came to ask aid at the neighbouring castles, for their cattle were gone, and corn beyond all price; but at Fontenay, M. de Montagu, as mayor of the village, kept the men employed in public works upon the roads; and his wife had sewing and spinning schools at the castle, and stores of provisions at a low price for them. She used to question them carefully, that she might judge of their wants; and a postilion once said of her, 'Don't you know Madame de Montagu! Well, she is the best woman one can set eyes on. She is *worse than a mother* to us.' She would not leave Fontenay till the days of famine were over, not even for her daughter's first confinement, and spent the time and money that the journey to attend her would have cost, in the distribution of a new economical soup, by which eighty people a day were fed, chiefly women and old men.

But the days were coming 'when the clouds return after the rain,' and the old associations of a life fade away. M. de Beaune died full of years in 1818; the Duchess of Orleans, the prison friend of Madame d'Ayen, a short time after; and in 1823, Madame de Grammont lost the only child out of nine, who had been spared beyond the age of infancy. In 1824, died the step-mother, Madame de Noailles. Alexis de Noailles and Attale de Montagu fetched home their grandfather to live with his daughter, Madame de Montagu, and receive from her most filial cares. Soon after his arrival, she had a severe illness, and was at

one time in such danger that Attale read the prayers of the dying beside her bed ; but she rallied, and was fast recovering, when Attale, while out shooting at St. Germain, accidentally wounded himself with his own gun, tetanus came on, and he died on the 13th of June, 1824, begging to be buried at Picpus, there, as he said, 'to await the Resurrection.'

Madame de Grammont was with her sister, who had known of the accident, but not of the fatal symptoms. It was resolved to wait to tell her till Trinity Sunday, when her sister began by persuading her to receive the Holy Eucharist in her bed ; and the priest who administered it told her at the same time to 'meditate on the Mystery of the Passion, above all on the courage of the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the Cross, where her Divine Son died.'

She understood his tone, and knew how it must be. Her husband led in the poor young widow and her three little girls, and they all wept together in silence, except that M. de Montagu told of the deep devotion his son had shown. When they had left her, she broke out, 'I held my peace, O Lord, because it was Thy doing. But oh, cease to strike me ! I am ready to fall beneath the weight of my cross.' Then, fearing she had been wanting in resignation, she kept silence, and prayed with all her heart. This terrible blow, however, did not overwhelm her ; and she resumed her tender assiduities towards her old father, whose faculties had become so weak, that though he liked to be read to, he would drop asleep in a few moments, leaning against her shoulder, while she sat on, perfectly still, but praying all the time. The secret of her strength appears in one of her letters. 'Every morning since my son's death, I repeat to myself, at my first

waking, "All is Thine, O Lord, all comes from Thee, therefore it is right that all should return to Thee, and be offered up unto Thee." Then I recover my strength. I pour out my heart before God, and show Him my troubles, and I start forward like an arrow to lead an active life, ever occupied most with others.'

On the 20th of October, Marie de Montagu was married to the Viscount d'Auberville, at Fontenay Church, in the most unostentatious manner. Her grandfather, the Duke, was present; but returned from the church to his bed, which he never left again. He died on the 25th, in his eighty-fifth year.

General de la Fayette had in the meantime, with his son, been visiting the United States, where, though the friend and hero of his youth was dead, he had still many ties. The President, Mr. Monro, and his wife, had been at Paris during the Reign of Terror; and he wrote, about this time, an expression of his gratitude for their kindness to '*la meilleure partie de moi-même.*' He was treated as the guest of the nation, and his whole course was one triumphal progress. It is pleasant to see in his letters how he still thought of his incomparable wife. 'She, whose trust in the United States never failed, foresaw for me all that we have found. I love to think that her blessing has prevailed to bring us all the happiness we experience in this world.' At the end of his visit, a new frigate named Brandywine, after the battle where he had been wounded, was placed at his disposal for his return to France, where his chateau of La Grange never failed to be visited by every American of distinction travelling in Europe.

He and his loyalist sister-in-law had some droll little good-humoured disputes. For instance, his portrait was taken at full length by Ary Scheffer, and Madame

de Montagu was afraid of seeing him there with the famous Declaration of the Rights of Man in his hand. She asked him anxiously in what position he had been represented. 'Well, dear sister, I am walking, with my hat and stick in my hand;' as he placed himself in the same attitude.

'The other hand?' she anxiously asked.

'It is in my pocket,' replied the General; 'a much better thing, my dear sister, than having it in other people's!'—a good-humoured joke on her subscription-hunting habits.

La Fayette had still a triumph to come. The Revolution of July, 1830, brought him forward, in his seventy-third year, ready to play the same part as he had played forty years before, and which had cost him so dearly. Right or wrong, he was unchanged in consistency and humanity. He was appointed one of the Provisional Government, and received the military command of Paris. When the Duke of Orleans arrived there, it was La Fayette who received him at the Hotel de Ville, placed a tricoloured flag in his hand, and showed him to the people as their constitutional King, Louis Philippe!

The desire of his life was fulfilled; he really saw France with a government according to the vision of his youth; the one idea that he had fought, suffered, and toiled for, with some vanity indeed, but with thorough integrity and constant tenderness of human life. The spring of hope kept him ever fresh, and even to old age he was a most attractive person, with the grace of the old noble, and the freedom of the republican. Mrs. Opie was enchanted with his bloom and brilliancy; and Sir William Napier found him a most noble mannered old soldier, though, he says, less

really able and clever, and more vain, than he had been led to expect.

Happily for La Fayette, he did not live to witness the fall of the system he had at last seen established. The winter of 1834 confined him to his room; whence the very last letter he ever wrote was on the 1st of May, to Mr. Murray, of Glasgow, President of the Society for Negro Emancipation, mentioning how much that subject had been in the thoughts of Washington, and of the other great men of America. He died on the 20th of the same month, and was buried at Picpus, among those who had been with him in love, though not in opinions.

Five months before, M. de Montagu had been laid there. He died on the 8th of January, after a long illness. Ever a kind, wise, and moderate man, his wife had made him a religious one, and his end was full of peace and hope. Madame de Montagu bore up, as one who looked to a blessed reunion for ever, and was able to comfort her daughter, Madame de Romagère, who during that same sad year lost her husband by an accident. Among children and grandchildren, prayers and charities, the next few years went by, until January, 1839, when her last illness began; and she lay, 'content to live, but not afraid to die,' for many a calm day, with her daughters around her. On the 28th, Madame d'Auberville found her putting into her hand a ring with a crucifix on it, the same which, in like manner, Madame de La Fayette had transferred to her on the eve of her death. On the 29th, she heard Mass with an air of peace and rapture, and was still in the midst of thanksgiving, when the last struggle came to carry her to the home whither so many of her dearest had preceded her!

The first companion of her childhood, the Rosalie

who had shared her first thoughts, was the only survivor of the five sisters. Ever at her estate of Villersexel, where she spent her whole life after her marriage, no less than sixty-seven years, she pursued her quiet course of prayer and charity, with scarcely a break into the even tenor of her ways. The Revolution of 1848 hardly disturbed her, and she tried to calm and sober down those who dreaded another Reign of Terror.

‘But, Grandmother,’ said one of her daughter’s children, ‘suppose to-morrow morning you saw the guillotine set up in our square, as it was in the time of the Terror, should you not be rather uneasy?’

‘My poor dear,’ she answered, ‘that is not the question. Must we not die? The great point is to be ready. As to the kind of death, that is a mere detail.’

Death came for her on the 16th of February, 1853, when she was eighty-five years old; and thus at length passed away all the sweet company of sisters, who had gathered round their mother’s chair eighty years previously. One, a young wife and mother, early swept away in her bloom; one, never divided from her mother in life or death, and sharing her martyrdom; one, a patient resolute wife, dropping down in mid course from the effects of the sufferings she had shared for her husband’s sake; one, through poverty, exile, and sorrow, the model of charity and helpfulness; and last of all, the peaceful though bereaved mother, ever dwelling among her own people, in a calm unbroken by grief, by fear, or by the madness of the people. One thought, one spirit, was among all the five; and surely no parent can ever have had a wish better fulfilled than has been that of Madame d’Ayen, that she might be able to say, ‘Behold me, and the children that Thou hast given me.’

SARAH KEMBLE.

(MRS. SIDDONS.)

BORN 1755, DIED 1831.

‘ Good people ! let me pass—I am Sarah Siddons.’

Mrs. Siddons to the Mob.

A COLLECTION of Biographies of Women intended for English readers, put forth under the Editorship of an Englishwoman, would surely be very incomplete if it did not include the name of Sarah Siddons. The reader may have forgotten the incident referred to in our motto, when the quiet dignified woman made her appeal from the windows of her sedan-chair to a riotous crowd around the theatre. For ourselves, while gathering up materials for the preservation of good women to our public, we have fancied we heard the deep voice pleading in our ears—‘ Good people ! let me pass—I am Sarah Siddons.’

And pass she ought. In omitting her we not only should sacrifice the very noblest of our interpreters of Shakspeare, but the record of a life of great private excellence. We should miss a rare instance of the union of high imaginative powers with a most unconquerable love of truth ; we should miss a precious opportunity of pointing out an example of perfect

conscientiousness pervading the character of one belonging to a profession generally thought lax with regard to minor if not to the major moral obligations. We should leave out perhaps one of the best models we have of persevering industry, scrupulous adherence to engagements, of fidelity to an author as well as to the public; and we should not have the pleasure of pointing to a really religious woman, carrying out her principles in the midst of whatever was adverse.

Let it not be thought we are going to write in behalf of the stage. We feel very strongly about the dangers of the profession as it is followed by the larger number probably of those who enter upon it. We feel too the weight of the fact that hardly any one of our best actors, none who have been truly bright ornaments of that profession, have been desirous of seeing their children follow it; but, on the contrary, have anxiously turned them from it, dwelling on their own experience of its snares, sufferings, and sorrows. For here and there a noble nature, wishing to raise the minds of the multitude by high poetical representations, we cannot doubt that theatrical representations may present themselves as not attractive merely, but most gravely impressive; and so it was that Mrs. Siddons felt; but this is rare. What concerns us just now is to sketch the life of one who could hardly be said to have a choice in the matter; but being brought up to it, feeling that the welfare of all belonging to her depended on her continuance in it, did her duty bravely, purely, and religiously, devoting herself heart and soul to her work, with a trust that she should not be left uncheered and unblessed. All apologies for such a woman because she was an actress would be an impertinence; and such we firmly believe

was Mrs. Siddons, of whose life we are about to give a sketch.

Of course for the materials of this notice we are indebted to previous writers—to Mr. Campbell especially—and also to very many contemporary writers who have given their own impressions, such as Mrs. Jameson, Professor Wilson, Walter Scott, &c. And there is a most affectionate and pleasing sketch by the youngest daughter of Mrs. Siddons—Mrs. George Combe, written in French for a Brussels periodical. It is much to be regretted, however, that it was not written in the vigorous native language of both mother and daughter.

Sarah Kemble, afterwards Siddons, was the eldest of her family, and was born at the little town of Brecon, in 1755. Her father, Roger Kemble, was manager of a company of actors sojourning chiefly in the midland and western towns of England. Mr. Campbell, who had seen *both* parents in their elder years, says they were tall and comely personages; that the father had the suavity of a gentleman of the old school, while the mother possessed much of austere stateliness. In fact, as Mrs. Jameson tells us, ‘Mrs. Siddons, with all her graces of form and feature, her magnificence of deportment, her deep-toned measured voice and impressive enunciation, was in reality a *softened* reflection of her more stately, stern, majestic mother, whose genuine loftiness of spirit and of bearing, whose rare beauty and imperious despotism of character, have often been described as absolutely awful. Even her children trembled in her presence.’

The little Sarah Kemble was a beautiful child. Her movements full of ease and grace; her voice most melodious, and by dint of cultivation so clear, that she

could make even her *whisper* audible to very distant listeners. Very little could be done for her education; her brothers were sent by Roger Kemble, as a Roman Catholic, to a school established for children whose parents were of that persuasion, while Sarah was kept at home.

One does not see how the children of parents living wholly by the profession, in the rank of Roger Kemble and his wife, *could help* being actors and actresses. Their parents might have preferred a different life for them; and in the higher theatrical world, the business of the stage can be kept apart from the home; but in a shifting and poor company like this, the children were almost necessary to the performance, and of course would acquire the taste and habits of stage life very early.

Probably Mrs. Siddons was made use of at as immature a period as any child ever was. It is painful to think of her being forced to strive after intrepid and assured self-confidence in the earliest dawn of youth; but she never did wholly achieve such a degree of assurance; and those who best knew her agree that even to the last she had fits of timidity and nervousness. Very few records remain of that childish period. She always maintained that in early days she loved Milton better than even Shakspeare, and at ten years old used to pore over *Paradise Lost* for hours together. In later life, it was said of her that she knew no books *well* save her Bible, Milton, and Shakspeare. This was not quite literally true, but certainly these had ever the daily preference.

A small anecdote, related to her biographer, Mr. Campbell, by herself, belongs doubtless to a *very* juvenile period. Her mother, she said, had promised

one day to take her out into the country on an expedition of pleasure, provided the weather was propitious; and she was to wear a new pink frock, which she thought became her well. On going to bed that night, the child's reigning desire was of course for a beautiful morrow; and it occurred to her that the use of the Church prayer for fair weather would be appropriate. So she went to bed and to sleep, with the book open at the page folded in her little arms. At daybreak she woke, and alas! found the rain pelting against the windows. She had, however, recourse to the book again, and it appears convinced herself that she had erred before by taking the Prayer for *Rain* instead of the one she intended. So she remedied the mistake—turned to the right place, went to sleep again; and behold, the morning came clear and bright, the party was successful, and the pink dress was all that her heart could desire!

There is no criticising simple anecdotes like this; and I should be sorry for anyone who did not recognize in it the germ of a piety, moving, if not quite spontaneously, yet in what was thought the right and true way. Certain it is that throughout her whole career Mrs. Siddons had the greatest possible sympathy with little children; let them be as illogical and careless as possible, still she loved them dearly; and of course they dearly loved *her*. She had the talent for observing them closely, without oppressing them; and nothing delighted her more than that they should act and speak at ease before her. Respecting this trait in her character I must say more by-and-by; but when speaking of her own simple-hearted childhood, one is led to feel how much it had to do with her affection for the young in after life.

Nothing very material from this time is recorded of

her till her sixteenth year. It is only noticed by her daughter, Mrs. Combe, that when the period of childhood had passed away, she became exceedingly thin and spare, and that this remained her characteristic for several years afterwards, giving occasion to an observation of one of her father's friends, that he thought Sarah Kemble would be a fine looking woman one of these days, provided she could but add flesh to her bones, and provided her eyes were as small again. This, in fact, is what did occur. Her increasing embonpoint brought all into harmony, the eyes looked less prominent, and at the age of about twenty-four or twenty-five, she was perhaps at the very height of her marvellous beauty.

Everyone knows that Mrs. Siddons's affections were early engaged by her future husband, an actor in her father's company. From the age I have mentioned, (sixteen,) it is probable she underwent much anxiety, for the attachment was not approved by her parents, and she was sent from home to be out of her lover's way. *He* was not very dignified about the matter. He took the public into his confidence, singing on the stage an absurd ballad, in which he recorded his wrongs and despair, to the extreme wrath of Mrs. Kemble. Excepting in the matter of this ill-judged ebullition, nothing amiss is recorded of him; and the parents finding the mutual attachment unconquerable, consented at length to the union, a short time after Sarah had entered her nineteenth year, in November, 1773.

* * * * *

The vocation of Mrs. Siddons was now, of course, absolutely decided. Hitherto, though she had taken the parts assigned her under her father's orders, she had had little time at her own disposal, and had no

friends but those of her parents.* Now, however, she almost at once exhibited her remarkable power of first exciting interest in the minds of people of higher standing than her own, and next of profiting by their advice and help. She never seems to have formed a real *friendship* with anyone by whose character and conduct she could not be a gainer.

Of course the advantages offered to her in different places varied much. At Cheltenham, where first we hear of the young married pair acting together, she was immediately noticed. Cheltenham, then a town consisting of little more than one street, across which ran a clear stream crossed by stepping-stones, was not without its aristocratic theatrical critics. The Aylesbury family, and particularly Miss Boyle, their connexion, (who afterwards married Lord O'Neil, of Shane's Castle, Ireland,) called upon her, and paid her much attention. This was not founded on her theatrical repute merely. They deemed her worthy of a lasting friendship, and encouraged to the extent of their power her taste and talent.

In another way this patronage was of more questionable advantage, if it be true, as is affirmed, that *their* representations led to Mr. Garrick's sending down one of his agents to see her act in the 'Fair Penitent,' and soon afterwards giving her an invitation to Drury Lane: an unfortunate move, which put to hazard all

* Perhaps I should have excepted the Greatheed family, residing at Guy's Cliff, Warwick. To them she was sent when it was desired to separate her from Mr. Siddons; and though it is probable that she went merely in the capacity of a humble attendant, she must have gained something in the course of her readings to Mrs. Greatheed, and she retained the friendship of the family through life.

her rising excellencies, and which must be considered, when we take into account the few advantages she had *then* enjoyed, as premature. However, the invitation was not at once accepted. She did not go to London till January, 1776, and by that time she was the mother of two children.

Her appearance at Drury Lane was followed by many mortifications. The cotemporary papers gave her very moderate praise; and in Mr. Garrick's behaviour to her there was a mixture of harshness and flattery which one can only understand by supposing that he found her very *unequal* in the display of what power she possessed. Also, that being on the point of leaving the stage himself, he cared more for standing well with his old stage coadjutors, than for a debutante who was said to be 'ill dressed, often inaudible, and frightened,' while she was allowed to be pretty, delicate, and fragile looking.

To us, who know what this disdained debutante afterwards became, who can read even in that early time the indications of a character in which lay the elements of the highest kinds of success, the public judgment may well seem hasty and unfair.

It was certain that Mrs. Siddons's mortification was not soothed by any amenities of manner in those from whom she received her dismissal from London; and she had deep susceptibility, and felt on the occasion so keenly, that she had a serious illness. To the last of her life she could not forbear speaking with bitterness of this part of her lot: made more painful, doubtless, by her own habitual sincerity, and what *she* at least considered as a want of truthfulness on the part of others: for she always maintained that Garrick's *compliments* were in sad contrast to his *conduct* towards her.

It was not in Mrs. Siddons's nature, however, to yield to dejection. On recovering from her illness, she rallied her forces, threw her whole mind into her work, and acted both at Birmingham and York with vigour and success. Every effort *told*, because all were overruled by consummate good sense, and by a reasonably deferential attention to the best counsels: for it was not till long afterwards that she insisted on working out thoroughly her own conceptions of a character. She was willing for some time to listen to every remark; but when she had made herself *sure* at last of her ground, no one, however gifted, could shake her conscientious adherence to her own views.

It would seem that she was at Birmingham during the whole summer of 1776. There it was that she met Henderson, an excellent judge, who acted with her, and was so impressed by her powers, that he pronounced that she would be eventually an unsurpassed actress. He wrote to Palmer, the manager at Bath, and Palmer appears to have negotiated with her; but she did not go to Bath till late in the year 1777, playing, first, successfully at York. At Bath she took up her abode for three and a half years; and her improvement there was great. It was not merely that she studied carefully, but she caught a higher tone altogether from the excellent society into which she was thrown. Bath was then, more than at any time, perhaps, the resort of intelligent excellent judges: they took her by the hand, did honour to her character, and remained her steady friends through life. Yet the enjoyment and improvement of such a position alternated with very hard work.

In her private memoranda she complains of having had to act in many subordinate, perhaps disagreeable,

characters; but 'to this,' she says, 'I was obliged to submit, or to forfeit part of my salary—three pounds a week. Tragedies were now becoming more and more fashionable. This was favourable to my cast of powers; and while I laboured hard, I began to earn a distinct and flattering reputation. Hard labour indeed it was; for after the rehearsal at Bath on a Monday morning, I had to act at Bristol (*Not in railway days.*) on the evening of the same day; and returning twelve miles to Bath, had to represent some fatiguing part on the Tuesday evening. . . . When I recollect all this labour of mind and body, I wonder I had strength and courage to support it, interrupted as I was by the cares of a mother, (She had then three children.) and by the childish sports of my little ones, who were most unwillingly hushed to silence for interrupting their mother's studies.'*

* It seems most probable that the beautiful portrait of her by Gainsborough, now at South Kensington, was painted at Bath. Gainsborough was there for part of the time of her residence. He seldom dated his pictures, or even added his name; but what we know of the personal appearance of Mrs. Siddons, exactly tallies with the notion of its being the work of *one* of the three years of her residence at Bath. The exceeding great beauty of this picture; its fresh colouring; the delicacy of the profile, so firmly drawn, yet with such an exquisite care and grace; the youthfulness of the figure, which seems to have just reached the maturity of its beauty;—all render this picture more valuable perhaps as a representation of *HERSELF* than any of her other portraits.

The picture afterwards painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, was of later date—1783. The original is in the Grosvenor Gallery; a copy, somewhat reduced, and Mrs. Jameson says, 'inferior in point of execution,' is in the Dulwich Gallery. She sat also to Hamilton, Harlowe, and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

But laborious as was her position at Bath, Mrs. Siddons did not hastily accept a new proposal to quit it; not even though that proposal came from Drury Lane, and she could not be unconscious that her prospects of success were now far greater than before. She was now in her twenty-seventh year; she had been but twenty-one when she tried her skill under Garrick's auspices.

What a contrast it was to be! What a rich reward was the persevering, industrious, conscientious artist to reap! For now one night, one short hour, was to establish her on that basis of well-earned fame, from whence it was felt at once by all good judges that she never could be, never would be, dislodged.

She took her leave of Bath with much sorrow of heart at parting with her numerous valued friends and judges; and she led her little ones on to the stage, pointing to *them* as bringing out the real motives of her departure, and uttering, in a few lines of her own, (of no great poetical merit,) her farewells.

In no words but those which she herself penned shall the great eventful night of her life be commemorated.

'I was truly grieved,' she says, 'to leave my kind friends at Bath, and was also fearful that the power of my voice was not equal to filling a London theatre. My friends also were doubtful. But I soon had reason to think that the bad construction of the Bath theatre, and not the weakness of my voice, was the cause of our mutual fears. On the 10th of October, 1782, I made my first new appearance at Drury Lane, with my own dear beautiful boy, then but eight years old, in Southerne's tragedy of *Isabella*.

* * * * *

'For a whole fortnight before this, to me, memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can

be imagined. No wonder; my own fate and that of my little family hung upon it. I had quitted Bath, where all my efforts had been successful, and I feared lest a second failure in London might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from Drury Lane disgraced, as I had formerly been. In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of "Isabella." Who can imagine my terror? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper; but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest parts of the house by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circumstance. The countenances, no less than the tears and flattering encouragements, of my companions, emboldened me more and more; and the second rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. It took place on the 8th of October; and on the evening of that day I was seized with a nervous hoarseness which made me extremely wretched, for I dreaded being obliged to defer my appearance on the 10th, longing, as I most earnestly did, at least to know the worst. I went to bed, therefore, in a state of dreadful suspense. Awaking next morning, however, though out of restless unrefreshing sleep, I found, upon speaking to my husband, that my voice was very much clearer. This of course was a great comfort to me; and moreover, the sun, which had been completely obscured for many days, shone brightly through my curtains. I hailed it, though tearfully, as a happy omen; and even now I am not ashamed of this (as it may perhaps be called) childish superstition. On the morning of the 10th my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored, and again "*the blessed sun shone brightly*

on me." On this eventful day my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre, and there he left me; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly.

'At length I was called to my fiery trial. I found my venerable father behind the scenes, little less agitated than myself. The awful consciousness of being the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom and all around, may be imagined, but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten.

'Of the general effect of this night's performance I will not speak: it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fire-side, retiring from reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; *my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words or even tears.* My father, my husband, and I, sat down to a frugal neat supper in a silence uninterrupted, except by Mr. Siddons's exclamations of gladness. My father enjoyed his refreshments, but occasionally stopped short, and laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection, (who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie?) fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body.'*

* Campbell, p. 154, &c.

This triumphant evening was well followed up. Sir Walter Scott, many years afterwards, at a meeting in Edinburgh,* described the scene on one of those far-famed nights. Mrs. Siddons's health being given, he rose and said:

'If anything,' said he, 'could reconcile a man to old age, it was the reflection of having seen the rising as well as the setting sun of Mrs. Siddons.' He remembered well their *breakfasting*! near the theatre—waiting the whole day—the crushing at the doors at six o'clock, and their getting in and counting their fingers till seven. But the very first step, the first word which she uttered, was sufficient to overpay them for all their weariness. The house was literally electrified; and it was only from witnessing the effects of her genius, that one would guess to what a pitch theatrical excellence may be carried. '*Those young fellows,*' added Sir Walter, '*who have only seen the setting sun of this distinguished performer, beautiful and serene as it was, must give us old fellows, who have seen its rise, leave to hold our heads a little higher.*'

Twenty-four times in this season of 1782-3 did Mrs. Siddons repeat her part of Isabella. Then she added others. The *other* Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*, and the far more renowned part, by many preferred to any of her characters, (excepting, perhaps, that of Lady Macbeth,) Constance, in *King John*. One sees at a glance how suitable this must have been to the cast of Mrs. Siddons's mind. A mother's passionate love, the disappointment prepared by injustice and cruelty, the anguish, the indignation, the tenderness, were all exquisitely rendered. She has left in writing her own

* Dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, February 24th, 1827, Sir Walter Scott in the chair.

impressions of the play, and of this special character; but no criticism can be so interesting as the indications one meets with everywhere in her own nightly preparation for her work. She never pretended extravagances of enthusiasm; she never said she had merged her own self in a character; but she had a true sense of what an actress owes to her author. There have been those among her compeers who could admit gossips to their dressing-room, and talk of any subject rather than that of the representation on which they were immediately to engage. It was impossible for Mrs. Siddons to do this. She *could* not; and if she had been able, we may rest assured she *would* not.

Speaking of this very part of Constance, she says, 'I never, from the beginning of the play to the end of it, once suffered my dressing-room door to be closed, in order that my attention might be constantly fixed on those distressing events, which I could plainly hear were going on upon the stage, the terrible facts which were to be represented by me.'

Who can doubt that this earnest ample giving up of herself to the real spirit of the drama, was the truest thing this truthful woman could have done? and that this it was which preserved in her a continual freshness and vigour. Mr. Young might well say that she was the most lofty-minded actress he ever beheld. 'Whatever she touched, she ennobled.'

As one gathers up the most note-worthy points, both in her own self-management, and in the external discipline imposed upon her from without, it is interesting to find how uniform was her own preference for the best guides she could find. To Dr. Johnson she went again and again, during the short space yet allotted to the sage, in life—for he died in 1784. He appreciated

her desire to communicate with him, discussed different characters with her, approved of her taste; and said, when she was gone, 'Neither praise nor the love of money, the two powerful corruptions of mankind, seem to have depraved *her*.

Refreshment and strength were sure to come from such intercourses as this; but, on the other hand, she had to undergo some most impertinent intrusions; and even where nothing but kindness was intended, she was compelled to pay dear in fatigue and loss of time for her honours. Nothing, for instance, could exceed the admiration with which the King (George III.) and his Queen listened to the readings she gave, by their desire, at Windsor; but they were a great trial to her. Though perfectly sincere in their expressions of esteem, the then Royal Family could not, even for Mrs. Siddons, dispense with the stiff and absurd forms of court etiquette. The already overtaken woman was obliged to *stand* during the whole of a lengthened reading, which, trying as it was, she preferred to accepting their offers of refreshment in an adjoining room, coupled, as she said it must have been, with the necessity of retiring backwards through 'the whole length of a long apartment, with highly-polished slippery floor.'

Often were her public performances also attended by the Royal Family, although the Queen, in her broken English, avowed that she was sometimes obliged to turn her back upon the stage, for Mrs. Siddons's acting 'was indeed *too disagreeable*.'

It is right, in order to complete the account of her intercourses with the Royal Family, (though by so doing we anticipate many years,) that after her retirement in 1812, she read two or three times at Frogmore

and Windsor, was received with the utmost consideration, allowed ample time for refreshment, and requested to *sit* during the whole reading.

All this time, and for many years afterwards, the public talk was of the immense private fortune which Mrs. Siddons must be accumulating. That she was, on the whole, largely paid, there can be no doubt; but it is only fair to say how often she was kept waiting for payment at the hands of Mr. Sheridan. These anxieties are often alluded to in her private letters. In May, 1796, she writes, 'I have got no money yet; all my last benefit, a very great one, was swept into Mr. S.'s treasury—nor have I seen a shilling of it.' The public saw the crowded houses, took the measure of her gains, and knew not how often the great actress had to consider what she could count on as her own. Years afterwards she wrote to a friend, 'I must go on *making*, to secure the few comforts I have been able to attain for myself and family. I hope it is not wrong to say I am tired, and should be glad to be at rest.'

At the date of this letter she was suffering from erysipelas, which made speaking very painful; and, when the London season was over, new engagements had to be made in the country, to counterbalance the inconvenience of unpunctual payments.

Respecting Mrs. Siddons's pecuniary ideas, she was, it may be believed, somewhat anxious and careful, but never knowingly guilty of meanness or extortion. A public character, like hers, is often much misjudged for a time upon these and other points; and it is only those who will take the trouble to read the life backwards, marking its stages, seeing the general concurrence of the opinion of the wise and good upon it, who can

judge truly about a distinguished person, so commonly a mark for minute criticism.

As we follow her year by year, either on or off the stage, we feel that her great glory had always its pursuing shadow; and that the more successes multiplied, and her powers became mature, the more difficult was it to steer her course aright. It makes one alternately smile and admire her kindly simplicity of heart, for instance, when one sees her striving to explain herself to good sort of people, who could neither be brought to understand the needs of the stage, nor her own instinctive sense of fitness; and who offered her their own pieces, with a self-complacent idea of *suiting* her, by giving her the part of, as she said, 'some milk-sop of a lady,' 'some provoking piece of still life.' Nothing could conquer her firmness in rejecting such offers, but it was a pain and grief to her. And when a friend, of whom she had a high opinion, sent her a tragedy of his own, which was not to her mind, her expressions of regret are really almost comic.

'It is impossible,' she says, 'for you to conceive how hard it is to say that *Astarte* will not do as you and I would have it do.—“*Thank God 'tis over!*” It has been so bitter a sentence for me to pronounce, that it has wrung drops of sorrow from the very bottom of my heart. . . . Let me entreat, if you have any idea that I am too tenacious of your honour, that you will suffer me to ask the opinions of others, which may be done without naming the author. I must, however, premise, that what is charming in the closet often ceases to be so when it comes into consideration for the stage.'

She proceeds in still stronger terms to express her anxiety lest she should have given offence. Once for all, however, it is well to remember that, true to her

thoughts as Mrs. Siddons's words ever were, it was the habit of her mind to take a strong, somewhat exaggerated, view of all subjects. Perhaps this is a tendency scarcely to be avoided in the formation of an actor's mind.

Twenty-four years of successful work intervened between the great triumph of October, 1782, and June, 1812, when Mrs. Siddons took her leave of the public. Her engagements with managers led undoubtedly to her acting often in very middling plays; and one is tempted to be sorry that Shakspeare characters were not more frequent with her. Yet it ought to be remembered how intolerably bad were often the fillings in of the subordinates in Shakspeare's plays, and how trying it was to listen to the dialogue, except at the moment when the inspired actress was herself on the stage. It was probably from the strong feeling of these drawbacks to her *acting*, that Mrs. Siddons's Shakspeare *readings* were afterwards considered by many as a greater treat even than her performances.

In sketching her progress, one must not omit to mention her visits to Dublin and Edinburgh; the audience of the latter place presenting so curious a contrast to any she had before addressed, that we must let Mr. Campbell give it from her own relation. Having complained of the silence and apparent stupidity of the people, she observed, 'I had been used to speak to animated clay: but these were *stones*.' Successive flashes of that elocution which had electrified the south, 'fell in vain on these northern flints.' 'At last she told me,' proceeds Mr. Campbell, 'that she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that if *this* could not touch the Scotch, she

would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished she paused, and looked toward the audience. The deep silence was at length broken by a single voice, exclaiming, "*That's no bad!*" This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter; but the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that amidst her stunned and nervous agitation she was not without fear of the galleries coming down. She did, however, soon conquer even the poorest of the Edinburgh audiences. A poor servant-girl, with a basket of greens on her arm, one day stopped near her in the High Street of Edinburgh, and hearing her speak, exclaimed, 'Ah! weel do I ken that sweet voice, that made me greet sae sair the 'streen.'

One story of the effect she produced upon a little girl during the performance of *Jane Shore*, has so often been told, that one might almost hesitate about repeating it. Mrs. Siddons herself used to tell it with some emotion. In the last scenes of the play, when the wretched woman, destitute and starved, exclaims in an agony of suffering, 'I have not tasted bread for three days!' a little voice was heard broken by sobs, exclaiming, 'Madam, Madam! *do* take my orange, if you please!' and the audience and the actress beheld, on one of the stage boxes, a little girl holding out her orange with trembling hands for Mrs. Siddons's acceptance!

By the close of the year 1800, she must have been in possession of a fair competence; yet even then there was much to complain of in dilatory payments of fairly earned money.

She details in a letter to a friend her suffering from erysipelas, (the malady afterwards fatal to her,) and

says, 'My mouth is not yet well, though less exquisitely painful. I have become a frightful object with it for some time, and I believe this complaint has robbed me of those poor remains of beauty once admired, and which in your partial eyes I once possessed.'

In one of those laborious seasons, she has been known to act sixty times in London alone.

One's mind shrinks from the idea of what was to be gone through before a powerful part was fully mastered; and in order to disprove the notion that Mrs. Siddons's triumphs were of the *intellectual* sort only, her daughter relates the story of her studying *Lady Macbeth* one night very late, when the requirements of a young family obliged her to postpone the hour. 'She experienced,' says her daughter, 'in the silence of the night such a feeling of awe, and was so penetrated by the horrors of the imaginary scene, that towards the end, carried away by fright, she rushed out on the staircase, fled into her own chamber,* and hid herself trembling under the bed-clothes, till daylight came to chase the darkness and the phantoms. *Far* from giving up herself to a purely intellectual task, as some have supposed, my mother's sensibility was always most profoundly awakened by the emotions she transmitted to the public; and it was with a face bathed in true tears that she quitted the stage, after playing *Constance* or *Lady Randolph*.'

* 'She says, herself, that the rustling of her silk gown as she ran appeared to her to be the pursuit of a spectre. She put down her candle without extinguishing it. She blames herself for having allowed herself to study at so late an hour, and says she was severely punished, for she was found imperfect in her part. This was preparatory to her first performance of *Lady Macbeth*.'—*Campbell*.

* * * * *

Mrs. Siddons was the mother of four daughters, one of whom died in infancy, and two sons. Her second daughter, Maria, died of consumption, at the age of nineteen, in September, 1798. Mrs. Siddons felt this stroke keenly; but more trying still was *that* which came upon her five years afterwards, for it was aggravated by her own absence in Ireland, where she had intended to remain for a much longer time than usual, in order to make up for some serious disappointments in her London payments.

Her eldest daughter, Sarah, whose beauty and attractions were of the most remarkable kind, had several times alarmed the family by attacks of illness. Yet, when Mrs. Siddons (in May, 1802) set forth for Ireland, Sarah was *well* apparently, and her mother saw no reason for positive anxiety. She took with her a valued and trustworthy friend, Miss Wilkinson, and left her daughters with their father at Bath.

The journey was to be a leisurely one, in order that she might enjoy the scenery of Wales, and obtain rest and refreshment by the way. She was somewhat depressed in spirits before setting out. She said she knew not why it was, but a boding uncertain fear was hanging upon her; and it was remarkable that she took almost a solemn farewell of those dearest to her. Her friends suspected that her own health made her uneasy, and that she anticipated a speedy end to her career.

This was not the case, however; and there was at least *one* most cheering subject of contemplation before her. Her eldest son, Henry, was just about to be married; and the object of his choice was perfectly approved by his mother—a particularly happy thing

for all parties, as Mrs. Siddons had been a good deal tried by his choice of a profession, in which one cannot but believe she evinced a sounder judgment than his own. It was, however, a settled career, and he was regularly engaged in London; his intended marriage to Miss Murray (a charming woman, and most pleasant actress,) rendering his mother much happier and less anxious on his account than she had heretofore been.

Mrs. Siddons reached Dublin in June, performed there for about two months, then visited Cork and Belfast, and returned to Dublin for the winter. The months wore away. The object of her exile seemed likely to be attained; her profits were good, and she was warmly welcomed. It was settled that she should re-visit Cork, in March, 1803. But here a severe shock awaited her. A letter, written by Mr. Siddons to her companion, Miss Wilkinson, announced the severe illness of Miss Siddons, yet charged her *not* to tell the mother. Miss Wilkinson thought it right to disobey the injunction; and Mrs. Siddons would instantly have returned, but for the violent equinoxial gales, during which no vessel would leave the harbour. A few days afterwards, Mr. Siddons sent a most favourable report; and his wife, trusting to this, acted once more, though still very anxious.

Owing to the state of the wind, they were without fresh accounts for some days: till Mrs. Siddons, unable to bear the suspense, threw up her engagement, travelled to Dublin, and crossed to Holyhead the very first practicable moment. It may be imagined how great was her distress when, on arriving at Shrewsbury, she learnt by a letter, which met her there, that her daughter was much worse; in fact,

she died within an hour or two after that letter was written.

Those who best knew the mother, felt the greatest dread of the effect of this blow, in which it seemed as if she had been victimized at first by concealment, then by the unfortunate state of the weather, which neither permitted vessels to go nor to come from England to Ireland. She indeed well-nigh sank under the stroke, becoming torpid and cold as a stone, with hardly a sign of life. Then followed a severe attack of illness, and a lengthened stay at Cheltenham: but there, after a time, her now sole surviving daughter, Cecilia, came to her. She also saw her brothers, then those who had been the friends of poor Sarah; and she went to visit her own aged mother, now a widow.

So, by degrees, she rallied. Fresh calls presented themselves. She was invited to act at Covent Garden, with her brothers; and once more she put forth her utmost energy, and performed constantly, from September, 1803, to May, 1804. A most severe attack of rheumatism prevented, however, her appearing for nearly the whole of the ensuing season.

Her husband, a martyr to gout, who could live only at Bath, died in 1808. Through his latter years, the necessity of this residence had entailed long and frequent separations; but Mrs. Siddons had spent six weeks with him at Bath in the early part of the year, and had only quitted him in order to perform for her son Henry, who had taken the Edinburgh theatre; and the last illness was very short.

She writes to a friend soon after his death, thus: 'May I die the death of my honest worthy husband; and may those to whom I am dear remember me when I am gone, as I remember him, forgetting and forgiving

all my errors, and recollecting only my quietness of spirit and singleness of heart.'

A great public calamity also interrupted her London labours during the season of 1808: in the morning of September the 20th, Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire. An awful event it was; the deaths amounted to thirty—chiefly those of firemen, employed in saving property; and so rapid was the conflagration, that in three hours, namely, from four to seven, in one morning, the whole was a heap of smoking ruins. The scenery, the wardrobes of actors, the fine musical and dramatic libraries, and the organ bequeathed to them by Handel—all perished. So great a loss of property in one fire has rarely been known.

Of course the poor impoverished actors had to be thought for; they wanted every help. The management and company were transferred to the Opera House, and then to the Haymarket, at which places Mrs. Siddons acted forty-two times, returning to Edinburgh afterwards.

It was thought that the theatrical season, which was to inaugurate the new Covent Garden Theatre, would be the most perfect ever known. So expeditious had been the workmen, working under the direction of the architect Smirke, that the theatre was ready two nights before the anniversary of the conflagration. The Kembles were here to reign supreme; Mrs. Siddons was queen; all the decorations, the scenery, the arrangements of the building, seemed as nearly perfect as possible. But an ill-starred attempt of John Kemble to raise the prices, doomed him at once to unpopularity; and while the famous O. P. Riots continued, Mrs. Siddons necessarily retired after the first night. The contest vexed, inconvenienced, and alarmed her for

her brother's sake; but she herself was resigned to wait; and the next season, when Mr. Kemble had seen it good to yield, and when harmony was restored, Mrs. Siddons was all the more bent upon giving her best powers to his service, because she had fully determined to take her own leave of the stage, in June, 1812.

She would then have reached her fifty-sixth year. She thought the proper time was come for her to retire, and to give the remainder of her life to private and domestic duties, while still retaining her interest in *that* which had been to her a source of earnest pursuit for so many years.

How often have we heard of the parting scene on that night—the 29th of June, 1812! The heartfelt sorrow, the deep silence—only broken by smothered sobs:—the dread of losing a word from the voice which was now speaking its last to the audience; then the irrepressible burst of feeling when the scene, in which she appears for the last time in *Lady Macbeth*, was over! the unanimous call for the curtain to drop, for the audience could bear no more! lastly, her own personal address.

MRS. SIDDONS'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

29TH OF JUNE, 1812.

Who has not felt how growing use endears
The fond remembrance of our early years!
Who has not sigh'd when doom'd to leave at last
The hopes of youth, the habits of the past,
Ten thousand ties and interests that impart
A second nature to the human heart,
And, wreathing round it close, like tendrils climb,
Blooming in age, and sanctified by time!

Yes! at this moment crowd upon my mind
Scenes of bright days for ever left behind;
Bewildering visions of enraptur'd youth,
When hope and fancy were the hues of truth;
And long-forgotten years, that almost seem
The faded traces of a morning dream!
Sweet are those mournful thoughts, for they renew
The pleasing sense of all I owe to you:
For each inspiring smile and soothing tear,
For those full honours of my long career,
That cheer'd my earliest hope, and chas'd my latest fear!

And though, for me, those tears shall flow no more,
And the warm sunshine of your smile is o'er;
Tho' the bright beams are fading fast away,
That shone, unclouded, through my summer day,
Yet grateful Memory shall reflect their light
O'er the dim shadows of the coming night,
And lend to later life a softer tone;
A moonlight tint—a lustre of her own.

Judges and friends! to whom the magic strain
Of nature's feeling never spoke in vain,
Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by,
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,
May think on her whose lips have pour'd so long
The charmed sorrows of your Shakspeare's song;
On her, who, parting to return no more,
Is now the mourner she but *seem'd* before;
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell,
And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last farewell.

It was a real comfort to feel that she who was speaking to them had herself a heart brimful of emotion; that she understood the public regret, and loved her vocation far too well to give it up without the keenest pain. In fact, no one can conceive of Mrs. Siddons's character with any justice, who does not believe in her *reality*; who does not see that the great

charm of her artist life was her power of identifying herself with the poet and the dramatist. Had the question been put to *her*, as Carlyle somewhere puts it, whether England would not sustain a greater loss by parting with her treasure in Shakspeare, than with the richest of her mundane possessions, her East or West Indies? *she*, we are very sure, would have answered 'Yes!' And then she could not help knowing that she had been a true and honoured exponent of this precious Shakspeare; and the thought that this great function was to cease, must have been *one* of the painful ideas that would occur to her mind.

But her private life, one is thankful to say, did not end for nineteen years longer. She felt it a blessing that she had time given her to spend in the way she desired—in cultivating piety towards God, and benevolence towards man. And though it is hardly necessary to add, that some of the peculiar faults, as well as the noble qualities of the past, remained with her in her retirement, there does not seem to have been anything which the kind and the candid among her countrymen and women could not well understand and allow for. One does not see how a woman, who had been before the world for so long a time, who had drank so deeply of the cup of popular favour, could fairly be expected to settle into complete quietude, taking interest in small concerns, such as fill up the time and thoughts of those who have never known great excitements. There were people who insisted upon it that Mrs. Siddons *studied to keep up* her stage manner, and would not let it go. Those who said so, could not know the woman. Her lofty manner was inborn, aided, no doubt, by the long practice of her profession. And then, in character, she was somewhat slow—wanting lightness and quickness

—as Mrs. Jameson says: ‘She wanted *time* for everything—time to comprehend, time to speak; there was nothing superficial about her—no *vivacity* of manner. To petty gossip she could not condescend; and evil-speaking she abhorred. She cared not to shine in general conversation; ask her her opinion, she could not give it you till she had looked on the subject, and considered it on every side; *then* you might trust to it without appeal.’

A much more interesting question than that of external manners has been suggested, and was put without hesitation to one who knew her in the greatest possible intimacy. ‘Did Mrs. Siddons ever express regret at the employment of her past years in the theatrical profession?’ The answer is decided. ‘No, I never did hear, nor do I believe, she ever felt regret at having adopted it. She was *obliged* to it, in a manner, at first, and by degrees felt the inspiration pervading her whole being. When this went along with the conviction of being useful “in that state of life to which she was called,” what wonder that she should like to have the cup sweetened still more by public sympathy and applause? In her latter years, she certainly came to regard gravity and grave pursuits as safeguards; hence strangers might think her austere, though when once known, no one was ever more beloved and respected.’

I have before dwelt on her fondness for children. To the last, this remained very conspicuously. Her eye was sure to follow the movements of a child; and children found her wonderfully attractive in her quiet sympathizing style; not attempting, after the manner of some elderly people, to be a play-fellow to the young, which seldom or never succeeds; but only showing that she thought of and thought for them by a gentle

way of anticipating their wishes. On one occasion, when she was nursing her own youngest daughter, Cecilia, she was found at home enjoying the society of her baby, while her husband and elder daughters were taking their pleasure at Margate.

‘If *they* like to be gay, (she wrote to a friend,) let them. I only wish they would let me stay at home and take care of my baby. But (she adds) I am every day more and more convinced that one half of the world live to themselves, and the other half for the comfort of the other. At least, this I am sure of, that I have had no will of my own since I remember; and indeed, to be just, I fancy I should have little delight in so selfish an existence.’

Knowing what this youngest of her children afterwards became to her mother—the one remaining treasure of her age—everything she says of Mrs. Siddons becomes most interesting; and we like to read her recollections.

In her *private* character, Mrs. Combe observes that Mrs. Siddons was not at all, as some fancied, of ‘a hard and haughty demeanour, ruling in her own family by fear and severity. It would be very easy, on the contrary,’ she says, ‘for me to give the lie to such accusations, by adducing many circumstantial proofs of my mother being only *too* easy—too much disposed to be ruled by people inferior in every way to herself. One who knew her well, says she was even *credulous* to an extraordinary degree, always trusting to appearances, and never willing to suspect anyone.’

Mrs. Combe’s mention of her own impression of her mother’s acting, is also interesting.

She tells us that she had never, except very rarely, seen her mother act, till, in the season of 1809, ‘a friend having observed to my mother, that she ought

not to deprive her daughter of emotions and recollections which would one day be dear, she permitted me to be present at each one of her great representations. I can never be sufficiently grateful to the friend (the late Samuel Rogers) who gained me this privilege. Those moments are among the sweetest of my remembrances; and the impression left is so lively, that even to-day, when many years are past, there is not a scene which I do not recall exactly, and which does not awaken sometimes a smile, sometimes tears, just as if the drama were unfolding itself before my eyes.'

I ought not surely to omit notice of Mrs. Siddons's public and drawing-room readings of Shakspeare and Milton. Many who attended these readings are living still, and would agree with her biographer, Campbell, 'That no acting, no dramatic criticism, seemed to illustrate Shakspeare so closely and so perfectly.'*

Mrs. Siddons had considerable facility of versification; and Mr. Campbell gives us a short specimen, which is here inserted. Its date is unknown :—

'Say, what's the brightest wreath of fame,
But canker'd buds, that, opening, close;
Ah! what the world's most pleasing dream,
But broken fragments of repose?

Lead me where peace, with steady hand,
The mingled cup of life shall hold,
Where time shall smoothly pour his sand,
And wisdom turn that sand to gold.

* One of Mrs. Siddons's most decided tastes was for modelling. She was skilful and often successful in moulding likenesses and figures, and had she had opportunity would probably have excelled. Her visits to her friend Mrs. Damer were, it may be supposed, very enjoyable, and much time was passed in the studio of the latter.

Then haply at Religion's shrine,
This weary heart its load shall lay,
Each wish my fatal love resign,
And passion melt in tears away.'

A deep sorrow and loss brought her once more upon the stage three years after she had taken her leave of it. Her eldest son, Henry, who had become the respected proprietor of the Edinburgh theatre, died, to her inexpressible grief, in 1815. This death of Henry laid a heavier hand on her mind than any she had received. Her voice, she says, was gone, and what was left of sight was almost washed away by tears. But before the close of that sad year she had taken her resolution—she would go to Edinburgh and do her best for her son's widow and children.

With that admirable wife and mother Mrs. Siddons's relations had always been perfect; and well they might be so, for the two women, extremely dissimilar in many respects, were alike in their probity, their love of goodness, their truthfulness and simplicity. Mrs. Henry Siddons had, probably, more than her mother-in-law, the power of immediately charming in private life; she threw herself into a variety of characters by means of a remarkable degree of sympathy. A knowledge of character seemed to be intuitive with her; and, what was far more remarkable, she had the power of seizing on the good, without being in the least blind to the bad. She had all the light graceful play of manner which the grander mother wanted, and yet she had an innate dignity which repelled every species of impertinence.

For this excellent woman, under her great bereavement, and with numerous difficulties pressing upon her, Mrs. Siddons could not but long to do her utmost; and

she gave ten performances at the Edinburgh theatre for this purpose.

They cost her very dear. She came upon the stage the first night absolutely shaken by nervous agitation. Occasionally her voice could hardly be heard. In a short time, however, the wonted presence of mind returned, the strong feeling of duty was triumphant. She was Mrs. Siddons still; and though added years and sorrow had told upon her, there was still the ripe judgment, the pure taste, the dignified expressive mien—much, very much, of all that had formerly delighted admiring crowds.

One cannot feel the same in remembering the nights* of her appearance in London in 1816, by order of the lamented Princess Charlotte; the mandate was, it must be owned, injudicious. But the last of her stage performances, on the 19th of June, 1819, was the result of her own amiable desire to do what she could for her brother Charles. On that occasion she certainly did not spare herself, choosing the part of Lady Randolph; and perhaps she never received more applause than at her final exit. She was then sixty-three years of age.

The particulars of her life, after this, present little

* Scott says of these re-appearances:—‘Mrs. Siddons, as fame reports, has taken another engagement at Covent-Garden. Surely she is not wise! She should have no twilight, but set in the full possession of her powers.’—*Scott’s Life*, vol. ii. p. 396.

Alas! who would not, if it were possible, have such a ‘set o’ his sun?’ But not such was Scott’s own; and Mrs. Siddons had, or deemed she had, a worthy object for her ‘twilight’ exertions. It is placing mere reputation too high to exalt it above its moral uses. Perhaps, in the first instance, Mrs. Siddons’s re-appearance was unwise; but she was very loyal, and the command of the Princess had great weight with her.

for the chronicler. In the summer of 1821, she went, accompanied by her daughter Cecilia, to Switzerland. It was her first view of those grand scenes, and no one of the party of friends assembled entered into their beauty with a keener zest. Chamouni, then much less easily accessible than now, was forbidden her. 'But,' says her daughter, 'we have eaten of chamois, crossed a lake, and mounted a glacier with two men cutting steps in the ice with a hatchet, and done most of the surprising things that (ordinary) travellers boast of. My mother bore all the fatigues much more wonderfully than any of us.'

The great object, however, of this journey, was to visit her brother John, who was living in a beautiful retreat at Lausanne. It was the last meeting of this wonderful brother and sister. Their happiness together, for the time permitted to their enjoyment of it, was great. It may not be generally known that Kemble, like his father and mother, was through life a Roman Catholic, while Mrs. Siddons was a devout Protestant; but the brother was no bigot: he was attended in his last hours (in February, 1823) with all Christian kindness by an English clergyman, who read prayers with him while he could attend to them; and was interred near Lausanne with the rites of the English Church. His age at the period of the final attack was sixty-six.

The remaining years of Mrs. Siddons's life were wholly passed in England, the winters almost invariably in her house in Baker Street, where she had often large parties to whom she afforded the treat of hearing her read. One of her grandchildren, then a child, has described the interest of her visits to her. 'Frequently,' she says, 'my grandmother would read to us, giving us often the choice of the play. One evening in particular

I remember when she read Othello: it was a stormy night, and the thunder was heard occasionally, and she so grand and impressive! her look, her voice, her magnificent eyes still clear and brilliant. It was real reading, not declamation, and yet the effect was beyond anything I could conceive of the finest acting.' This was the winter previous to her death.

In spite of her frequent and increased sufferings from head-aches, the greatest bodily trial of her life, she had, says Campbell, 'till the last year of a long life, a hale and cheerful aspect. Time itself seemed to lay his touches reverentially upon her, for she always looked many years younger than her age; her step, her voice, and her eyes, denoted a mind of unchanged tranquillity and intelligence.' She was 'most agreeably excited in her last years, by the favourable reception of Fanny Kemble on the stage. She went to see her niece's performance, and was moved to tears of joy.'

Her last and fatal illness attacked her in April, 1831, when she had reached her seventy-sixth year. It was the old enemy, erysipelas. She shook it off once more, however, in a degree; but about six weeks afterwards another and a fatal attack took place; and on the morning of the 8th of June, she expired, after a week of great suffering.

She was buried in the churchyard of Paddington Church; her orders were that the interment should be strictly private, every arrangement of the plainest kind; but numbers, unbidden, crowded to the scene, and it was thought that there could not have been fewer than 5000 persons present. The stone erected above the spot where her honoured remains repose, bears this inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
SARAH SIDDONS,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, JUNE 8TH, 1831,
IN HER 76TH YEAR.

‘Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.’

Inside the same church is a marble slab also to her memory, with the text: ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth.’

In concluding this sketch of the life of Sarah Siddons, it would not be doing justice to her were we not again to remark on her very strong and deep religious feelings. While she perfectly comprehended her own exalted professional position, she valued it only at its proper worth. In her deepest thoughts she was most humble, rating herself and everyone else as, in the sight of God, imperfect, sinful, and unprofitable; and because of this and of her own extreme conscientiousness, she was perhaps ready even to over-rate the good that was in people or in books more distinctly dedicated to religious services than her employments allowed her to be. Her own habits of devotion, her steady following out of rules for the employment of time, her diligent reading of the Scriptures, and her sympathy with the gravest and most literal of their interpreters, were constant, increasing to the last.

Mrs. H. More, who highly esteemed her, transmitted to her, early in 1815, her work on St. Paul, which drew forth the acknowledgement we here insert:—

Wesbourne Farm,
February 25, 1815.

My dear Madam,

Upon my return home a few days since, after some long visits, I was most highly gratified in finding you had been so very good as to bestow upon me your invaluable Character of St. Paul; and what shall I say, but that 'Whate'er you do, still betters what is done,' for unless I were gifted with piety and eloquence like your own, I should in vain attempt to thank you as I ought; but I persuade myself that my heartfelt unadorned sense of your goodness, together with the grateful acknowledgment of your having encouraged and cheered my way to that better world, where I hope I may not be so far removed from the blessing of your society, as I have been unhappily here below, will be much more gratifying to you than any other offering could possibly be. Myself and my dear inmates desire you to accept, and present to your amiable companions, our very best wishes and kind remembrances; and I beg you to believe me,

My dear Madam,

Your very affectionate and grateful

S. SIDDONS.

It is refreshing to record the affectionate interest of two such women in each other. May we not hope that there may be many whom the world thinks fit to separate, who in their inmost souls may even here be partakers of 'one hope, one faith, one baptism;' and will meet at last, ripe for more perfect communion with each other!

DOROTHY RIOU.

(MRS. LYDE BROWNE.)

BORN 1764, DIED 1855.

DOROTHY was the youngest of the three surviving children of Captain Stephen Riou and Dorothy his wife, and was born December 8th, 1764.

Either before or soon after her birth her parents removed from the neighbourhood of Faversham, where they had resided since their marriage, into Canterbury, and there Dorothy's earliest years were passed. The county of Kent was no doubt attractive to Captain Riou, as his only sister was settled there,—and the cathedral town particularly so. It then formed the great resting-place on the posting-road from Dover to London, and contained a considerable colony of foreigners, refugees for religion's sake; and, as country towns were then places of much more consequence than at present, and the society both larger and better, Captain Riou, as a good linguist, a scientific and an accomplished man, was enabled to pass his time very pleasantly in the old city, where the clerical and the military society, and occasionally that of foreigners or travellers, all had charms for him. We

may fancy him, too, attending with deep reverence the French service in the crypt of that glorious cathedral, where, ever since the days of Elizabeth, the persecuted of other lands had found a refuge in which to worship the God of their fathers, and where still to this day the same service is performed, though the worshippers now only number some seven persons; so English have the Walloon and French settlers in Canterbury become.

Captain Riou, or de Rieux, as the name was originally written, was the son of another Stephen Lebrun de Rieux, of Languedoc, who, after serving in his youth in the French army under the Marshal Duke of Berwick, left home, country, and estates, with the rest of his family, at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, rather than forsake his religion, and subsequently joined his uncle in England. He married the daughter of a fellow-refugee, Madeleine Baudouin, and died, leaving one son, a captain in George II.'s guards, and one daughter. Captain Riou had travelled much in his youth, had accompanied Sir Stephen Porter's embassy to Constantinople, and spent some time in Italy: he was with the guards at Fontenoy; and some ten years afterwards, having retired from the army, married the eldest daughter of Major Dawson, of Ferriby Hall, Yorkshire, a brave officer, who died, with many others, of hope deferred, want, and privation, at Carthagena, on the coast of South America, in 1739-40.

After some years residence at Canterbury, Captain Riou and his family removed to Bentinck Street, in London; where his mother, aged and infirm, came to him, and where she soon afterwards died. She had become childish, and had besides the greatest aversion

to speaking English, which language she never used but from necessity; so that she was not likely to have made herself very attractive to a little granddaughter of five or six years old; and Mrs. Browne used to say that her recollections of her grandmother's death were by no means so solemn as they ought to have been, for that her interest was chiefly centred in the bright black buckles which adorned her shoes! After this Dorothy went to a school kept by a lady of whom her father had a very high opinion, and where she was exceedingly happy. Schools in those days, she would say, were generally hateful places, but this was a shining exception; she seems, however, to have seen much of her parents, and to have eventually returned home. Her education was not brilliant; she neither played, sung, nor understood foreign languages; but it was sound. She was a person of much general information—partly from natural endowment, of course, which enabled her to make the best use of what she heard, saw, or read; but much of her power of mind may no doubt have been due to the healthy teaching she received, to the pains necessary in those days to acquire any branch of knowledge, the dry heavy books to be mastered, the greater labour to be undergone, owing to the absence of all those aids to learning which make a *certain* degree of proficiency comparatively easy to attain in our day. Shall we allow that our ancestors sometimes had the advantage in the *thoroughness* of their acquirements? Geography, the use of the globes, astronomy, all these were favourite subjects of thought and conversation in her after years, and the objects of interest to which her young mind had early been bent; needle-work, a science now too little prized, was her lighter occupation. Her brothers, both older than herself,

entered life very early ; the eldest, Philip, in the royal artillery, the second, Edward, in the navy. He started for his first voyage at eleven years old, accompanying Captain Cook round the world in 1773. They were both absent—Philip, under General Elliott, at the Siege of Gibraltar—when, in the winter of 1778, Captain Riou died from the effects of a sudden cold. Mrs. Riou was at the time confined to her room, having a few weeks before broken her leg : her husband, ill upstairs, could not come to her, and she resolved to be no longer separated from him. She mounted the stairs by sitting down on the lowest step, and raising herself from stair to stair by means of her hands, a servant carrying the poor useless limb. She had not long to watch him ; the inflammation increased rapidly, and he died, having made old Mr. Thornton guardian to his daughter.

Great was the respect with which Mrs. Lyde Browne ever spoke of her father ; a man religious and high-principled in the greatest degree, somewhat stern withal, and commanding awe as well as love, but a parent who had his children's best interests at heart, and would have been well repaid had he lived to see his two sons what they became, the truest of true Christian gentlemen. One of them, Captain Edward Riou of the *Guardian* and *Amazon*, nobly died, leaving behind him a world-wide reputation. 'His sun went down while it was yet day.' The other had less opportunity of especially distinguishing himself ; but there are, or were within a few years, those who respected and loved the memory of 'old Colonel Philip Riou.' They, and thousands equally worthy, have passed away ; but surely it is good for us of this money-getting, plodding, worldly generation, to look back amid the

shade of departed years to those of our forefathers whose memory being 'just, is blessed!'

Mrs. Riou and her daughter were not rich; they had a moderate competence, and many friends, who now rallied round them. Dorothy, the stay and comfort of her widowed mother, a slight fragile girl, so delicate looking that it was feared at one time she would not live to grow up, had a spirit, a strong confident mind, which rose to all emergencies. She was little more than a child when her father died, but she speedily became a sensible woman, and for more than twenty years devoted herself heart and soul to her mother. They spent much time in Yorkshire with Mrs. Riou's relations, in Kent with those of her father, and in London they were surrounded with friends. No celebrated lady's letters or memoirs could be more graphic than were Mrs. Lyde Browne's vivid and amusing descriptions of the occurrences of her young days. She would tell of the famous riots of '80, of the mob accompanying Lord George Gordon to his house in Welbeck Street (to which street Mrs. Riou had removed,) of his wild excited harangues on the doorstep; of the surly jocularities of the lamplighter when she asked the reason of his taking away the lamp near their door—'Why, Miss? why, to have the lamp-post ready for the first Papist as comes by!' At that moment Mrs. Riou had, hidden in her attics, unknown to any but her own faithful servants, the mother and little children of a French cabinet-maker, a Roman Catholic, whom her husband had befriended in former years, and whose house was in danger of being attacked and rifled. He stayed to guard it, and his wife refused to quit him; but they were very thankful to obtain a safe asylum for the old woman and the

little ones, and I believe that after all their house escaped unhurt.

Then she would describe country life of those days; the Sunday progress to church in the coach, with its four long-tailed horses; the stately interchange of compliments afterwards; and, alas! the impossibility of a second service for either masters or servants, owing to the large dinner at three o'clock, at which the huge piece of beef was always placed on the table by the *coachman* in state livery—the dumpling which it was thought necessary in those days to begin dinner with in the North, and of which on some occasions she had had so much given her as a child, that having with difficulty waded through it, she had no appetite left for the meat which her Yorkshire friends could eat after it with undiminished zest—the severe Yorkshire winter, when her mother was kept indoors for weeks, and the deep snow was so hard as to afford a well-beaten exercising ground for herself and her pony round a meadow near the house—the Pomfret ball, when she appeared at sixteen for the first time in public, to dance her minuet, ‘in a sulphur coloured satin, black satin high-quartered shoes with buckles, and my head *tête de Mouton*.’ Anything more unbecoming than such a dress to a very fair girl of sixteen, with light hair, it is not easy to conceive. (She was at this time very tall and exquisitely fair, with a profusion of light brown hair, and handsome features; and she retained the remains of her good looks to extreme old age. A picture of her at sixty is very handsome.)

These reminiscences, and others much graver and more really interesting, and many anecdotes of a still earlier date which she had heard from her mother or father of their own or their family’s experience, she

would relate when in the humour for it, especially to her younger relatives, with a spirit and life which doubled their value.

As time went on Dorothy became stronger; and though she had two very severe illnesses, and was for many years of her life subject to excruciating headaches, the constitution, which had at one time been considered so very frail, proved itself able to resist more sorrow and trial than fall to the lot of most women.

Her first very great grief, after her father's death, was the supposed loss of her brother Edward, in 1791. He had gone out as lieutenant in charge of H. M. S. Guardian, bound for Van Diemen's Land with stores, plants, and carrying convicts. Getting among icebergs, the ship was stove in and became unmanageable; the commander, whose arm was broken by a falling spar, refused to leave her while one man remained on board, and the only boat's crew which arrived on land, reported that they had *seen* her go down.

The sorrowing mother and sister resigned themselves to their loss, and were already in deep mourning; when Lord Hood, then First Lord of the Admiralty, drove up one day to their door, having himself brought the news, just received, of the rescue both of the ship and her noble commander. A South Sea whaler had fallen in with her, and towed her into the Cape of Good Hope. She had, after the departure of her boats, partially righted; and when she was overhauled, it was found that a huge piece of salt junk had wedged itself into the hole formed by the ice, and at least *assisted* to stop the leak.

At this news the poor mother, who had borne the grief like a Christian, broke down. She had an attack

of fever and delirium, in which she imagined herself the newly made mother of her restored son, and asked continually for 'her baby,' and 'her little Edward.' He soon arrived in England in person; and such was the view taken of his conduct, that, after his trial by court martial and honourable acquittal, he was made commander, and antedated post-captain on the same day. Alas! ten short years afterwards, the life then so wonderfully preserved, was gloriously lost before Copenhagen in 1801. History has recorded his noble death, poetry has sung of 'the gallant and the good;' but those who knew and loved him in private alone could tell *what* his loss was. His mother was mercifully spared the blow; she had died a few weeks before, in a good old age, cheered to the last by the affection of two out of her three children; but *she* who sat in the darkened rooms alone, while all the town was blazing with illuminations to celebrate the 'Battle of the Baltic,' the iron entered indeed into *her* soul. The beloved brother whom she had mourned for dead once before, and who had then been restored to her as from the grave, was now indeed gone, and the shock was broken by no preparatory anxiety; for it was not known in England until the despatches arrived, that the Amazon and its gallant captain had been engaged. Captain Riou was on a trial voyage in the North Sea with his new ship, when his friend Nelson fell in with him, and bade him, nothing loth, accompany the fleet. It is not wonderful that his sister should have regarded, and accounted as a warning, the remarkable coincidental dream which visited her the night before the battle. She dreamed that she was dressed in deep black, seated in a black boat on a sea of ink, between two high black rocks, and rowed by men in as deep mourning as herself.

The year previous to this affliction, Miss Riou had married Lieutenant-Colonel Lyde Browne, after a long engagement of seven years, two of which he had passed in a French West-Indian prison. Soon after their marriage he had been again obliged to depart on foreign service alone, for his wife could not leave her aged mother; but when, a few months after the birth of a little granddaughter, the good old lady died in peace, Mrs. Lyde Browne prepared to join her husband in the Mediterranean. Ere she started, the death of Captain Riou took place; and the Duke of York having kindly offered Col. Lyde Browne the opportunity of returning home, and the command of the 21st Scotch Fusiliers, then in Ireland, he returned as speedily as he could; and consoled by his presence, and with every fair hope for the future, Mrs. Browne, with her husband and child, arrived in the country, where, alas! a still more overwhelming trial was to befall her.

One year they spent at Derry—a year which through all her future life Mrs. Browne never mentioned without pleasure and kindly remembrance. The attention and hospitality they met with was great, and her liking for the friends she made there, sincere and lasting. Some of her anecdotes connected with this part of her life, were very amusing. She would describe the funny blunders of her own and others' Irish servants: how her staid Scotchman came into the room where a party was assembled for dinner, with a long face, to inform her in a whisper that 'the cook was drunk, and sitting on the *footman*,' (a small stand on which to put things in front of the fire, well known in old fashioned houses;) 'and the larks were under the grate!' And how on another occasion, I think at the Deanery, there was a grand dinner, and an evening party with a

supper was to follow, there had been of course great preparations made in the still-room for both these entertainments. The first course passed off well; the sweet dishes were then to make their appearance, and *did* appear indeed; for jelly followed jelly and cream followed cream down the table, till with some difficulty the horrified lady of the house succeeded in persuading the servants that only a portion of the good things was intended for present delectation, and that the rest was to furnish forth the supper-table; and when the ladies went up-stairs after dinner, there were the discarded dishes, still shaking and trembling, jelly-like, on each side of the stair-carpet, up the first flight of the stair-case.

After a year's residence at Derry, the 21st was ordered in 1803 to Dublin; where, after ominous gatherings in different parts of the city, secret meetings, and arrangements, &c., (the ignorant many, as usual, guided by the corrupt but richer or more talented few,) an insurrection broke forth on the night of Saturday, 23rd of July. It was ushered in by two most unprovoked and atrocious murders; one victim being an old, respectable, and worthy gentleman, Lord Chief Justice Kilwarden; the other, Col. Lyde Browne.

Lord Kilwarden was decoyed into town by a forged summons to a meeting requiring his presence; he drove in at night from his country house, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Wolfe; was dragged from his coach, and brutally murdered in the street. Col. Browne was hurriedly summoned from his own house, also by a false message, to join his regiment; and following the directions given him the more speedily to meet with his men, he fell into an ambush, and was shot dead by an assassin stationed there for the purpose. His body was

recovered; and after his wife and child had arrived at the barracks, an escort of soldiers having been sent to fetch them, the corpse was brought in. Mrs. Browne had gone, as she thought, to meet the Colonel; she did indeed see him, who had parted from her in full health and vigour an hour before, stretched in his last long sleep.

In the midst of all this horror, the soldiers were seen pushing back from the gates a female whom they thought was some wretched mad woman. It was poor Miss Wolfe, her long hair streaming over her shoulders, her dress disarranged, her looks frantic—imploring safety and help. She had escaped from the raging populace, and was at length recognized and brought in.

There are some moments in life, however painful to mind or body, which the very suffering, far from confusing in recollection, seems to brand on the memory. Not one detail, one particular, of those horrible events, did Mrs. Lyde Browne ever appear to have forgotten. ‘I was calm as stone,’ she said; ‘no heart, no feeling, only a wicked longing for revenge haunted me; and my continual prayer was, that God would only keep my mind from going.’

The strong and well-balanced mind did stand the trial, but the bodily frame sank beneath it; and when, after three months of sickening suspense, the faithful Scotch servant, who had stayed in Dublin to settle affairs for his mistress, wrote word that the murderer was found, the flood-gates gave way, (she had not wept since the dreadful night,) and with the softening influence of tears, came pity for the poor misguided wretch who had sacrificed himself to become the instrument of such a crime. He was a respectable young

man, and left a wife and little child to mourn his disgraceful death.

The widowed lady, her child, and nurse, crossed to Holyhead; and stopping, on their way to London, at Shrewsbury for a night, were visited by the Duke of Gloucester's aide-de-camp. His Royal Highness, always kind and courteous, knowing the sad history which had so deeply shocked everyone, more especially those who knew Col. Lyde Browne in his public capacity, sent to beg she would allow his aide-de-camp to escort her to London, and see her safely into the care of her friends.

This, however, was with gratitude declined, as a confidential friend of the family was already on his way to meet her; but the kind consideration which had prompted the offer was highly esteemed. She soon retired to Bath; where, after the first shock had subsided, she had a long illness; followed by years of uncertain and delicate health: the few first weeks of suffering had turned her luxuriant hair grey.

Yet her strong elastic spirit had bent, not broken, beneath this storm of adversity. She rallied by degrees, mind and body, and became one of the most esteemed members of the pleasant society which then assembled at Bath, where she lived for twelve or fourteen years. Not that she was ever a 'learned lady,' but she had powers of conversation, originality of mind, and very strong sense, together with a quaintness and a fearlessness which made her conversation piquant, and her remarks sometimes *rather* dreaded. To one who only knew her as an elderly woman, it may be difficult to form in all respects a perfectly just estimate of her character; but the impression conveyed by her history, her accounts of herself, utterly unegotistical as they were, and her very strongly marked disposition, is that

she was gifted with a mind stronger than the average of female minds, intensely *true*, perfectly unselfish, devoid of the romantic or sentimental element, and acted upon by strong, firm, but calm, religious principle; and though wanting perhaps, in the estimation of some, in those *minor* softnesses of manner and feeling which are so delightful when entirely natural and unaffected, she was endowed with the warmest of hearts, the greatest capacity for affection. She felt the tie of family clanship in its fullest force, and was equally beloved by her own and her husband's relations.

About the year 1819 she quitted Bath, and settling in the country, recovered her health, which (with the exception of frequently recurring rheumatic pains) continued surprisingly good to a very advanced age. Her activity of body was as great as that of her mind. The education of her youth, which did not permit young ladies to lean or lounge in their chairs, use foot-stools, or venture to approach the sofa, seemed to have prevented in her the very feeling of fatigue or weakness, and illness alone could make her recline in her chair or on a couch. Every account, every household matter, was transacted and arranged by herself until she was far past eighty years of age.

Having but one child, her deepest interests centred in her and her children, to whom she filled the part of nurse, instructress, friend, guardian, all that was self-devoting and affectionate; working for them, playing with them, watching over them in sickness or in the absence of their parents—living, in fact, for others. At seventy-two she went on the Continent with her daughter and grandchildren, for educational advantages for the latter, and returned (rejoiced, no doubt, to be at home again) after an absence of nearly five years,

which at her age, and to her confirmed English habits, must necessarily have been sometimes irksome.

But it is only on looking back that one perceives all the unselfishness of her nature. No personal consideration was allowed to interfere with the welfare or the pleasure of those to whom all the latter part of her life was devoted; and those who were the objects of this solicitude will never, I believe, lose the remembrance of their venerable relative, as connected with their first prayers at her knee or her bed-side; their first readings of the Bible at her well-known table; and the few words daily from 'Fenelon's Reflections,' a small copy of which had occupied a corner of her work-box as long as they could remember.

Gradually, very gradually, this strong and bright body and mind declined in vigour. Two or three very slight seizures gently accelerated or marked the decay, but it was not until the 15th of September, 1855, within three months of completing her ninety-first year, that Dorothy Lyde Browne expired. Almost the last effort of her slumbering mind had been to notice, with a flash of the old interest, a little great-grandchild; and so quietly did the spirit pass from its worn tenement, that only the awful stillness of the sick room warned the watcher that the warm loving heart had indeed ceased to beat.

So peacefully ended a long and most useful life, whose deep and searching trials had been borne with fortitude sanctified by religion; whose joys had been gilded by a buoyant cheerful temper, always ready to accept the good, and to acknowledge its Author. Those who wanted a friend, an adviser, could best tell her value on such occasions: those who best knew her could witness to the tender loving heart which lay

under the somewhat stately and formal exterior. She was the 'Lady' of a past generation; she was 'the Good Woman' of every age.

'A good name is better than precious ointment,' saith the Preacher: may we not hope that for her 'the day of death was better than the day of her birth?'

MARY SHACKELTON.

(MRS. LEADBEATER.)

BORN 1758, DIED 1826.

THE subject of the following sketch is one who pursuing the 'even tenour of her way' in comparative obscurity, living a life retired and simple, fulfilling the sacred but unostentatious duties of daughter, wife, and mother, personally little known beyond her own contracted sphere and immediate neighbourhood—has left a most cheering example of the modesty and cheerfulness, the charity and benevolence, the innocent mirth, the deep feeling, the resignation, and the hopefulness—in a word, the Christian graces of a character pervaded by love to God and to man. It is a character most encouraging to reflect on, inasmuch as we feel in studying it, that, by God's grace, we might all hope to imitate a virtue requiring neither peculiar trials nor peculiar opportunities, neither rank, wealth, nor talent, to bring it into exercise, but a modest, feminine, refined mind, strong and firm religious principle, and a heart pure and lowly before God.

So endowed was Mary Leadbeater, the quiet Quakeress, the simple and most unegotistical annalist

of her native place and its inhabitants, the authoress of the 'Cottage Dialogues;' (celebrated in their day, and written, as well as several other little works, to aid the cause of useful education among the poor of her own country;) and last, and not least, the valued friend and correspondent of some of the worthiest, most talented, and superior men and women of her time.

Her letters are charming. Up to advanced years she preserved the freshness, the simple tastes, the capacity for enjoyment, which, alas! have departed from many young people in these artificial times, ere the bloom of youth has left their cheek; while, to balance these qualifications, there was the experience of age, the strength and refinement of a powerful and highly cultivated mind, and the chastened tone of a spirit which had felt its weakness, and sought and found its Strength and its Redeemer. And, after perusing these writings, it is impossible to doubt the sincerity with which Mrs. Trench, her most intimate friend and constant correspondent, thus mentions her letters, a few months before their writer's death. 'I seldom withhold your letters from my family, for they form a part of the education of those I love, as well as of my own. I am perfectly aware of being less faulty in many respects, than I should be had not Providence permitted my friendship with you.'

Mary Leadbeater, born Mary Shackelton, lived and died a staunch member of the Society of Friends. Her grandfather and grandmother, Abraham and Margaret Shackelton, were both natives of Yorkshire; and having joined a colony of Quakers who had settled some thirty years before at Ballitore near Timolin, in Kildare County, Abraham there opened a school in 1726, which flourished for many years, and

was one of the most important private schools of its day. Richard Shackelton, the son of Abraham, who, though a strict Quaker, was a collegian of Trinity College Dublin, and a most accomplished and learned man, replaced his father as head of the school, and was in his turn succeeded in due course by his own son Abraham, on whose retirement the school was closed for a short time, but soon re-opened under James White, Abraham Shackelton's son-in-law.

Richard Shackelton was the great Burke's most intimate friend. Edmund, with his two brothers, had been for some years under the tuition of old Abraham Shackelton, and he then formed an affection for his son which lasted as long as their lives; and when he left Ballitore for Trinity College in 1744, a correspondence commenced which never afterwards entirely ceased. Richard Shackelton married twice; first, Elizabeth Fuller, who left him three or four children, and two years after her death, Elizabeth Carleton. The worthy couple spent in comfort and usefulness, a life neither saddened by pecuniary care, nor made anxious by the burden of great wealth. Their establishment was necessarily large, for sixty boarders were to be provided for, besides day scholars, tutors, &c., &c. The Shackeltons farmed largely, and a steward and housekeeper were necessary assistants; while Elizabeth found or made time, not only to regulate this large family, care for her own flock of children and step-children, and act the part of a true and charitable friend to all about her, but to recreate herself by tending what she loved best next to her husband and children, her plants and flowers. The following is an abridgement of Mary Leadbeater's affectionate sketch of her parents.

‘In her youth, my mother indulged in dress as far as possible. She had a musical ear, she sang, and had an uncommon taste for drawing. Before the season of youth was past, she renounced these delights, and was faithful and diligent in doing what she believed to be her duty. Her adopted children witnessed this, and they repaid her kindness with filial affection. Lads have been educated in the family, and were surprised to hear afterwards that my father’s children were born of different mothers. Richard Shackelton was a man of wit and learning, a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian, of cheerful temper and pious resignation. His wife, more grave, circumspect, and cautious, in disposition, was most actively kind to all around her; her many cares made her sometimes very anxious, but by regularity and method she accomplished all her duties; and with a cultivated understanding, she was full of cordial sympathy, tenderness, and simplicity.’

Such were the good parents of whom Mary proved a worthy child; and her infancy and youth seem to have rolled on in happiness and content. She and her younger sister spent much of their time with their ‘Aunt Carleton,’ an elder sister of their mother, whom Mary loved with almost filial affection. Indeed, from the venerable grandfather down to the old family servants, an atmosphere of love and concord surrounded the members of this happy family. Yet very comical are some of the scrapes into which these ‘plain’ Quaker children were betrayed. On one occasion, looking over the orchard hedge at some feats of horsemanship, which a strolling company was performing in a neighbouring field, temptation overcame propriety, and enticed by some of their father’s pupils,

they crossed the ditch, transgressed bounds, and went much nearer to the exciting scene than the home authorities would have approved of. Suddenly, they were seized on from behind by the old man-servant, and carried before their aunt and their elder sister, who gravely asked 'what answer they would be able to give at the Meeting for Discipline, concerning their attendance at "vain sports and places of diversion?"' Verily believing that they were on the point of being disowned by the Society, the children burst into tears at the dreadful thought, and that night cried themselves to sleep!

Their parents went once a year to the Friends annual meeting at Dublin, on which occasions Aunt Carleton came down to the school-house to superintend matters during the week of her sister's absence, and always gave the children a treat. A doll's dinner, and the company of their young friends, and *their* newly-dressed babies. How affectionately does Mrs. Leadbeater look back through the long vista of years, on these simple feasts, crowned with the harmless compound which did duty for wine, in decanters 'made out of the two ends of an old hour-glass!' Exciting pleasures of course they knew not, but healthy country enjoyments, the society of well-informed and highly-educated, as well as more simple and countryfied, elder friends, plenty of happy young hearts to associate with, and an improving and religious course of study;—all these advantages they had: and Mary grew up clever, accomplished, and pious. She had a great natural turn for poetry even when quite a child, a taste which her father encouraged and was proud of; but she never published anything, either in prose or verse, until after her marriage.

When she was nineteen her good aunt Carleton died ; and so much was she affected by her loss, that it became necessary to send her from home for change. She went to stay at Clonmel with her elder sister Margaret, who had been married about two years, and returned much revived by the visit ; but, writing many years afterwards, she says, ‘I cannot describe the anguish of that separation ; my whole soul was overwhelmed with affliction. My only comforts were, the conviction that I had never knowingly given her pain, and the certainty that for her waited the blessed welcome, “Well done, good and faithful servant!” for I believe her prayers and her alms had gone up for a memorial before God.’

Soon after Mary’s return home, her brother Abraham married an English Quakeress, a charming young ‘gentlewoman,’ Lydia Mellor ; and the family happiness was crowned by the birth of a little Richard Shackelton, who spent, as his forefathers had done, almost the whole of his long life in his native place, and died only three years ago, aged eighty. The following lines are part of a short poem which his grandfather wrote on his birth :—

Sunk in balmy slumbers, rest
On thy mother’s fragrant breast,
While thy grandsire comes to shed
His best blessings on thy head !

God—before whose awful sight
Thy forefathers walk’d aright,
By His Hand all-powerful led,
By His gracious bounty fed,
And His guardian angel still
Watching to preserve from ill,—
Bless the lad ! And may the name
Better than all worldly fame,

Sacred name, which qualifies
For admission to the skies,
That new name, O Richard! be
Named evermore on thee!

Then came the wedding of Sister Deborah, who left the home to live with her husband, Thomas Chandlee, at Athy. Mary had meanwhile formed an acquaintance with a pupil of her father's, William Leadbeater, which led to one of the happiest marriages on record: but from circumstances, they were not united until Mary had passed her thirty-first year.

Now that the young people had grown up, the intercourse of their parents with them seems to have been of the happiest kind—confidential, easy, and affectionate. 'He made,' says Mary, 'his children his companions and confidants; . . . it was by his own fire-side that his sweetness of temper, his vivacity, his unaffected piety, beamed brightest.' Mrs. Shackelton's extreme simplicity seems to have amused her daughter, while she revered her for it, and indeed inherited it. 'Her faith,' writes Mary, 'in the story that Captain Donellan had poisoned his brother-in-law, Sir Theos. Boughton, cost us all our *laurel water*. I beheld my mother quietly emptying bottle after bottle into a ditch, and the much esteemed culinary ingredient was forbidden henceforth.' She believed anything, if told it *was* to be believed, entered into all the characters in a book of history with the most vivid interest, and once became absorbed in a novel called 'Emma Corbet, or the Miseries of Civil War;' which she thought was a true story, written on the American War; Mary, who read the book to her, did not undeceive her, enjoying the joke, until the story grew so romantic, that Mrs. Shackelton asked if Mary really believed it to be true. 'Oh no, Mother!

we do not expect truth in a *Novel*!’ Great was the mirth when the plot was owned, and it was discovered that she had actually been intensely interested in a *work of fiction*.

Mary was in her twenty-sixth year when she visited England in 1783, for the first and only time. It was to attend the Friends’ yearly meeting in London, with her father. Here Richard Shackelton’s friendship with Burke was eagerly renewed, and at his house Mary saw many of the leading men of that day. She then went to stay at Beaconsfield, and the visit proved a delightful one. Mary wrote some pretty lines on the place afterwards, and won a charming letter of acknowledgement from the great man.

Her next visit furnished a complete contrast to the courtly and accomplished circle she had left. The little village of Selby in Yorkshire was the residence of some very primitive relations of her father’s, and with them she spent some time. Her description of a ceremonious tea-party at the ‘great hoose,’ the Squire’s, and of the urbanity with which that potentate lent his silver coffee-pot round the village, to every house where she was to be entertained, ‘to do her due honour as a visitor,’ is very amusing, and gives a most graphic idea of the simplicity of manners still prevailing in rural districts eighty years ago.

In 1791 Mary at length fulfilled her engagement with William Leadbeater, who had joined the Society of Friends some years before. They continued for awhile to live with her father and mother; and their little daughter Elizabeth was born ere they removed to a house of their own. Scarcely had they left the paternal roof, when her excellent father died. He had started on a journey of business to Mountmellick,

and a day or two afterwards his servant returned in great grief, bringing back his master's horses, and acquainting them with the sad news that Richard was lying dangerously ill of putrid fever, at a friend's house in Mountmellick. Mary, taking with her the family physician and friend, Dr. Johnson, went to him, but all hope was over, and he died before his wife could reach him. Mrs. Shackelton, who had been for some time gradually declining, almost sunk under this shock, and although after a while her health somewhat revived, her powers of mind, already slightly weakened, did not rally, and she lived on for some years in a state of second childhood.

William and Mary Leadbeater lived a quiet and retired, yet happy, busy, life, for the next few years; he farming well and successfully, and she occupied with the care of her little daughters and her mother: but when the alarms of the French invasion took place in 1796, garrisons of militia or regulars were placed in different parts of the country: and for the first time quiet Ballitore was occupied by soldiery. The passing and repassing of the regiments caused of course much inconvenience to the inhabitants, but the men, chiefly militia, seem to have behaved very well on the whole, and to have made themselves much less obnoxious than might have been expected. This comparatively peaceful state of things, however, did not last long: the country daily became more disturbed; the *United Irishmen* were abroad, military rule became more and more strict, the unjustifiable and vexatious right of *house to house visitation* was established by the authorities, (by which at any hour of the day or night houses might be entered to see whether the owners were at home or not,) and at length *free quarters* were demanded for the soldiers

at Ballitore, seditious papers hunted for in private houses, and all provisions, horses, cattle, &c. forbidden to be removed or sold ; and as Mrs. Leadbeater says, not having applied for the commanding officer's 'protection,' owing to some scruple about 'the protection of an armed force,' the Quakers, though peaceable enough, were exposed to the imputation of being disaffected. And now a miserable and fearful time ensued. The misguided rebels either refused to give up the arms they possessed, or returned them broken and useless ; great and cruel severity was exercised by the military, which only exasperated the discontented still more : and on the 24th May, 1798, the rebels round Ballitore rose in open revolt, a fierce fight took place at Narraghmore, not far from the village, and the insurgents in their turn took possession of Ballitore : but three days later came the fearful revenge. The military marched in in force on the 27th, Colonel Campbell having sent previously to offer terms, on condition of total surrender of arms. Valuable time was lost in disputing, the specified hour of mercy passed by, and the angry soldiers, with a brutality disgraceful to a civilized age, were allowed, on entering, unbridled licence and plunder for two hours.

The insurgents, meanwhile, had fled : it was the innocent inhabitants on whom the military wreaked their fury, and most barbarous were the deeds permitted by the authorities. Insult, plunder, murder, all the horrors that could be crowded into the short space of two hours, were poured on this devoted village. The good and worthy Dr. Johnson was one of the victims, hacked to pieces by the dragoons' swords, until a musket shot finished the bloody work ; and other murders equally atrocious were perpetrated. A protection, given to the Shackeltons by a friendly officer, saved

them and their family from death, but it could not prevent their horror at the fate of their wretched friends, or their mourning over the burning ruins of their once flourishing village. At length the retreat sounded, and the soldiers departed, leaving ruin and sorrow behind them; but though the storm had spent its fury here, it raged elsewhere with redoubled violence; and in the neighbourhood of Ballitore murders and plundering were still frequent.

In the course of this miserable summer the French were repulsed after their landing at Killala; and the rebels being everywhere routed, the peaceable inhabitants began to hope once more for quiet. But the poor wandering houseless and homeless insurgents, driven by hunger and want from their shelter in the Wicklow mountains, sallied forth as the autumn advanced and the nights grew longer, at first to beg for food and drink, and then to plunder the villages around. The Leadbeaters' and old Mrs. Shackelton's houses were among those forcibly entered and despoiled, and Mr. Leadbeater at length insisted on removing his wife, children, and mother-in-law, to Carlow, for a time, where they found fellow-sufferers, driven from their homes by similar outrages. Mary and her dear ones, however, soon returned home, her mother came to live with her, and for a while peace seemed restored; but again and again the robbers returned, threatening not only property but life itself, and causing such repeated shocks to the nerves of their victims, as many never recovered. It became again necessary to send militia regiments for the protection of country towns and villages; and the Dumfries Fencibles, the Essex Fencibles, and the 22nd Dragoons, successively occupied Ballitore. The arrival of the latter regiment was the

source of much pleasure to Mary, who found in the family of its commander true and congenial friends.

But she had meanwhile experienced heavy domestic trouble in addition to all the distress which surrounded her; during the disastrous winter of 1798-9 a sore misfortune had overwhelmed her husband and herself with grief; little Jane, their second daughter, a beautiful child of four years old, was burnt to death. The poor mother, who bitterly reproached herself afterwards for her carelessness, had trusted her to carry a lighted wax taper up a short flight of stairs to her grandmother's room, where the old lady and her maid both were. Alas! the little girl went into an adjoining room instead, and in setting down the candle, the flame caught her clothes. The burns were superficial, but the little child's constitution could not rally from the shock; and though she ceased to suffer after the first few hours, talked to those around her, asked to have her book and work in bed, and seemed apparently in perfect ease, she was gradually sinking away, and peacefully closed her eyes for ever, just twenty-four hours after the accident happened. 'I thought,' are the mother's touching words, 'I thought no sympathy reached my heart so fully, as once when I raised my eyes from contemplating the lovely remains of my child, and met those of a poor neighbour woman fastened upon me in silence, large tears streaming down her cheeks. She was a coarse-featured strong rough woman, and had forborne any expression by words of what she felt. . . . She was so beautiful, so engaging, so beloved! Not like a thing of earth! So ended the year 1798. Oh! year of woe!'

Many years afterwards, in a letter to her friend, Mrs. Trench, who had experienced a similar grief, she

speaks of having felt in true resignation, the 'sitting down and letting the billows and waves pass over her,' more real comfort, than in endeavouring to fly from the thought of trouble. 'While one wave of sorrow pursues another, let us so endeavour to steer our barque, that it may be wafted over them to a place where the tears shall be wiped from all eyes!'

Mrs. Leadbeater gives a most agreeable picture of Captain Smith, the officer commanding the new dragoon regiment stationed at Ballitore, and of his accomplished family. He was a gentleman of high character, who having been unfortunately engaged in a bank at Bath which failed, had been obliged to sell his place near that city, and had eventually taken a command in the militia. But his wife disliked Ireland extremely; as well she might, for she had seen it only in its worst aspect; and after a year's residence at Ballitore, Captain Smith retired from the service, and took up his abode in a retired neighbourhood near the English Lakes. His eldest daughter was the well-known and charming Elizabeth Smith, (a memoir of whom was published after her death, by her friend, Miss Bowdler.) She was as pious and as humble, as she was learned and accomplished. Mrs. Leadbeater mentions her as pretty, her eyes blue, her complexion fair, and with fine hair of a light brown. She died in 1806, of decline. Kitty, the second, a fine girl, married a Mr. Allan, and died of the same disease at Nice. The whole family seem to have been agreeable and estimable people, and kept up their correspondence with their Irish friend long after they had left her country. Meanwhile 'Sister Sally,' who had ere this become an authorized preacher in the society, returned from a lengthened journey over England and Ireland, and with her mother

and two attached servants, took a house close to her sister's. The country was becoming more peaceful, but scarcity had followed the footsteps of war, and there was still much distress around. Just at this time (April, 1802.) Mary made the acquaintance of the lady whose friendship was henceforward to afford her so much pleasure. Mrs. St. George, a young widow of property, had suddenly arrived at the Ballitore Inn, kept by a tenant of the Leadbeaters. There were no rooms vacant there for her, owing to an influx of travellers, and the landlord sent down to know whether Mrs. Leadbeater would accommodate the stranger for the night in her house. Mr. Leadbeater courteously started at once, and brought the lady back with him; and the affair ended in her staying a fortnight instead of one night under his hospitable roof. Mrs. St. George had come to look over an estate belonging to her in the neighbourhood, with the intention of taking her tenants out of the hands of the 'middleman,' to her own protection. Her kindness of heart, and friendly charm of manner, at once won the good opinion of her hosts; and Mary Leadbeater, notwithstanding her own close cap and sober coloured gown, admired her beautiful guest greatly, and was by no means scandalized by 'the simple elegance of her dress,' and the 'rows of fine dark curls over one another in front,' a fashion which appeared to her 'as becoming as it was new.'

Mrs. St. George soon paid another visit to Ballitore, taking apartments at the inn; and from this time she and Mary Leadbeater became warm and firm friends. The latter constituted herself her almoner for the Ballybarney estate—an employment well suited to her kind and judicious nature; and no wonder the poor

people expressed themselves as better off than they had ever been before.

The long established Ballitore school was, much to Mary's vexation, closed for a time in 1803. It had been long declining, partly owing to the disturbed state of the times, partly to the scruples entertained by its head, Abraham Shackelton, who, by refusing to allow the study of any of the poets treating of love or war, virtually denounced the preparation of young men for college. In 1807, however, the school re-opened, and soon regained its efficiency under the care of Mr. White, who had married Lydia Shackelton, a dear and favourite niece of Mary Leadbeater, who died of decline, in 1811, to the intense grief of her whole family. Old Mrs. Shackelton died in 1804, the '23rd of Third Month.' She had gradually sunk into a state of helpless infancy, and her pure spirit was released, says her daughter, without seeming to experience the pangs of death.

Winning alike to young and old, Mary now contracted a warm friendship with a bright clever young Scotch girl, Agnes Christy, the sister of a young man they had for some time known and liked, who had settled near Ballitore with a view of farming. In the preceding summer, before his sister's arrival, John Christy had entertained another visitor, a handsome distinguished-looking lieutenant in the navy, William Ramage by name, who it appears had a little astonished the ladies of Ballitore, especially the young ones, by taking so very little notice of them beyond what good breeding required. Even good sober Mrs. Leadbeater seems to have thought, that going out on a party of pleasure with all the fair inhabitants of Ballitore, and then spending the day in sketching a waterfall, apart

from them all, was not quite natural conduct for a gallant sailor. During her long three years stay at the farm, Agnes Christy behaved much in the same manner to *her* numerous admirers: she was good humoured, graceful, and pretty, civil to all, but unbending to none; and ere she left the neighbourhood, her friend had discovered the secret of her apparent insensibility. The sailor and she were not only old friends, but old lovers, and the denouement of the story was soon to take place. Lord St. Vincent unexpectedly gave our hero a captain's commission; and the news of his sudden arrival at the farm surprised Agnes, one day, when she was on a visit to her friend, who most fully entered into the excitement and joy of the moment. In a short time Mrs. Christy crossed from Scotland to see and congratulate her daughter, and the happy pair departed with her to prepare for the wedding, which soon took place. Mrs. Leadbeater never saw Agnes again, but ever retained a tender remembrance of her bonny Scotch friend.

She paid a visit to Dublin the same autumn, and superintended the publication of one of her first works, a volume of poems. After six weeks stay, the longest separation of her life from husband and children, she returned home, right glad to be with them again; but her time in Dublin had passed agreeably, for she had had the great pleasure of meeting again her friend, Melesina St. George, now Mrs. Trench, who had remarried in the interval, abroad, and but just returned from France with her husband, who had been for some years a 'detenu;' and Mrs. Leadbeater gladly undertook the distribution of certain premiums to the poor tenantry of Ballybarney to encourage the cultivation of their gardens and the neatness of their cabins. There

was also a stock of simple medicines, and another of baby-clothes; and the thoughtfulness and care of these two good women must have been an invaluable blessing, especially in those days, when plans for the benefit of the poor, schools, provident societies, village clubs, &c., were quite in their infancy, and the evils of absenteeism were generally felt in Ireland, without alleviation. Mrs. Trench thus writes in 1807:—"I know not how to express my thanks for the affectionate manner in which you enter into all my little plans. I hear continually from *each* of my poor people, of your goodness to them collectively and individually, as well as of your general humanity to all your poor neighbours. Indeed, my dear Madam, you are a "blessing to the country," if you will allow me to borrow from the poor that common but expressive phrase.'

Although a Quakeress, Mrs. Leadbeater was far from thinking it necessary to confine her pursuits within the rigid bounds which her mother had prescribed to herself. She read everything worth reading, in poetry, fiction, and fact. 'Corinne' she especially mentions and criticizes: in due time, as they appeared, she read and enjoyed Wordsworth, Campbell, Southey, Walter Scott, Crabbe, and Lord Byron; and her acquaintance increased constantly, and included all ranks, professions, and degrees. The Bishop of Meath (O'Beirne,) who first introduced her to 'Marmion,' was a kind and intimate friend.

In 1808 a charming family named Le Fanu came to the Rectory of Dunlavin, and became valued friends of the Leadbeaters. It consisted of the clergyman father, three daughters, amiable and accomplished, and a nephew, W. P. Le Fanu, well known in Ireland for his philanthropy. He was a man of ample means, who

had studied medicine solely for benevolent purposes, and was the means of curing Mrs. Leadbeater that same year of an attack of fever which prostrated her suddenly, when professional aid was not at hand. It was he who encouraged her to publish her first little prose work—‘Anecdotes from Real Life, for Children,’—and his cousins, the Misses Le Fanu, who drew well, furnished her with vignettes for the book. Much did she miss them when they finally removed to Dublin, where Mr. Le Fanu became incumbent of St. Bride’s.

In the course of this year Mrs. Leadbeater published her ‘Cottage Dialogues’—the title suggested by the Bishop of Meath, and the preface and notes to the *English* edition written by Maria Edgeworth. ‘I have taken two characters,’ she writes to Mrs. Trench, ‘whom you know, for the models of *Rose* and *Nancy*. The dialogues are for the most part between them: now and then the husbands *get leave* to speak, and the children. Fairs, wakes, tobacco, whiskey, and many other subjects, are discussed.’

A day school for boys and girls, a clothing fund, &c., were now established in Ballitore, by the exertions of Mrs. Leadbeater and other charitable ladies; and much, for years past, had been done for Mrs. Trench’s property, under Mary Leadbeater’s kind supervision. She graphically describes a visit to Ballybarney:—‘Yesterday I went to Ballybarney, accompanied by an intelligent old man, his spade, fifty larch trees, twenty ash, twelve beech, twelve alders, a pair of shears, and twelve copies of the “Dialogues.” The planting of the trees was a serious affair. I told all that they were *the Lady’s* trees, which she would not trust in any unsafe situation, and that she would be offended if they were not taken care of. . . . The “Dialogues” were

welcomed also, but the *shears* were hailed with universal delight. They were now "under a compliment" to no one. They have a village shears for clipping their hedges. I gave them in charge of Biddy Ennis, and she voluntarily engaged that no one but a Ballybarneyite shall wield them.'

Again, after an expedition to show Ballybarney to a Dublin friend, 'We took our tea at Biddy Ennis'—semper amabilem. We never catch Biddy at a *non-plush*, for Biddy's cabin is always clean, though unprovided with what they call *tea-tackle*. This her neighbours supply, and we always bring our tea, &c. But what merit escapes envy? Biddy whispered it was rumoured I had let her know of our visit; which caused an emotion of indignation to ruffle the serenity of both our minds!'

Serenity and happiness seem indeed to have been characteristic of the mind of Mary Leadbeater. Her calm and retired education had no doubt encouraged this disposition; her happy power of finding interest and occupation in home and home duties, varied by the charms of friendly intercourse and of well-chosen literature, and her universal charity, the love to others of which her heart was so full, together with a naturally cheerful hopeful temper, all united to form a charming and most attractive character in the person of this middle-aged plain-spoken Quakeress. The duty and blessedness of cheerful Christian gratitude seems to have been much in her thoughts. In one of her letters she thus quotes from Addison:—

'Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a thankful heart
Which tastes these gifts with joy.'

And then, as in unison with her thoughts, she adds the following extract from a friend's letter to herself. 'I doubt whether any incense is more acceptable than that which ascends from a grateful spirit. Clouds we must expect, because they are necessary for us, but we may safely wait till they come. I am fully persuaded we often suffer more from anticipated evils than from real ones.'

Mrs. Leadbeater is full of fun too—by no means above acknowledging her own peculiarities, or those of her sect, and entering into the joke about 'Mrs. Placid,' the heroine of the 'Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life,' a tale then much read. The following is her description of a Quakers' quarterly meeting, which, coming from the pen of one so truthful and so liberal, may be taken as a faithful picture. 'I think thou would like to see one of our quarterly or yearly meetings: the older members mixing together, engaged in serious pleasant conversation, with an eye cast now and then toward the young people, ready to check rising levity by a reproving look. All glad to see each other and renew acquaintance; all cheerful and well-dressed, and well-pleased if the weather be fine, that their best clothes, and their friends' houses, may not receive dirt and abuse. The young girls have their little fashions, are somewhat solicitous about the safety of their silk bonnets, and perhaps the attention of the Quaker beaux is not wholly disregarded. These meetings are professedly attended on a religious account; and the imputation of hypocrisy need not be incurred if this be not the *sole* motive. The advantage of thus mixing in more general society is not to be condemned for those somewhat advanced beyond the age of childhood. Their elder Friends are on the look-out to

maintain order, and they generally return home benefited in some way or other.'

Hers was not the rationalistic stoic Quakerism, or rather Deism, which the excellent Mrs. Schimmelpennick describes as the rule of her early years, and from which God's mercy, and the teaching of pious friends, aroused her; nor yet the dissipated 'wet' Quakerism of good Elizabeth Fry's education, but a conscientious adherence to that form and discipline in which she had been born and brought up, and which she maintained in its integrity, as a plain Christian Quaker, to the last. So liberal in their strictness were the Shackelton family, that she says, 'Thou mayst be surprised when I tell thee, that in my father's school of over sixty boarders, not more than ten were of our own society. One good woman, on committing her child to his care, requested that her son might be allowed to read the Bible. My father stared, and exclaimed, "The Bible? the best of books, which is constantly read in my family, every morning, and every night before retiring to rest?" The mother rejoiced, for she had thought that our people had substituted George Fox's Journal for the Bible!'

Her friendship with the Rev. George Crabbe, the poet, which gave Mrs. Leadbeater so much pleasure, produced some very amusing and affectionate letters between these two elderly people, she past sixty, and he much older.

'Ah, Mary Leadbeater,' he writes, 'come you to England, or let me be in Ireland, you would have done with your friendships with me! Child of simplicity and virtue, how can you let yourself be so deceived? Am I not a great fat rector, living upon a mighty income, while my poor curate starves, with six hungry

children, upon the scraps that fall from the luxurious table? Do I not visit that horrible London, and enter into its abominable dissipations? Am I not this day going to dine on venison, and drink claret? Have I not been at election dinners, and joined in the Babel-like confusion of a town hall? Child of simplicity, am I fit to be a friend to you, and to the peaceful, mild, pure, and gentle people around you?

With simplicity worthy of her mother, and in her kindness of heart, she answered, 'If the graceful figure which I saw in London, described by my father as "the youth with the sour name and sweet countenance," has become somewhat corpulent, that is a consequence of good-humour as well as good living; and why not partake of venison and claret, with the moderation which such a mind will dictate? The sentiment expressed in an old song has sometimes occurred to me—

"Deceit may dress in linen gown,
And truth in diamonds shine!"

In one of her next letters she owns, 'Thou hast practised on my credulity by a little deception; and from being always accustomed to matter-of-fact, I generally take what I hear in a literal sense. Thus thou made me believe thou wert in portly case, by saying, "Am I not a great fat rector?" We said it was the exuberance of good-humour that caused this increase of size. But "a curate with six hungry children" staggered our belief. Now, we know thy son is thy curate, and that thou art light and active in form, with looks irradiated with genuine kindness of heart.'

Years rolled on, and Mary was becoming more infirm; and though surrounded by kind and attached

relations, she could not but feel deeply those inevitable partings between friend and friend, which became more and more frequent. In 1818 she lost her valued brother, Abraham Shackelton, a great and abiding grief to her. Her dear friend and close neighbour, Mary Doyle, died in 1822; and in 1823 another dear friend, Abigail Roberts,* whom, though they had *never* met, she had loved and corresponded with for many years. The good Bishop of Meath also died this year.

One of her last entries (in 1824) in her little book of 'Annals,' is a pathetic breathing of regret for 'the days that are no more,' tempered still by the resignation and hopefulness peculiar to her. 'My sister Lydia (Mrs. Shackelton) and I, felt the evening of our day darkened by the departure for England of our dear Ebenezer and Deborah.' (These were her daughter Deborah, and nephew E. Shackelton, who had married some time before, and had been obliged to repair to the English baths, Mrs. E. Shackelton being much out of health.) 'Sweet "Fuller's Court" must be left, when it had obtained beauties which I could not have believed it in the power even of its tasteful possessors to have bestowed upon it. My mind reverted to matters of ancient date. I thought I knew the identical spot in the parlour where I made the joyful discovery that I could read. I recollected my sensations of fear, when, for the first time, I descended the remarkably easy staircase. The sash-door opening into the garden, the wall-like hedge, the ancient yews and hollies, the

* Abigail Roberts resided at Mountrath, in Queen's County, rarely or never stirring from home, after the quiet fashion of those days. She wrote, besides many poems and fugitive pieces, three excellent little books for the people, which have been widely circulated among the poor in Ireland.

tall trees beyond the garden, the arch over the gate which entered it—all brought back the scenes of early childhood, when I, a little solitary, freely admitted into those walks alone, my imagination heated with classical stories, adorned my hat as well as I could, and aimed at personating Dido. The recollections were the passing clouds; but the settled gloom was the exile of those whose presence could disperse the passing clouds. The last look I cast upon Fuller's Court, I beheld the clear kitchen coal-fire shining through the bright window; since which time, now nearly three years ago, I have not been inside the gate of the little enclosure. Smitten with grief, I felt satisfaction that so many years of my life had gone by.

“ Oh ! Mortals blind to fate, who little know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low.”

The time may come when I should be glad to have years added to my stock, to enable me to enjoy blessings for which I hope I feel a degree of thankfulness. In patience possess your souls. Leave all to the Wisdom which orders aright, and in due time it will be made manifest that we cannot do better than submit quietly to the appointments of Providence.’

Mrs. Leadbeater was now becoming more and more suffering. All the alleviations which medical aid, the affection of a devoted husband, and the attention of loving friends, could supply, were hers, but they could not check the disorder, (dropsy.)

In 1825 a slight apoplectic fit alarmed her friends, but she recovered from it, and resumed her habits of constant employment, and was still blessed with her usual cheerfulness. Nearly, if not quite, the last letter she wrote, was to her dear friend, Mrs. Trench, in

March, 1826, giving a description of a festival in which she was much interested—the celebration, in Dublin, Limerick, and Ballitore, of the Jubilee, ‘on the completion of a hundred years since Ballitore school was first opened.’

Soon after this she became rapidly worse, though still occupying herself for the good of others by writing for the Education Society, to which she had sent so many useful books, to the last week of her life. Her sufferings were great during the last few days, and she expressed fears lest her patience and resignation should fail; but she was mercifully supported, and died a hopeful and a blessed death, entering into her rest on the 27th of June, 1826.

Surely of her it may be said, in the words of the wise king, ‘She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised!’

HARRIET M. BOWDLER.

BORN 1747-8, DIED 1827.

A PRETTY, rosy old lady, with grey hair brushed much over the forehead, wearing the voluminous cap and tippet, and the short-waisted dress, of the year 1814. Such was the celebrated, perhaps more beloved than celebrated, Mrs. Harriet Bowdler, at the age of sixty-six.

A countenance bright and sweet, attractive to the youngest as to the oldest friend, a manner the most kindly and affectionate, a heart full of tenderness and charity, and a mind of finished cultivation, sense, and power—all these united, might well win the love and esteem of those of every humour and every condition, with whom she was brought into contact.

More than a mere sketch, of one whose detailed biography would be most interesting and instructive, it is unfortunately out of our power to furnish at this distance of time, when even elderly people remember her first as verging on old age, while they themselves were quite children.

Henrietta Maria Bowdler was the youngest daughter of Thomas Bowdler, Esq., and Elizabeth his wife,

second daughter of Sir John Cotton of Conington—a couple so excellent in their parental relation, that their youngest son, Thomas Bowdler, thus writes of them both :—

‘If some merit has been ascribed to my sisters, and my brother, and through him to his sons, and I were required to state the source from whence that merit was principally derived, my answer would be as easy as it would be pleasant. “Causa fuit pater his.” (Hor.) To the precepts and example of my parents, are their descendants, under the blessing of the Almighty, chiefly indebted for that which renders life most desirable, and death least formidable. My mother lives in the writings which she has left with the public, and in the virtues of her daughters, to whose education her time and her exertions were unremittingly devoted. Of my father, if I were allowed but one sentence, I would say—and most conscientiously should I say it—I think he approached more nearly to Christian perfection, than any man with whom, in the course of my long life, I have ever been acquainted.’

Mr. and Mrs. Bowdler had two sons and four daughters, of whom Jane, the eldest, born in 1741, died, after ten years of suffering, in 1784. She was a most accomplished and intelligent woman, attractive in person, amiable, and deeply religious. Long after her death, her sister Harriet published, for the benefit of the Bath Hospital, a volume of her poems and essays, which went through sixteen or more editions.

The second sister, Elizabeth, lived only to be eight years old; the third, Frances, and Henrietta, commonly called Harriet, long survived both their parents.

Harriet was born about 1747 or 1748, and with her family, resided from the year 1766 or thereabouts,

chiefly at Bath, which was then and long afterwards the head-quarters of all that was gay, fashionable, or literary. Here, after many years spent in benevolence and good deeds, surrounded by a numerous circle of friends, and the centre of an attached family, Mr. Bowdler died in 1785; and his widow, with her two remaining daughters, continued to make Bath their home.

Such was Harriet's heavenly sweetness of disposition, that she carried happiness to all within her influence. 'I have never had occasion to reprove her during the course of her life,' said Mrs. Bowdler to a friend shortly before her death.

'She seemed,' says a lady who knew her in her latter years, when she herself was a little girl; 'she seemed to teach people to be good by being good herself, not by reproof. My feeling from the first was always that I beheld in her a person who could neither do, say, nor think, anything amiss.'

Her great intimacy with, and kindness to, the good and clever Elizabeth Smith, were of the greatest benefit to the latter, who at fifteen or sixteen became the companion and correspondent of the matured and elegant minded Harriet. After the pecuniary misfortunes which deprived Mr. Smith's family of their pretty country home, Mrs. Bowdler, being a very intimate and dear friend of their mother, and much interested in Elizabeth—invited her and her sister to Bath, on a long visit. Mrs. Bowdler was a profound Bible scholar, and a most accomplished woman; so that she and her daughters were the best possible companions for two young women just emerging from girlhood, one of them, at least, endowed with poetical and imaginative talent of a high order. From this time

Harriet had her young friend frequently with her ; she assisted in forming her mind, she constantly wrote to her, she was the confidant of her literary efforts, she nursed her in sickness ; and Elizabeth's last letter, written scarce a month before her death, (July, 1806,) is addressed by the suffering yet happy girl to her kind friend.

Mrs. Bowdler had died some time before ; and in course of years, the sisters, Frances and Harriet, though retaining a mutual warm affection, and an ever enduring interest in each other's welfare, decided on living each in her own house.

Their tastes were not perfectly compatible, and the friends of one did not entirely suit the other. Mrs. Frances, equally clever and equally devout with her sister, was a more precise and rigid, and a less gentle, character. Her views of religious duty were narrower ; — *more orthodox*, she would have said.

Harriet, though firm as a rock in her own convictions, unshaken in her attachment to the Church of her fathers, overflowed with that universal love which led her to search for, and find, good in everyone ; to strive to influence those whom she deemed in error, not by dogmatic reasoning alone, (though she doubtless well knew how to employ argument on occasion,) or by stern reproof, but by the loving power of a pure mind, a blameless life, and a never failing charity. Women of every age, of every shade of opinion, flocked around her, without raising vanity or self-complacence in their friend. The literary and the good men of her day respected and sought her society ; and I believe it is not too much to say, that no one ever learnt to know Mrs. Harriet without loving her. Her easy means enabled her to pursue a liberal plan of beneficence ; and the good she did, by relief, by advice, by influence, without

ostentation, and without display, it would have been difficult even for her most intimate friend to realize.

Her published writings were few; her 'Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity' are excellent, and were in their day much celebrated; she also published a life of Elizabeth Smith, with some of her writings in prose and poetry.

In 1821 a friend mentions her paying her a visit at Great Malvern; in 1824, her brother, Thomas Bowdler, speaks of her as still flourishing, and of her sermons as going through their *thirty-seventh edition*.

Within a few more years Harriet Bowdler had finished her long and useful course.

When nearly eighty years of age she caught small-pox—it was supposed, in a sedan-chair; the disease was one of which she had always had such dread, that with a presentiment not to be overcome, she prepared at once for death, when it was announced to her that she had taken the complaint.

She lies buried in the church-yard of Box, near Bath, where rests also the attached friend and companion of her latter years, Miss Frodsham, who long lived with her, and inherited her house and property in Bath.

It is much to be regretted that no memoir of this excellent woman was compiled while her many virtues and delightful qualities were still fresh in the memory of her friends, most of whom have now followed her to the tomb. But as long as English men and women remember, with respect and affection, the many 'good women' who have shone in the annals of our country during the past century, will Harriet Bowdler's name stand, one of the brightest, in the worthy calendar.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

BORN 1771, DIED 1855.

‘Le beau n’est pas ce qu’ on cherche, mais ce qu’ on rencontre.’

Eugénie de Guérin.

FEW biographies have of late excited a more lively interest than that contained in the Journal and Letters of the gifted Frenchwoman, whose words have been borrowed as a motto. Interesting she is from the charms of her own character, and remarkable both as the guide of her brother in his lifetime, and his champion after his death. Yet it may be questioned whether in originality of mind and depth of feeling she was not equalled, whilst in influence over her brother she was far surpassed, by the sister of the poet Wordsworth. Of her the relics, that have been unveiled to our eyes, are indeed more scanty; but they are such as to make us dwell lovingly and long upon all that we are permitted to see.

To few women has so lofty a work been assigned as that which she unconsciously fulfilled; for what the muses were to the poets of old, such was she in living reality to her brother. For this she was qualified by many gifts. A sense of beauty that was almost an instinct, a taste sensitive and refined, the quickest and

most ready sympathies springing from an inexhaustible activity of thought, and strong, even passionate, emotions. With these were combined habits of minute observation, and a memory that tenaciously retained whatever was thus acquired. She had unusual powers of endurance, and an utter absence of any of that littleness of feeling that makes so much of the misery of human life. An eloquent writer has described her as 'the wildest, in the sense of the most natural, person' he had ever known. Hers was the wildness of the forest flowers, or of the mountain streams. So in literary pursuits; though her taste was most delicate and just, she read but few books, and those rather for enjoyment than for profit or for praise. Herself the inspirer of a poet, a few verses of hers are all that remain; but there are snatches of poetry in the fragments of her prose journal, which, though wanting the measured melody of verse, are in all other respects well worthy of the name. In this respect, the resemblance between Eugénie de Guérin and herself is maintained. Like her, too, she possessed an almost magical power of extracting the poetry of common things. But whilst the one beheld every lovely scene overshadowed by the tomb, and 'the heart like a tree with all its fallen leaves around it;' the English maiden, through the animation of her own soul, lent life even to inanimate objects—

‘Her feet have touched the meadows,
And left the daisies rosy.’

Her very name, it has been said, was happily chosen; for God's gift indeed she was to her brother.

Dorothy Wordsworth was born on Christmas Day, 1771, and was nearly two years younger than the poet.

Even in childhood he felt her softening influence. When, like other children, they chased butterflies, found birds' nests, or picked flowers together, the tenderness and self-restraint of the little maiden served as a wholesome check to the more vehement impulses of her companion. The uncommon ardour of her natural disposition may have made her fret under the control of others; but with him her patience and forbearance never failed. It was related in the family, as a proof of her unusual sensibility, whilst yet a child, that on beholding the sea, and hearing its voice for the first time, she burst into tears.

They were early parted, however; for their mother died when Dorothy was but six years old. Her brother was soon afterwards sent to school at Hawkshead, and she was educated by some relations of her mother at Halifax. Five years later their home was entirely broken up by the death of their father; and they seem to have met but little, if at all, afterwards, until the summer of 1790, when Wordsworth, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, spent the long vacation with some of their relations at Penrith. Here his sister joined him; and their intercourse, interrupted in childhood, was now happily renewed. They passed some delightful weeks together. They wandered through the woods of Lowther, gazed on the far stretched landscape through a ruined arch of Brougham Castle, stood by the Countess' Pillar, or, climbing the Border Beacon, looked wistfully towards 'the dim ridges of Scotland.'

And now Dorothy, in early girlhood, began to show her marvellous adaptation to the poet's needs. In no words but his own can we speak of what she was to him—

‘She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.’

When Wordsworth, at the close of the next summer, was travelling in Switzerland, he wrote to her:—‘I have thought of you perpetually; and never have my eyes burst upon a scene of particular loveliness, but I have almost instantly wished that you could for a moment be transported to the place where I stood to enjoy it.’

Miss Wordsworth received this letter when on a visit to her uncle, Dr. Cookson. He was a Canon of Windsor, and high in favour with the courtly circle there. In his family Miss Wordsworth spent a good deal of her time, and when with them, she was brought into contact with society superior to what she was accustomed to in her provincial home. It was with these friends she was staying, when her brother, having taken his degree, and made a second continental tour, came for a time to London; and she describes him as a constant correspondent, and a most affectionate brother.

It was in the following year that his earliest poems were published, and to her they were inscribed; secure of the sympathy and intelligence with which she would

‘The history of a poet’s evening hear.’

In the winter of 1794 they were again together, under the roof of the friend by whom Miss Wordsworth had been brought up. At the close of it they made one of those long pilgrimages on foot, which were afterwards amongst their choicest pleasures, and of which she has left us such charming details in her journal.

Now she wrote to a friend :—‘ After having enjoyed the company of my brother William at Halifax, we set forward by coach towards Whitehaven, and thence to Kendal. I walked, with my brother at my side, from Kendal to Grasmere, eighteen miles, and afterwards from Grasmere to Keswick, fifteen miles; through the most delightful country that was ever seen. We are now at a farm-house, about half a mile from Keswick. When I came I intended to stay only a few days; but the country is so delightful, and, above all, I have so full an enjoyment of my brother’s company, that I have determined to stay a few weeks longer. After I leave Windybrow I shall proceed to Whitehaven.’

At Windybrow resided the brother of Raisley Calvert, to whom in his last illness, which was protracted through the closing months of this year, Wordsworth devoted himself. To the dying youth his great powers as a poet revealed themselves; though they were not generally acknowledged amongst those who had most opportunities of judging. He had passed through the University without attaining either distinction or reward, and was still undetermined in the choice of profession or employment. His opinions, too, as well as his pursuits, were unsettled; and his friends were generally disposed to regard his abilities as either wasted or overrated. Raisley Calvert, as we have seen, was more clear-sighted, and did what in him lay to secure to his friend the free employment of his time in those ends for which it was designed. The bequest, however, which for this purpose he made to him, might have been in vain, but for one who taught him how to improve the proffered opportunity. For ‘Dorothy, eager of soul,’ at once detected his true

vocation, and urged and cheered him on to the fulfilment of it. It was as a poet she saw that his work was to be accomplished; and with singleness of heart, and affectionate devotion, she led him to seek alone in this 'his office upon earth.'

That this end was wrought out by the relinquishment of much that has charms to the ordinary mind, may be believed; since it is said that a hundred a year sufficed for the needs of the poet and his sister for a period of eight years. On this, however, they lived in happiness, and in true refinement—refinement of feeling and of taste.

Their first home was at Racedown in Dorsetshire, where they settled in the autumn of 1795. Long after they had quitted it, Miss Wordsworth declared it to be the place dearest to her recollections upon the whole surface of the island. Perhaps the cause of this preference may be found, in part, in the next words employed by her. 'It was the first home I had.'

But, independently of this, Racedown aroused her to rapture as she recalled its green lawns, sloping down to shady combes, the distant sea views heightening the charm of nearer beauties. They had a pleasant house, a good garden, books for indoors, and charming walks without. Both brother and sister employed themselves in study; he writing the least successful of his works, the tragedy of the 'Borderers,' whilst Dorothy read Davila and Ariosto, listened to the tragedy, and joined her brother in those long rambles, in which they at once expended the activity of their nature and fanned the flame of the imagination. When they had been nearly two years at Racedown they received a remarkable guest, of whom Miss Wordsworth has left us a vivid portrait.

'You had a great loss,' she says to a friend, 'in not seeing Coleridge. He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain—that is, for about three minutes: he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth; longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. But, if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but grey: such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind: it has more of "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead.

'The first thing that was read after he came, was William's new poem, "Ruined Cottage," with which he was much delighted; and after tea he repeated to us two acts and a half of his tragedy "Osorio." The next morning William read his tragedy "The Borderers."'

It was in consequence of this visit of Coleridge, and in order to become neighbours of his, that the Wordsworths were induced to remove from Racedown to Alfoxden, near Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire. 'There is everything there,' wrote Miss Wordsworth, on first making acquaintance with it in July, 1797. 'Sea, woods wild as fancy ever painted, brooks clear and pebbly as in Cumberland, villages so romantic; and William and I, in a wander by ourselves, found out a sequestered waterfall, in a dell formed by steep hills covered with full-grown timber trees. The woods are as fine as those at Lowther, and the country more

romantic ; it has the character of the less grand parts of the neighbourhood of the Lakes.'

In her next letter, dated August 14th, she gives a fuller description of their new home. 'Here we are,' she writes ; 'in a large mansion,* in a large park, with seventy head of deer around us. But I must begin with the day of leaving Racedown to pay Coleridge a visit. You know how much we were delighted with the neighbourhood of Stowey. The evening that I wrote to you, William and I had rambled as far as this house, and pryed into the recesses of our little brook, but without any more fixed thoughts upon it than some dreams of happiness in a little cottage, and passing wishes that such a place might be found out. We spent a fortnight at Coleridge's: in the course of that time we heard that this house was to let, applied for it, and took it. Our principal inducement was Coleridge's society. It was a month yesterday since we came to Alfoxden.

'The house is a large mansion, with furniture enough for a dozen families like ours. There is a very excellent garden, well stocked with vegetables and fruit. The garden is at the end of the house, and our favourite parlour, as at Racedown, looks that way. In front is a little court, with grass, plot, gravel walk, and shrubs; the moss-roses were in full beauty a month ago. The front of the house is to the south, but it is screened from the sun by a high hill, which rises immediately from it. The hill is beautiful, scattered irregularly and abundantly with trees, and topped with fern, which spreads a considerable way down it. The deer dwell here, and sheep, so that we have a living prospect.

* Belonging,' De Quincey says, 'to Mr. St. Aubyn, a minor, and let, I believe, on the terms of keeping the house in repair.'

From the end of the house we have a view of the sea, over a woody meadow country; and exactly opposite the window where I now sit is an immense wood, whose round top, from this point, has exactly the appearance of a mighty dome. In some parts of this wood there is an undergrove of hollies, which are now very beautiful. In a glen at the bottom of the wood is the waterfall of which I spoke, a quarter of a mile from the house. We are three miles from Stowey, and not two miles from the sea. Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys with small brooks running down them, through green meadows, hardly ever intersected with hedgerows, but scattered over with trees. The hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with fern and bilberries, or oak-woods, which are cut for charcoal. . . . Walks extend for miles over the hill tops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity. They are perfectly smooth, without rocks.

‘The Tor of Glastonbury is before our eyes during more than half of our walk to Stowey; and in the park, wherever we go, keeping about fifteen yards above the house, it makes a part of our prospect.’

The Wordsworths and Coleridge were now constantly in each other’s company. One of their autumnal rambles led them along the sea coast, between Minehead and Porlock. From thence they mounted the hill, and crossing into Devonshire, reached Lynmouth by twilight. It was a dark and cloudy afternoon in November when they set out on their excursion. In the course of the walk the two poets planned the poem of ‘The Ancient Mariner,’ whilst Dorothy walked beside, bright and enthusiastic, hearkening to the weird lay. What she was at this time Coleridge has told us.

After speaking of her brother, he says :—‘ His exquisite sister is a woman indeed ! in mind, I mean, and heart ; for her person is such that, if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary— if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty ! Her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw would say :—

“ Guilt was a thing impossible in her.”

Her information various ; her eye, watchful in minutest observation of nature, and her taste a perfect electro-meter—it bends, protrudes, and draws in, at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults.’

Gifted as she was by nature, it may yet be believed that the constant interchange of thought and feeling between herself and her brother, greatly heightened her natural powers, elevating the tone of her mind, and strengthening not her intellect only, but her character. His poems were frequently mere transcripts of their daily life and conversation, though seen sometimes through the transfiguring veil of an excited fancy. Happy was the poet whose home furnished him with such themes ; and happy, too, his companion, in the consciousness that by her its atmosphere was kept unclouded by petty vexations and mean ambitions. Rather by her influence was it purified and brightened with the breath of hope and the sunshine of tenderness.

To his sister, and to a few chosen friends besides, Wordsworth had hitherto recited the poems, which he had composed since the appearance of his first almost unnoticed publication. He was now about to seek a wider audience. It was immediately after their expe-

dition to Lynmouth, that his tragedy of the 'Borderers' was offered to the managers of one of the London theatres. Some alterations being considered necessary in it, he was advised to go to town in order to superintend them; and Dorothy accompanied him thither, travelling outside the coach in the month of December. The journey was, however, in vain; for 'The Borderers' was rejected. Coleridge's tragedy, 'Osorio,' about the same time shared the same fate, to Miss Wordsworth's intense sorrow and disappointment.

The winter, though it began thus gloomily, was not passed in listlessness or dejection, so that, on 'the first mild day of March,' the poet and his sister could feel themselves entitled to give that day to idleness. During this winter, he completed one of the most beautiful episodes of the Excursion, which, under the title of 'The Ruined Cottage,' he had read to Coleridge the first evening he spent with them at Racedown. Many of his lesser poems were also composed at this time.

In the summer the Wordsworths made an excursion to the Wye; and the lines on Tintern Abbey, in which such touching allusion is made to his 'dear dear sister,' were composed by him after quitting the ruin, and concluded as they entered Bristol in the evening. It was published almost immediately afterwards in the 'Lyrical Ballads.' Dorothy eagerly counted the weeks till this volume should appear; but its reception by the public was not such as could content her. Her faith in her bard was, however, unshaken. And this perfect confidence of hers in his genius is not the least admirable part of her history. For she was not sharing in the triumph of a popular young poet, but following the lowly fortunes of one who for twenty years 'was the scoff of the world, and his poetry a by-word of scorn.'

The autumn of this year, 1798, and the following winter, were passed by the brother and sister in Germany. They resided at Goslar, near the Hartz Forest. But the unusual inclemency of the season, and their entire seclusion from society, rendered their sojourn there less agreeable than they had anticipated. They employed themselves in the study of German; and amongst other poems, written at this time, was 'Lucy Gray,' founded on a story, related by Miss Wordsworth, of a little girl lost in a snow-storm near Halifax. It was rather with a feeling of being released from captivity that, early in the spring, they quitted 'the romantic imperial town,' where the winter had been passed in such discomfort.

But the advancing year had better things in store for them. Immediately on their return from Germany they went on a visit to their friends, the Hutchinsons, at Sockburn on Tees; and, whilst Dorothy was still their guest, in the course of the ensuing summer, Wordsworth made a tour of the Lake District with Coleridge. The result of this journey was a joint resolution between brother and sister to become the occupants of a small house at Grasmere.

Thirty years before, when the Lake country was a land unknown of tourists, the poet Gray had described Grasmere as an unsuspected paradise. 'All,' he says, 'is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire.' It was the very home best suited to this pair, to whom plain living and high thinking were the rule of life. Of such a retreat, in his first poem addressed to his sister, the poet seems often to have dreamt. And now they were to live out their dream.

They took possession of their new home on St.

Thomas's Day, 1799. After walking twelve miles the day before, they accomplished twenty-one miles on foot on the shortest day in the year. But it was a bright frosty morning, the ground covered with a thin coating of snow, and the young travellers, excited by hope and the novelty of their situation, sped joyously on their way. Miss Wordsworth availed herself of a lift in an empty cart for a few miles; and then, after warming herself at a cottage fire, proceeded with her brother to explore a beautiful waterfall. In describing this to Coleridge he corrects one of his expressions, to add, 'or rather as *Dorothy says*.' Driven bird-like before the blast, questioned of the purpose of their pilgrimage by naked trees and icy brooks, hereafter to be made vocal by his song, the poet and his sister at last found shelter beneath the humble roof of the little white cottage gleaming amongst the trees, which they had made their choice. It stood by the road side, looking upon the lake 'with its one green island.' The garden and orchard behind, freshened by a little spring, and broken by rocks, shelved up to the wooded mountain sides behind. Here, as the season advanced, Miss Wordsworth tended her flowers; whilst her brother read and wrote beneath the blossomed boughs.

A stormy winter began their life at Grasmere, but they were gladdened by a visit from their brother John in May. This was the youngest of their family, Miss Wordsworth being a year older than he. Coleridge has made rather affected mention of him in a letter to her, where he says:—'Your brother John is one of you; a man who hath solitary usings of his own intellect, deep in feeling, with a subtile tact, a swift instinct of truth and beauty: he interests me much.' It is evident, indeed, from all we hear of him, that he

was a most affectionate relative, and a high-minded disinterested man.

In June the little circle was enlarged by the addition of the Hutchinsons, one of whom a few years afterwards, became the poet's wife. The merriment with which her sister Joanna broke in upon his musings in one of their summer rambles, is commemorated in one of the poems on *The Naming of Places*. In another poem of the same series, Wordsworth has preserved a memorial of an autumn walk with Coleridge and his sister on the banks of the lake. Miss Wordsworth's sympathetic qualities of companionship were by Coleridge keenly appreciated. 'You can feel,' he had said in one of his letters to her from the Lakes, 'what I cannot express for myself, how deeply I have been impressed by a world of scenery, absolutely new to me.' Now they looked upon the same scenes together. Whilst Coleridge was still under their roof, we have a nearer insight into their mode of life, from the pages of a journal kept by Miss Wordsworth, and of which a few, too few, extracts have been published. In this we find her all that her brother, in lines written soon after they came to Grasmere, has described her as being to him :—

' Mine eyes did ne'er
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,
But either she, whom now I have, who now
Divides with me that loved abode, was there,
Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps turned,
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang;
The thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Or fragrance independent of the wind.'

Of her active intelligence and powers of vivid narra-

tive we find abundant traces in her journal. Soft lights and transient glooms, the tinting of the clouds and the whisper of the waters, the gleam of flowers and the flight of birds, nay, their very shadows, were treasured in her memory, and embalmed in those pages. Thus she continually stimulated her brother's imaginative faculties, and aroused his softer sympathies. All their walks lay through enchanted lands. The peasantry, among whom they dwelt, their simple joys and homely sorrows, were invested with picturesque charms, or with deep pathos. Thus the old leech-gatherer, whom they met 'as the light was just going away,' the Highland girl at the ferry, or the little maiden consoling her pet lamb for the loss of its mother, have become classic images to the student, who passes daily their like unobserved. One specimen of Miss Wordsworth's marvellous power of giving a poetical aspect to an ordinary occurrence cannot be omitted. She writes:—

On Tuesday, May 27th, (1802,) a very tall woman called at the door; she had on a very long brown cloak, and a very white cap without bonnet; she led a little bare-footed child about two years old by the hand, and said her husband was gone before with the other children. I gave her a piece of bread. Afterwards, on my road to Ambleside, beside the bridge at Rydal, I saw her husband sitting by the road side, his two asses standing beside him, and the two young children at play upon the grass. The man did not beg. I passed on, and about a quarter of a mile further I saw two boys before me, one about ten, the other about eight years old, at play, chasing a butterfly. They were wild figures; the hat of the elder was wreathed round with yellow flowers; the younger, whose hat was only a rimless crown, had stuck it round with laurel leaves. They continued at play till I drew very near, and then they addressed me with the begging cant and the whining voice of sorrow. I said, 'I served your mother this morning;' (the boys were so like the

woman who had called at our door that I could not be mistaken.) 'Oh,' says the elder, 'you could not serve my mother, for she's dead; and my father's on at the next town—he's a potter.' I persisted in my assertion, and that I would give them nothing. Says the elder, 'Come, let's away;' and away they flew like lightning. They had, however, sauntered so long in their road, that they did not reach Ambleside before me; and I saw them go up to Matthew Harrison's house, with their wallet upon the elder's shoulder, and creeping with a beggar's complaining foot. On my return from Ambleside I met, in the street, the mother driving her asses, in the two panniers on one of which were the two little children, whom she was chiding and threatening with a wand which she used to drive on her asses, while the little things hung in wantonness over the pannier's edge. The woman had told me in the morning that she was of Scotland, which her accent fully proved, and that she had lived (I think) at Wigtown, that they could not keep a house, and so they travelled. After tea I read W. the account I had written of the little boy belonging to the tall woman; and an unlucky thing it was, for he could not escape from those very words.

So, too, the next morning, happening to say that when a child she had feared to brush the dust off a butterfly's wings in catching it, and another time telling him of her former reluctance to pull a strawberry flower, she found these childish traits immediately done into verse. The description of the daffodils is hardly as beautiful in his words as in hers:—'When we were in the woods below Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close to the water side. As we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them: some rested their heads on these stones, as on a pillow; the rest tossed and reeled, and danced, and seemed as

if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.'

Not less lovely is her description of the birch tree, as the Undine of the forest:—'As we were going along we were stopped at once, at the distance, perhaps, of fifty yards from our favourite birch tree: it was yielding to the gust of wind, with all its tender twigs; the sun shone upon it, and it glanced in the wind like a flying sunshiny shower. It was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a spirit of water.' Here again is a calm landscape, touched with a shade of soft melancholy:—'The Lake of Grasmere beautiful; the church an image of peace; the mountains indistinct; the lake calm, and partly ruffled; a sweet sound of water falling into the quiet lake. A storm gathering in Easedale, so we returned; but the moon came out, and opened to us the church and village. Helm Crag in shade; the larger mountains dappled like a sky.'

This was in the closing year. In spring she paints a livelier scene:—'The sun shone, the wind had passed away, the hills looked cheerful. When we came to the foot of Brother's Water, left W. sitting on the bridge. I went along the path on the right side of the lake, delighted with all I saw: the bare old trees, the simplicity of the mountains, and the exquisite beauty of the path. There was one grey cottage. Repeated 'The Glow-worm' as I went along. When I returned, found W. writing a poem, descriptive of the sights and sounds we saw and heard. There was the gentle flowing of the stream, the glittering lake, a flat pasture with forty-two cattle feeding: to our left the road leading to the hamlet; no smoke there; the sun shining on the bare roofs; the people at work ploughing, harrowing, sowing; cocks crowing, birds twittering;

the snow in patches at the top of the highest hills. W. finished his verses before we got to the foot of Kirkstone. Dined on Kirkstone. The view above Ambleside very beautiful; there we sat and looked down on the vale. Rydal Lake was in evening stillness. Our garden at Grasmere very pretty in the half moon-light, half daylight.'

Of a visit to Rivaux Abbey she writes:—'I went down to look at the ruins. Thrushes singing; cattle feeding among the ruins of the abbey; green hillocks about the ruins; these hillocks scattered over with *grovelets* of wild roses, and covered with wild flowers. I could have stayed in this solemn quiet spot till evening, without a thought of moving, but William was waiting for me.'

But she could find enjoyment in scenes not of loneliness and desertion only. In the summer of 1802 she passed through London with her brother; and this is how the great city looked in her eyes:—'Left London between five and six o'clock in the morning, outside the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The city; St. Paul's, with the river; a multitude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge; the houses not overhung by their clouds of smoke, and were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a pure light, that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own grand spectacles.'

Meanwhile her companion was composing a sonnet. Next day they crossed from Dover to Calais, and remained abroad for a month. Here were some of her pleasures whilst there:—'Delightful walks in the evenings; seeing far off in the west the coast of England, like a cloud, crested with Dover Castle, the

evening star, and the glory of the sky : the reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself; purple waves, brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands.'

After a month's absence, they returned to England on the eve of a most important change in their mode of life. Brother and sister had hitherto been all to each other; but now another was to find admission into their charmed circle.

In the month of October, Mr. Wordsworth brought home Mary Hutchinson, his sister's friend, as his wife, to Grasmere. In so doing, he brought peace and gladness to his hearth. She had 'a sweetness all but angelic—simplicity the most entire—womanly self-respect and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements.' In some points her character was a complete contrast to the more impassioned Dorothy's. In calmness and repose she found quiet enjoyments; and in the duties that detained her at home abundance of interest and employment. Two lines she contributed to the poem of 'The Daffodils.' When the poet sang of the pleasure with which the remembrance of their golden glories filled his heart, she added—

'They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude.'

In such gentle musings she was sufficiently happy, whilst her husband and his sister spread their wings for wider flights over hill and dale.

Of an expedition into Scotland, which they made in 1803, Miss Wordsworth has left us a graphic narration, from which only a few brief extracts can be given here, though it is so attractive and original

in every part, that a selection is not easily made. Coleridge was their companion during a part of this tour; and with him they left Keswick, August 15th; and the next day, on their way to Carlisle, they 'passed Rose Castle, upon the Caldew—an ancient building of red stone, with sloping gardens, an ivied gateway, velvet lawns, old garden walks, trim flower-borders with stately and luxuriant flowers. We walked up to the house, and stood some minutes watching the swallows that flew about restlessly, and flung their shadows upon the sun-bright walls of the old building: the shadows glanced and twinkled, interchanged and crossed each other, expanded and shrunk up, appeared and disappeared, every instant,—as I observed to Wm. and C., seeming more like living things than the birds themselves.'

On the 17th they crossed the Solway Moss into Scotland; and Miss Wordsworth, peeping into a clay hut by the road side, pronounced it very *canny*—adding, 'I dare say it will be as warm as a swallow's nest in winter.' They stopped at Dumfries, where they visited Burns's grave and home; and then passed on, depressed with grave thoughts that had been aroused there, through the Vale of Nith. This day, she observed, they had their last view of the Cumberland mountains; and they talked of Coleridge's children and family, then at the foot of Skiddaw, and of 'our own new-born John, a few miles behind it.' This was her first nephew, for whom she had already made a purchase of little books at Dumfries.

But we must not linger on the way, as these wanderers did.

'I never,' says Miss Wordsworth, 'saw anything like the Falls of the Clyde. It would be a delicious

spot to have near one's own house : one would linger out many a long day in the cool shade of the caverns under the rocks ; and the stream would soothe one by its murmuring, till, being an old friend, one would not love it the less for its homely face. Even we, as we passed along, could not help stopping for a long time to admire the beauty of the lazy foam, for ever in motion, and never moved away, in a still place of the water, covering the whole surface of it with streaks and lines and ever-varying circles.'

Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine were visited, and, whilst seeking a ferryman to row them down the lake to the Trosachs, they came upon a little lonely graveyard near a house she had admired in passing. Of this she writes :—'It was in a sloping green field, among woods, and within the sound of the beating of the water against the shore, if there were but a gentle breeze to stir it. I thought, if I lived in that house, and my ancestors and kindred were buried there, I should sit for many an hour under the walls of this plot of earth, where all the household would be gathered together.'

Next day, on quitting Loch Katrine, she was filled with admiration of a girl she met, draped in a grey plaid falling to her feet, exceedingly beautiful ; her face flushed with the rain, and her pronunciation, though clear, slow, as if speaking in a foreign tongue. This was the Highland Girl of her brother's poem, written after their return from Scotland.

The rain now set in so heavily, that Coleridge, taking alarm at the prospect of a long continuance of unfavourable weather, parted from his companions, and made the best of his way to Edinburgh. The rains, however, which drove him homewards, only served to

swell the torrents which feed Loch Awe, on which soon afterwards Miss Wordsworth was feasting her eyes in rapture. At the top of a hill she came in view of a most impressive scene:—‘A ruined castle on an island almost in the middle of the last compartment of the lake, backed by a grand mountain cove, down which came a roaring stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water; mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine between; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the castle was wild, yet stately, not dismantled of its turrets, nor the walls broken down, though completely in ruins.’

Three days afterwards the wanderers were comparing their impressions of Glencoe, and confessing to some disappointment of their expectations; nor were they as impressed with awe as they had anticipated by the Pass of Killicranky. But in the glen where Ossian’s grave is said to be, they came upon ‘a very sweet scene—a green valley, not very narrow, with a few scattered trees and huts, almost invisible by a misty gleam of afternoon light.’

Retracing their steps to Loch Lomond on Sunday evening, with the western sky in front *yet* glowing with the departing sun, they were greeted by two country women, one of whom asked in a friendly soft tone of voice, ‘What! are you stepping westward?’ a query that was afterwards expanded into a poem. At the ferryman’s hut, where they had before met the beautiful Highland girl, they passed the night. ‘I slept,’ says Miss Wordsworth, ‘in the same bed as before, and listened to the household stream, which now only made a very low murmuring.’

With what images she was soothed to sleep, we may guess from a passage elsewhere in her journal. 'When I have arrived at an unknown place by moonlight, it is never a moment of indifference when I greet it in the morning light, especially if the objects have appeared beautiful or in any other way particularly impressive. I have kept back, unwilling to go to the window, that I might not lose the picture that I had taken to my pillow at night.'

On September 16th they found themselves again in Edinburgh, in heavy rain and thick mist. But in spite of all they were exceedingly delighted. 'The old town, with its irregular houses stage above stage, hardly resembles the work of man; it is more like rock-work,' she says. Nine days after they met Walter Scott at Melrose, leaving Yarrow, as we know, unvisited. It continued to rain heavily; but at Jedburgh they had still the company of Walter Scott. He sat with them there an hour or two, and repeated to them a part of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' He was their guide afterwards in the neighbourhood, and they parted from him at the end of the week with great regret, and often recalled the happy days they had spent in his company. 'Such things,' said Wordsworth, 'do not occur often in life.'

On the 24th of September they again crossed the border, not without some melancholy emotion as they looked along the white line of the road to Solway Moss. They had the Cumberland mountains, however, before them, and on the next evening, after a six weeks' absence, arrived at home. 'We found Mary,' concludes Miss Wordsworth, 'in perfect health, Joanna Hutchinson with her, and little John asleep in the clothes-basket by the fire.'

This is the last line we possess of Miss Wordsworth's journal, and of her life afterwards our notices are scanty in comparison. But those were not vacant years to her that ensued. Her brother became still less able to follow his literary pursuits without her aid, and her pen was incessantly engaged in his service. She read to him, wrote for him, walked with him, and indeed, was ready to expend her very life for him and those dear to him. A group of little ones was springing up around them. Of these, the eldest daughter bore her name. Mr. Wordsworth apologised to Lady Beaumont, who was godmother to his little girl, for not having bestowed her name of Mary on the child. 'But,' he continued, 'the name of *Dorothy*, obsolete as it is now grown, had been so long devoted in my own thoughts to the first daughter that I might have, that I could not break this promise to myself—a promise in which my wife participated.'

The year that succeeded the little Dora's birth was darkened by a severe affliction. Captain John Wordsworth had just been appointed to the command of the Abergavenny East Indiaman, and had entered on the voyage full of hope and expectation, intending eventually to settle amongst his family. The ship was lost, however, and he with it. Deeply was he mourned by his friends; and Wordsworth, writing on the news of his death to Sir George Beaumont, declared, 'I can say nothing higher of my ever dear brother than that he was worthy of his sister, who is now weeping beside me.'

The house at Grasmere was now become too straitened* for the accommodation of the poet's family. He therefore in the next winter accepted an invitation of Sir George Beaumont to occupy a house of his at

Coleorton. It was in the spring of that year that Miss Wordsworth, who had been left with the children under her care, wrote the lines entitled 'The Mother's Return,' as a welcome to Mrs. Wordsworth, who, with her husband, had been spending a month in London. This, with another poem on the Wind, also written for one of the children, with a third, 'The Cottager to her Infant,' appeared in a later volume of her brother's poems. 'We were glad,' says Charles Lamb of them, 'to see the poems "by a female friend." The one on the Wind is masterly, but not new to us. Being only three, perhaps you might have clapt a D. at the corner, and let it have passed as a printer's mark to the uninitiated, as a delightful hint to the better instructed. As it is, expect a formal criticism on the poems of your female friend, and she must expect it.'

This letter refers to a period some years later than 1807, when two volumes of poems, composed since the beginning of the century, were published. Amongst them appeared a series of sonnets. It was during the early part of their residence at Grasmere, that his sister one afternoon read to him the sonnets of Milton. He left her, but presently returned with two sonnets on Buonaparte; the first-fruits of a goodly future harvest. It may have been the animation of the reader that woke to life this new power. She was by no means an eager student; though a few old authors she prized, and read diligently: Chaucer and Spenser were amongst her favourites. 'Her knowledge of literature,' says De Quincey, 'was irregular, and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew, and had really mastered, lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart.'

In the autumn of this year, they received this writer as a visitor. He has left us a graphic account of Miss Wordsworth at this period of her life. We have already referred to Coleridge's description of her in 1797. We will now see how she appeared to De Quincey ten years later. He had brought Mrs. Coleridge and her children to Grasmere, on his way to Keswick, and seized the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of Wordsworth. After mentioning Mrs. Wordsworth, he continues :—

‘Immediately behind her moved a lady, shorter, slighter, and perhaps, in all other respects, as different from her in personal characteristics, as could have been wished for the most effective contrast. “Her face was of Egyptian brown;” rarely, in a woman of English birth, had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. Her eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth’s, nor were they fierce, or bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion. Her manner was warm, and even ardent: her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtile fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which—being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irrepressible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked, in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age, and her maidenly condition—gave to her whole demeanour, and to her conversation, an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was almost distressing to witness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often suffered in point of clearness and steadiness, from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility. At times, the self-counteraction and self-baffling of her feelings caused her even to stammer.’ But ‘the greatest deductions from Miss Wordsworth’s

attractions, and from the exceeding interest which surrounded her, in right of her character, of her history, and of the relation which she fulfilled towards her brother, were the glancing quickness of her motions, and other circumstances in her deportment, (such as her stooping attitude when walking,) which gave an ungraceful character to her appearance when out of doors.'

Dorothy was, however, content to be disowned by the Graces, whilst admitted to the train of the mountain nymph—sweet Liberty. And it is not a little characteristic that the spot, where she desired that her name should be inscribed, was on a rock, high up among the recesses of Loughrigg—so deeply had she been affected, when sitting solitary there one day, by the distant voice of the cuckoo calling amongst the crags.

To De Quincey's portrait of her we cannot refrain from appending a sketch, by the same hand, of the simple home in which the brightest years of her life were passed :—

'A little semi-vestibule between two doors, prefaced the entrance into what might be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad; very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was—a perfect and unpretending cottage window, with little diamond panes, embowered at almost every season of the year with roses, and in the summer and autumn, with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs. From the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation around it, and from the dark hue of the wainscoting, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air. . . . I was ushered up a little flight of stairs, fourteen in all, to a

little drawing-room, or whatever the reader chooses to call it. Wordsworth himself has described the fire-place of this room as his

“Half-kitchen, and half-parlour fire.”

It was not fully seven feet six inches high, and, in other respects, pretty nearly of the same dimensions as the rustic hall below. There was, however, in a small recess, a library of perhaps three hundred volumes, which seemed to consecrate the room as the poet's study and composing-room, and such occasionally it was.

‘About four o'clock, it might be, when we arrived. At that hour, in November, the daylight soon declined, and in an hour and a half we were all collected about the tea-table. This with the Wordsworths, under the simple rustic system of habits which they cherished then, and for twenty years after, was the most delightful meal in the day; just as dinner is in great cities, and for the same reason—because it was prolonged into a meal of leisure and conversation. That night I found myself, about eleven at night, in a pretty bed-room, about fourteen feet by twelve. Much I feared that this might turn out the best room in the house; and it illustrates the hospitality of my new friends to mention that it was. Early in the morning I was awakened by a little voice, issuing from a little cottage bed in an opposite corner, soliloquizing in a low tone. I soon recognized the words, “Suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried;” and the voice I easily conjectured to be that of the eldest among Wordsworth's children, a son, and at that time about three years old. He was a remarkably fine boy in strength and size; promising (which has in fact been realized,) a more powerful person, physically, than that of his father. Miss Wordsworth I found making breakfast in the little sitting-room. No urn was there, no glittering breakfast service; a kettle boiled upon the fire; and everything was in harmony with these unpretending arrangements. I rarely had seen so humble a *ménage*; and contrasting the dignity of the man with this honourable poverty, and this courageous avowal of it, his utter absence of all effort to disguise the simple truth of the case, I felt my admiration increased.

‘Throughout the day—which was rainy—the same style of modest hospitality prevailed. Wordsworth and his sister—

myself being of the party—walked out in spite of the rain, and made the circuit of the two lakes, Grasmere and its dependency Rydal, a walk of about six miles.

‘On the third morning after my arrival in Grasmere, I found the whole family, except the two children, prepared for the expedition across the mountains. I had heard of no horses, and took it for granted that we were to walk; however, at the moment of starting, a cart—the common farmer’s cart of the country—made its appearance, and the driver was a bonnie young woman of the vale. Accordingly, we were all carted along to the little town or large village of Ambleside, three and a half miles distant. Our style of travelling occasioned no astonishment; on the contrary, we met a smiling salutation wherever we appeared. Miss Wordsworth being, as I observed, the person most familiarly known of our party, and the one who took upon herself the whole expenses of the flying colloquies exchanged with stragglers on the road.’

In one of the notes, dictated by the poet for a later edition of his poems, Wordsworth has himself referred to the simplicity of their mode of life at Grasmere. In illustration of it he says:—‘My sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room; and we toasted the bread ourselves. Happening both of us to be engaged one morning, when we had a young prig of a Scotch lawyer to breakfast with us: my dear sister, with her usual simplicity, put the toasting-fork, with a slice of bread, into the hands of the Edinburgh genius. Our little book-case stood on one side of the fire. To prevent loss of time, he took down a book, and fell to reading, to the neglect of the toast, which was burnt to a cinder.’ They often afterwards laughed at the recollection of this and similar incidents of their cottage life. But that life was now drawing to a close. The autumn in which M. de Quincey visited them was the last they spent in their pleasant home at Grasmere.

In the spring they removed to Allanbank; and from thence, after one other change saddened by the loss of two young children, in 1811, to Rydal Mount. Here the poet's days passed on peacefully to their close. He paid a second visit to Scotland in 1814, accompanied by his wife and her sister. Dorothy was not of the party, a circumstance that her brother ever afterwards lamented; for, this time, Yarrow was not unvisited. This year was rendered eventful to them by the publication of the 'Excursion,' and for this and for the volumes that succeeded it, Miss Wordsworth's pen was constantly employed; her brother being almost wholly unable to endure the fatigues of the desk. Indeed, Charles Lamb playfully accused him of having 'deoculated two of his dearest relations in life. Dorothy,' he says, 'I hear, has mounted spectacles.'

In the summer of 1820 she accompanied her brother and his wife on a Continental tour. But though two of the party, we are told, kept journals, Miss Wordsworth's impressions of foreign scenes are a sealed book to the public. This was the last long excursion in which she was her brother's companion; and in 1829 she was seized with an illness, from the effects of which she never wholly recovered. The poet in all these years had been slowly but steadily mounting to honour and renown. But the foot that had so patiently trodden with him the rough path of neglect and scorn, now, when smoother ways opened before them, was missing from his side.

Painful prostration succeeded the unsparing demands she had made upon her powers. She was long a captive in a sick chamber. But, though she suffered, she suffered patiently. Writing to their brother, Dr. Wordsworth, in 1832, the poet says, 'Our dear sister makes no

progress towards recovery of strength. She is very feeble, never quits her room, and passes most of the day in or upon the bed. She does not suffer much pain, and is very cheerful; and nothing troubles her but public affairs, and the sense of requiring so much attention. Whatever may be the close of her illness, it will be a profound consolation to you, my dear brother, and to us all, that it is borne with such perfect resignation; and that her thoughts are such as the good and pious would wish. She reads much, both religious and miscellaneous works.'

Elsewhere he mentions how much the *Essays of Elia* have pleased his poor dear sister on her sick bed. And, writing to Mrs. Hemans, of her poem on flowers and music in a sick room, he observes, 'This was especially touching to me on my poor sister's account, who has long been an invalid, confined almost to her chamber.' He mentions also that a robin, without being caged, took up its abode in her room, perching at night upon a nail in the wall. The manner in which the little creature used to sing, and fan her face with its wings, is likewise described by him as very touching.

It was remarked that his voice now always saddened and softened when he spoke of her. The return of the day on which she first came with him to Grasmere, was to him a solemn anniversary. There were no more pleasant wanderings for her now, by sun-set lake, or on misty mountain-top. But to her brother she talked often of the joyous days of her radiant youth; oftenest of those which she had spent with him at Racedown and Alfoxden. A poem, entitled 'The Floating Island,' which she had composed just before her illness, she took much pleasure in repeating. Feeble as she had long been, she, however, survived

her brother nearly five years, dying at Rydal Mount, January 25th, 1855, at the age of eighty-three. She lies beside him in the churchyard of Grasmere,—to use her own words, ‘in the plot of earth where that household are now gathered together.’

She gave herself to one service, and that the nearest, the most obvious, the most common-place, as it might be called; she devoted herself to do her duty as a sister. But in what wide circles have not the effects of her influence been felt? In her simple mode of life, and unwearied communings with nature, her aims were elevated and her thoughts purified. We may believe that the bitter hour of affliction was sweetened by the treasures of beauty hived in her memory—

‘ And in that further and serener life,
Who says that they shall be remembered not !’

SARAH MARTIN.

BORN 1791, DIED 1843.

EVERYONE knows that prison discipline was in the most lamentable state, until the cause was taken up by Howard the philanthropist; and that even then, improvements were extremely tardy in making their way, especially into the prisons of the more remote borough towns.* Our former volume contained a sketch of Mrs. Fry's labours in this field; and we are now to give an account of the toils of a person in a different rank of life; more extraordinary as it seems to us in the difficulties that she overcame, and in the spirit that prompted them. Religious women in the wealthier classes find it obvious to seek for opportunities of doing good; while those who live by their own labour usually regard their duty as bounded by their family ties; and though far from blaming those who rest content with these natural claims, yet we are the more struck with the few instances of persons whose unbounded love has taken a wider range.

Sarah Martin was the child of a village tradesman. She was born at Caistor, near Yarmouth, in June 1791; and being early left an orphan, was brought up

by a good old grandmother, who gave her as good an education as the small means of a working glove-maker afforded.

When the girl was about twelve years old, she had a strong fit of reading, and devoured all the books which the circulating library could supply—first, novels, till she grew sick of them; then Shakspeare, the Spectator, Johnson, &c.; and this love of books was kept up after she was placed with a dress-maker to learn the trade, which she afterwards carried on upon her own account, while still living with her grandmother.

Methodism had then tinged the opinions of most of the religious persons in the lower classes, though they might not have left the Church; and Sarah, when, long afterwards, writing her autobiography, felt it incumbent on her to imagine that at this period she had ‘had a bitter prejudice against spiritual truth,’ hated the sight of the Bible; and when she met with a religious allusion, ‘turned from it like a reptile.’ Girlish levity was no doubt much worked up by her memory, in order that she might convince herself that she had passed through a great conversion, such as she had learnt to believe must precede true religion. She assigns this work of conversion to a sermon which she heard in Great Yarmouth Church, one fine summer Sunday afternoon, when she was about eighteen; and thenceforth there is no doubt that she became a most deeply and sincerely religious woman, with an earnest longing to impart to others the joy and hope she felt in her own faith.

She soon became a Sunday-school teacher; but her chief yearnings of pity were constantly drawn towards the borough prison at Yarmouth. There it stood, an ugly, grotesque, forbidding looking building outside,

and a sink of iniquity within. The discipline was of the M' Guffog order: the prisoners were locked in, and fed, and that was all! There was no separation, no instruction, no occupation, except what the inmates found for themselves, in drinking, gaming, fighting, or being visited by their friends outside. Sunday never came within those dreadful doors; and the physical misery exceeded even the moral horrors. The filth was shocking; and the miserable creatures within were preyed on by disease and vermin, and could only forget their wretchedness, if they had money enough to procure intoxicating liquor. There were underground cells, dark and unventilated, frightfully hot and close in summer, but preferred for their warmth in winter. This is no exaggeration; the description was given some time later by the inspector of prisons, when the march of improvement had set in.

In the beginning of the century, none of the authorities in Yarmouth thought of using their jail as anything but a place to put away their criminals in. It was an old institution; and they troubled themselves no further than to pass sentence on transgressors, who were to be shut up there, with scarcely a possibility of anything but growing worse and more depraved. The only being who was moved with pity towards the wretched souls in those walls, was the poor little quiet seamstress, who, as she walked almost daily into Yarmouth, to do needlework at the houses of the gentry, used to look up to the grim walls, with an earnest longing to do something to put better thoughts into some of the darkened understandings there. She was already a visitor to the sick in the workhouse, with whom she used to pray, and read the Holy Scripture; but the fear of startling her grandmother,

and the natural modest repugnance of a young woman to step beyond the bounds of ordinary duty, withheld her for nine years of silent prayer and preparation.

At last, in 1819, a woman was committed to the jail for the offence of savagely maltreating her own child. Sarah, full of pity and horror, resolved to visit her, learned her name, and obtained admission. The woman was at first amazed at the sight of a stranger; but when Sarah gently told of the tender pity that had drawn her thither, as feeling for her guilt in the sight of God, and longing to set before her the promise of pardon, the poor creature burst into tears, and thanked her. Sarah read to her the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke, with the history of the penitent thief; and the manner in which this ray of light was welcomed, encouraged a repetition of the visit; and whenever the needlewoman had a leisure hour, she devoted it to reading the Bible to her prisoners, and teaching such as were willing to read and write.

By-and-by, she gave up one day's work in each week for this purpose—a sixth part, be it observed, of her whole income; but, as has so often happened with such offerings, she felt no loss, but rather experienced the blessing of those who find 'all these things added unto them.'

One Sunday, she found a woman, under sentence of transportation, making herself a bonnet; and this led to her endeavour to organize some observance of the Lord's Day, by persuading the prisoners to hold a service, conducted by one who could read from the Prayer Book to the rest. She found that the habit would not be carried on without her presence; and she gave up first her morning, then her afternoon, attendance at church, that she might ensure the worship in the prison;

going first merely as a hearer, but by-and-by she was entreated to become herself the reader; and thus she continued, as far as she could, to act as chaplain, until, in 1831, the clergyman of the parish, to her great joy, volunteered to undertake the afternoon service. The attention she secured was complete: it was noted in 1835, by a prison inspector, how wonderful was her power in securing the reverence and interest of the prisoners, to whom she read the Morning Service, and led them in singing two Psalms; after which she read them a short sermon: at first she used printed ones, but after a time she found it best to compose addresses of her own. These addresses were very remarkable compositions—closely thought and reasoned out, and forming a course; recurring continually, so that most of her flock might be sure of hearing the same needful round of instruction. The present and future miseries of sin, the vanity of all attempts at happiness without goodness, and the means of pardon and sanctification, were held out to them in these addresses. They were hearkened to with the heed produced by gratitude and the sense of reality in one who came freely, without reward, to set these promises before the convicts. And their effects seem to have been as unusually efficacious as the character of the preacher was unusual.

After about three years, a few persons began to observe the work that was being so unobtrusively carried on; and a pound was given her by one gentleman, ten shillings by another, both in one week, for prison charity. It struck her that the most beneficial use she could make of the sums, would be to lay them out upon materials for employment for the women. She cut out baby-clothes, set those women who could

sew to teach those who could not, and was enabled to obtain a sale for the articles at the ordinary price. Thence she secured a fund for the assistance of her charges when they came out of prison. She took care, after the first, always to have seven guineas of it left in hand; the rest was expended in materials, or in setting up the discharged prisoners in small trades; and in twenty years time, no less than £408 had been thus received and sent forth again.

No work had been provided for the men; and Sarah's invention was hard taxed to prevent Satan from finding some mischief still for their idle hands to do in the seminary that was being taken away from him. Some were persuaded to make grey cotton shirts, or even to do patchwork; others, when she could procure an old coat or curtain, would sew men's or boys' caps; some made straw hats, and the more ingenious, bone spoons and seals. That wonderful allegory of Retzsch's—the outline of Satan playing at chess with man for his soul—came into Sarah's hands, and being explained by her to these graduates in gambling, produced a great effect on their minds. Two, a cobbler and a brickmaker, wished to copy it, and being supplied with paper, pen, and pencil, succeeded, greatly to their own benefit and satisfaction; and for some time after, the attempt to reproduce it continued to be a fashion in the prison.

It should be remembered that this being a borough prison, Sarah had not to deal with those guilty of the greater crimes, such as are committed to the county jail; but with those convicted of comparatively petty offences—poaching, smuggling, picking pockets, or of all the various disorderly acts in which a fishing town abounds; the very class of prisoners which our present

disciplinarians say are far harder to deal with than the great offenders.

Her usual line of instruction was to encourage those who could not read to learn from those who could, hearing them herself at her visits. Writing was in like manner taught by the better scholars to the more ignorant; and the good writers were provided with extracts to be copied out; the readers had texts from the Bible selected, to be daily learnt by heart. If they objected that they did not see the use of it, their monitress would answer, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be to you?'

The perfect safety and overpowering influence of a person entirely unprotected by station or by any external power among the rudest and most depraved of mankind, was no doubt due to her personal character and simple earnest demeanour. She never seems to have met with any serious impertinence; and where everyone knew that she came, at the great risk of losing her livelihood, from pure love of their souls, and they had nothing temporal to gain or to lose by attention or inattention to her, she certainly produced an effect such as the mechanical discipline of our present system often fails to do. The public opinion of the prison was all in favour of her; and the men who would have shirked lessons enforced on them, attended of their own free will with all their hearts.

She kept a private note-book of her doings, which shows her manner of dealing with individuals. One day, a note having been sent over to the female ward, the governor took away all the paper, ink, and pens, and the prisoners showed their resentment by learning no lessons. Miss Martin asked why all had done so in a body: one, whom she calls F. J., answered, that

he wanted to learn to write, that would do him some good, the other would do none, so he would learn no more.

She argued with him, and appealed to the Bible : but his answer was, 'I won't believe one word of it. It is all nonsense. Victuals is what I want.'

'Ay,' growled another, 'victuals is what we want, and not to be put in here for nothing. We don't want religion ; we want victuals.'

'I then took pains to show,' writes Sarah, 'that religion, which enforced justice, industry, &c., brought plenty ; and in the absence of its principles, there was want and destitution. I still referred to the Bible ; it was my standard, although F. J. in rejecting it had none.'

'I have a right to think as I like,' the man said.

'If such be your thoughts,' she answered, 'you have no right, viper like, to cast forth the poison on other people.'

At the beginning of the argument, F. J. had the majority to back him up ; but his supporters all fell away, or became silent, before the close. Still, however, their instructress felt it needful to ask them an answer to the plain question, Did they wish for her visits or not ? for she would never come where she was unwelcome. All but the recusant, F. J., entreated her to continue to come to them, assuring her that they knew that she meant nothing but their good ; and one, J. B., said, 'Although I am bad, and have not followed them up, I am convinced that your views are right.'

On leaving them, she said, 'If any of you think proper to learn any more from the Scriptures, I shall feel happy to hear you, except F. J.—with his views, I shall not hear any from him.'

The next day every lesson was learnt, the reading went on as usual; only F. J. kept aloof, and did not open his lips. J. B., on the part of the whole, said, 'What you said yesterday, Ma'am, was satisfactory. You are right: you can only mean our good.'

Then one said there must be a Creator; and Sarah recurred to her argument: 'The Creator is good, His works are good; man is not good, hence the need of a Redeemer.'

At the end of a week, J. B. told Miss Martin on behalf of F. J., that he said he thought she had been wrong in casting him off so fast, and that he wished to retract what he had said against religion, and would be glad of some private conversation with her.

For this she gave an opportunity the next day, by asking F. J. to carry her Bible to the gate for her; and he then said that he should be sorry his children should hold the notions he had then expressed; and that he had thought it over, knew himself to be in the wrong, and would adopt a new line of conduct. He spoke highly of his wife; and Miss Martin asked him, 'Do you love your wife?'

'Oh yes; and my wife loves me!'

'And do you love your children? And were I or any other to say, I hate your wife, I hate your children, would you like it?'

'No, I should not.'

'Yet you spoke against *my* God; and of this lovely Book you said, "It is all a pack of nonsense!"'

He was exceedingly touched by this explanation of her zeal. He was for six months a prisoner; and when he came out, seems, as far as her knowledge of him extended, to have shown himself a reformed character.

Little boys were there, who discussed the merits of different jails, where they meant to take up their winter quarters, and whose sports were gambling with cinders and playing at poaching; but even these became tameable. They looked over pictures, which brought out reminiscences of 'a boy that was cruel to his donkey;' or 'a boy that threw seven cats over the bridge in one night;' and the greatest sedative of all proved to be patchwork! They grew interested in making a quilt for a poor child; and the men were too glad to have them kept quiet not to encourage them in it. Materials were collected by her from all her acquaintance: any sort of scrap of woollen, cotton, or even paper, was turned to account; and old spelling cards or lesson books, discarded at the schools, were begged by her, cleaned, and pasted out so as to serve her scholars. Money she kept for the start of the discharged convicts when they began life again. The beginning of this work for her own sex was caused by a visit to a poor young woman who had attempted suicide, and could only be kept from despair by employment for her hands. Friends by small contributions made up £2 6s. for the purchase of materials; and this formed the nucleus of a fund for the employment of destitute females, which was managed for years by this admirable woman. Later, a gift of £2 was the nest egg for a provision for the male prisoners, who had been unable to earn anything for themselves; and the visiting justices at different times made donations, or gave annual subscriptions, for this purpose.

Here is a specimen of its employment. J. N., a man with a wife and four children, who earned a livelihood by selling fish, was tempted to steal some deals out of the sea, and imprisoned for six months.

Meantime, his family were forced to sell their pig, donkey, and nearly all that they had, to obtain subsistence ; and he came out completely destitute. Miss Martin talked the matter over with him the day after his discharge, and finding that he thought a donkey would be the means of keeping him from the workhouse, and that he had heard of one at a village near, sent him to desire it to be brought for her inspection, and as a present supply, gave him a hundred herrings to sell on the way. The donkey was brought, and purchased by her for eighteen shillings, and was afterwards every now and then led up to be shown to her, in proof of its good condition, kind usage, and the steadiness of its master.

These are but specimens of the multitudes of convicts whom her homely good sense and supervision enabled to return to an honest life. Meanwhile what had she to subsist upon ? In the third year of her labours, a lady offered to give her the value of another day's work in each week, as a time of rest, not to be spent on the prison ; and after some hesitation she accepted it. But her rest was found in the workhouse, where the school had hitherto been untaught, except by some drunken or disabled pauper ; but where she brought religion, life, and energy, and continued its ruling spirit till the new poor law occasioned the building of an improved workhouse, where a regular schoolmaster and mistress were appointed.

By that time, a teacher was wanting for a great class of forty or fifty rude factory girls, who used to be assembled two evenings in the week, in the vestry of St. Nicolas Church, to receive instruction. Their ages ranged from thirty to sixteen ; and they were in the utmost need of a friend and adviser, such as each

found in Miss Martin, whose marvellous influence and unwearied labours told on all who approached her.

In 1826 Sarah lost her grandmother, and came into possession of about ten or twelve pounds a year. She gave up the cottage at Caistor, and took two rooms in a back row at Yarmouth. The time she gave to her labours of love, of course interfered with her regular business, and she gradually lost all her custom. Finding that this was the case, she thought the matter over, and counted the cost. This was her conclusion :—

‘God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, “Whatsoever is right, I will give you.” I had learnt from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported. God was my Master, and would not forsake His servant: He was my Father, and could not forget His child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in His sight to try the faith and patience of His servants, by bestowing on them very limited means; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth, of the Widow of Zarephath and Elijah: and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual, would not admit of comparison with following the Lord in thus administering to others.’

Her trust was not in vain. Her pittance secured her rent; and her wants were few and simple. People were in the habit of sending her presents of bread, cheese, eggs, fruit, clothes, and the like, with special entreaties that they should be applied to her own use. She had no care; and the peace and joy of her heart were such, that she said of herself that she felt like

an insect basking in the sunbeam. She had a considerable vein of poetry in her composition; and in her few moments of leisure, would sometimes find enjoyment in pouring out her happy thankful spirit in hymns and meditations in verse—not of high merit, of course, in a literary point of view, but full of true beauty, of thought, and expression. They were purely for her own solace and enjoyment; she had no thought of giving them to the world, and they were only published by her friends after her death.

Some of the Corporation wished to make a provision for her out of the borough funds; but her mind revolted against being paid for what had been hitherto a work of free charity, and she hindered the measure from being brought forward; until in April 1841, the twenty-second year of her labours at the jail, she was informed by the wife of one of the town council, that her husband had actually brought the subject of her salary forwards, adding, that both he and herself should feel angry and grieved if it were refused. Sarah's answer was very striking: 'My objection to receiving money in this case, as far as I can judge, does not arise altogether from pride, as my kind friends can tell. . . . But here lies the objection which oppresses me: I have found voluntary instruction on my part to have been attended with great advantage; and I am apprehensive that in receiving payment, my labours may be less acceptable. I fear also, that my mind may be fettered with pecuniary payment, and the whole work upset. To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat to know if it will cut.'

She was exceedingly distressed; but as regarded her

own duty, her mind was relieved by an intimation from one of the gentlemen, that the business was out of her hands: 'If we permit you to visit the prison, you must submit to our terms.' Instead of being hurt, she felt thankful that the load of choice was removed, and that she had only to submit.

After all—though this was after Captain Williams's report had fully made known to the Yarmouth Corporation that their work had been done for them by one of the rarest women the country has produced, who acted as chaplain, schoolmaster, and disciplinarian, with a success that few prisons have seen equalled—all that they offered her was the wages of a tolerable housemaid, £12 per year! Some people, who will readily work without pay, will, if they are to be paid at all, insist that it shall be well; but Sarah Martin had none of this pride; she simply accepted the sum, which scarcely placed her above want, as a providence from God, and was thankful.

From her girlhood upwards, Sarah had enjoyed uninterrupted health, without a single day's illness; but hers was a nature to wear out, not rust out. Her strength began to decline in 1838; but she continued her visits to what she called 'the home of my first interest and pleasure' until the 17th of April, 1843, when a serious and painful disease confined her to her lodgings. She lingered till the autumn, often in great bodily pain; but serene and joyous as ever in mind, and frequently finding pleasure in the exercise of her gift of poetry.

At the entreaty of her friends, she drew up a short, simple, humble account of her own life and motives; and she set her papers in order. These, a careful and accurate account of all the sums received and expended

in various ways for the use of the prisoners, and a full register of her dealings with each individual, both during and after imprisonment, were made over to the authorities, and presented to the public library of the town.

Her sufferings increased, and could only be lulled by opiates. On the 15th of October, she asked for more of the anodyne to still the torture. Her nurse told her that she believed the time of her departure had arrived. Clapping her hands together, she exclaimed, 'Thank God! Oh, thank God!' and in a few minutes she expired, in the fifty-second year of her age; spared from a long lonely old age of penury and inactivity, and taken while still valued and appreciated. She sleeps in Caistor churchyard, beside her grandmother, under a tombstone, where, by her own desire, no more than her name and age was recorded.

Since that time, a painted window has been placed in Yarmouth Church, in memorial of her; and in a sermon then preached, Bishop Wilberforce commemorated her works of mercy.

Perhaps no one ever more entirely 'led on earth an angel's life,' or so like an angel—could walk pitying among sinners, yet bearing away neither taint nor depression from the sight—ever treading paths of joy and light.

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

BORN 1805, DIED 1848.

WE are very sensible that the Letters and Journals of the admirable woman whose life we are about to sketch contain many passages not in accordance with some phases of English thought and feeling. Mademoiselle de Guérin was a devoted French Catholic; and, had she not felt the claims of her father and home too strong to be broken, she would probably have preferred the life of the cloister.

In a part of the country like that in which she was brought up, we cannot doubt that many women feel it the most natural thing in the world to take refuge in monastic duties: and, in all fairness, Mademoiselle de Guérin ought to be regarded as more than half a nun, and as kept back by a strong sense of filial duty, seconded by powerful human affections. Looking at her in this way, we admire her more particularly. Hers was a life whose tendencies would have been exactly suited by the Conventual state, where the regulated charities and devotions would have filled her time harmoniously. That she should have cast resolutely behind her the longing desire she now and then

expresses to be among the secluded and the Heavenly-occupied inhabitants of those abodes, is a trait that would be by some admired, by others perhaps blamed: but that, after having done so, she so perfectly fulfilled secular duties, consecrating every act, and making all look as if they were matters of deliberate choice and preference, is really sublime. We know scarcely such another instance.

We must also endeavour to tolerate her sincere dread of Protestantism, remembering that to her the Roman Church was all in all. We need not, surely, part with a single sentiment of respect for her because of these wide differences. Would that many may be led to share her simple regard to duty, her child-like filial love to God and her Saviour!

Eugénie de Guérin was born at the Chateau of Le Cayla, in the department of the Vère, Languedoc. Her memorials, though restricted to communications with her most intimate friends, are abundant. She lived in perpetual intercourse with some other women, sympathizing with her in her religious sentiments and in her fine tastes. She had also, and above all, for nearly the half of her life, one correspondent and friend, a brother, younger than herself, who died nine years before her. During that latter period of life, deprived of *that* which had been the occupation of great part of her lonely days and nights, she continued to pour out her thoughts and feelings to those among her brother's friends whom she thought worthy of him. She sought to make known his character and genius—to raise a monument to him from the publication of his writings, imperfect as they were, to prove that if he was not ambitious for himself, he had left unmistakeable proofs of a genius of no

common order ; above all, she wished it to be made clear that if he had once been infected with a portion of the spirit of an unbelieving time, he had soon returned to the pious thoughts of his youth, and died in the peace of God and at one with the Church of his baptism.

We do not possess any actual Life of her. What we know is to be gained only by some patience and pains-taking—gleaned sometimes from her journal, in which are many and discouraging breaks ; sometimes from her letters ; sometimes from those of her brother ; sometimes from the valuable though short notes and introductions appended by the editor, M. Trébutien, to the three volumes in which he has collected the separate memorials of the brother and sister.

Eugénie de Guérin was born in the year 1805 ; the second child of parents of good birth, and holding a position evidently of consequence in their own quiet neighbourhood, but not rich, and depressed by a series of family misfortunes. They were old and rigid Catholics ; they went regularly to Mass at the parish church of Andillac—the nearest *town* of any consequence being Gaillac, where Eugénie had cousins and friends. Toulouse, about ten leagues distant, was the scene of her two brothers' early education.

The father and the mother appear to have been excellent people, watching over the welfare of their poor neighbours, and the cultivators of their ground ; anxious above all things for the religious and moral character of their children. The family was of old renown in the province. The Guérins (formerly *Guarini*) were known in the ninth century in Languedoc. Two Cardinals, one Archbishop, and two Grand Masters of the Knights of St. John at Jerusalem, and

a Troubadour, made the name famous. Exceedingly likely it is that some of these Catholic ancestors took part in the crusade against the Albigenes, so called from the ancient town of Alby, which still possesses a fine old cathedral.

The children of M. and Madame Guérin were four in number. Erembert, Eugénie, Marie, (often called *Mimi* in the journal,) and lastly—Maurice, born six years after his elder sister, the Benjamin and pet of the family. Eugénie, at that time at Gaillac, was brought home to be present at his baptism, which was made a grander affair than ordinarily in the family. She saw him but for a few hours then, but went back to Gaillac ‘loving dearly the little new-born brother.’ Two years afterwards she came home, bringing him a token of her industry in the shape of a robe worked for him. She put it on him, and took him out with her, leading him by the hand to the grassy open lands near the castle. Then, to her infinite delight, he made his first few independent steps, under her eyes, and she returned to the mother glorying in the feat—‘Maurice, Maurice, has walked alone!’

Four or five years afterwards their mother died. Eugénie was then thirteen, Maurice seven. In the last days of Madame de Guérin’s life she spoke much to Eugénie about the little brother who was to be left to her care. He was a delicate and precocious child : very engaging—by all accounts, beautiful. The promise to the dying mother was earnestly given and most faithfully kept. That mother possessed an influence over her children still more from her own noble character than from their natural affection. She died of decline, after long and complicated suffering; and those about her said they never heard a murmur or

impatient word. Eugénie herself could not believe she was near her end ; she had little experience of personal suffering, and could not think it possible for anyone to be so ill and bear it so patiently. But she soon found it too true. One night she was awakened from her sleep at the foot of her mother's bed to find her expiring. Then came into her mind the thought of her promise ; and it may be questioned whether the sister who then and there dedicated herself to the service of the brother, ever, for one waking moment, lost sight of her precious charge. Distance and absence and growing changes of sentiment made no difference ; the strong current of her love flowed steadily on, pursuing him everywhere. If ever she made, as is very probable, some mistakes in her intercourse with him, she did not go far enough astray ever to check his love and confidence in her. She was always his ideal of female purity and nobleness. Her strong effort to keep in sympathy with him no doubt had a tendency to brighten up her own faculties, that she might understand him and make him feel that she did so. She did not struggle to obtain the same *species* of knowledge. She probably soon saw that she would be distanced in that race. The sympathy was in the graceful, true, yet poetical manner of viewing every object ; a habit of looking at everything so as that she should never be dull or despicable in any way before him ; above all, a clear-sighted view of the paramount obligations of principle, such as he could lean upon, such as might be a silent rebuke to fickleness, while yet he should not be teased by unnecessary meddling.

One* who has written about the volumes of 'Lettres et Journaux de Maurice et Eugénie de Guérin,' well

* M. de Sainte Beuve.

says 'they should be called the books of *Sisters and Brothers*.'

The following remarks on children and elders, written long afterwards, for Maurice's eye, show how much she had attended to the subject—

'In order to do our duty by children, we should try to see with *their* eyes, and hear with *their* ears. Then our judgments might often be different. Many tears might be spared. Mistakes would not be thought of so seriously. Poor children! It does grieve me to see them made unhappy, worried, and contradicted! Don't you remember my repeating a *Pater noster* when I wanted to prevent papa's scoldings at your lessons? I feel just the same now, but I extend my compassion further, and pray God to make *all* parents more reasonable.

'If I had children to bring up, it should be with gentleness—even with playfulness. I would tend them as we tend our most delicate flowers. With loving words I would talk of the good God: how He loves them better far than I do, and gives me all I can give them, and far more—the sun, the air, the flowers—also that the heavens and stars are His work. Those stars! how beautiful were the thoughts of Him they brought to me! I used to rise from my bed and peep at them through the small window at my feet, at our cousin's house at Gaillac. I was caught in the act, and was not allowed to look again; the window was nailed up, for fear I should reach out and tumble into the street. At least I learnt that a child can find out what is beautiful, and that by means of that sense the works of God may lead it up to ideas of faith and love.'

It was soon seen that the little Maurice was not a common child. 'He had,' his sister says, 'at nine years old, a most passionate love of history. He spent all his play time upon Rollin, when he was not hindered from doing so. He was always very imaginative and thoughtful; would pass long hours alone under the trees, particularly under one favourite almond tree.

He wrote a singular sort of Ossian-like prose poem on the voices of nature, recurring constantly to the burden of the song, "Oh, how fine are the voices of nature—those sounds diffused through the air!"

One of his great pleasures was extemporary speaking in the open air. As his early inclination led to the ecclesiastical state, his sermons were poured forth from a tree—a natural pulpit in the woods of Le Cayla, thenceforth called the *Pulpit of Chrysostom*. Here he harangued his sisters, who were always auditors. They had many simple pleasures too. They learnt the habits of birds and animals: they loved the country and its pursuits.

And yet the education and life of Maurice was not a desirable one in all respects. He wanted boy-companions. The Curé, who was his tutor, when he took him out to walk, generally went into the houses of the sick or dying poor, which gave him melancholy subjects of thought; and he was wont to speak strongly in after years of the sadness of his childhood. At the age of twelve he went to a seminary in Toulouse, and there, he says, he passed from one extreme to another. At first, however, his letters home told only of pleasure. He tells his sister that his masters love him, and his school-mates are excellent fellows, one in particular. He wishes he could have a sister in the seminary; but as that cannot be, they are to make their minds easy, for he is well content. They are to take care of his pigeons at home, and are informed that he sings in the chapel. His school-time was very creditably passed, and the proofs given of his diligence and talents induced several persons to make offers of assistance in his further career. But these were declined by M. Guérin, who wished still to have his son's destiny in

his own hands; and in two years Maurice was passed on to the Stanislas College at Paris. Still the history of Eugénie is inseparable from that of her brother; and we find him in 1828, at eighteen, thus addressing her in a strain which may explain much of their mutual sympathy:—

‘My dear Eugénie,’ he says, ‘the lines I am going to write will surprise you, no doubt; the attitude I have hitherto taken as regards you will not have prepared you. But be sure that I speak sincerely: your surprise will, I believe, be an agreeable one. Till now I have shown you but little confidence. Why? you may ask. Not because confidence was not in my heart; (woe to me if my heart had been in the least estranged from you!) But I have failed through the mere thoughtlessness of youth—through yielding to those continual distractions which are a part of the condition of childhood, and which attend us even when reflection comes, and throws its first shadows over the brow. . . . And now I am come to the time when childhood is a past dream. . . . And now I want a friend, so my heart names you at once; can I find a better friend, in fact, than a sister like you? Be then, from this time, my confident, and help me with your counsels and friendship. Perhaps you may say, why have any confident besides my father? ought not *he* to be the depositary of all one’s secrets? I *have* thought of this; but papa is so sensitive and is so much disturbed by very small things, that I dare not tell him all that passes within me. And *you* are that one of the family whose mind is most in harmony with mine, judging by your poetry and other things,’ &c.

He then proposes giving her a minute account of the growth of his mind and character, and invites her to

the same confidence. There is something a little stiff, not quite natural, in the letter, but this manner is very soon corrected; while traces of deep inward emotion, of a restless desire for a friend of the right sort, are obvious: and Eugénie was often made anxious by the melancholy tone of several of his letters. As the time for deciding on a vocation approached, this tendency increased. He came home in 1831, unfixed as to his plans, but wishing to consult with his friends.

‘Maurice is here,’ says Eugénie, in one of her letters, ‘and I am the happiest person in the world. We *had* some anxiety about him, but now we have him near and always with us. He wants, however, to come to see you, (The correspondent was Louise de Bayne, of whom we shall have more to say.) and I answer “Yes” and “No” when he tells me this; but it will be “Yes” in the end, for I ought to prefer his pleasure to my own. However, he is but just come, and must not go away directly. There are grandmamma, and great-aunts, and great-uncles, and little cousins, to be seen. To-morrow there is coming after him a magazine of books, prose and verse, which we shall ransack as a thief might ransack a strong box. Now Le Cayla is very happy indeed; we all laugh and sing—even to certain chickens, which, though they know it not, are singing their death-song, “To the spit! to the spit!”’

Maurice was at this time in his twenty-second year, very susceptible of all tender emotions. He had probably early liked his sister’s friend, Louise de Bayne, who had lived in Gaillac till a recent period, when her father had given up a public position in that town and retired to a chateau at Raysac, among the mountains and the wolves, near Alby. There Eugénie visited her friend, and there, in September, 1831, Maurice accom-

panied her; and she gives a most pleasant account of their visit in a letter to her sister and father at home. Louise and her sisters were among her most beloved friends, but especially the former, though she was by six years the younger. It was probably in the intimacy of this household that Maurice's incipient attachment grew stronger; and perhaps this unsuccessful passion contributed to his depression. Louise certainly did not return it. We do not quite know whether it was on the previous visit to Le Cayla that, taking out a gun for his diversion when walking with his sister one day in the woods, it went off accidentally in his unskilful hands, and actually tore his sister's dress in the discharge, though without wounding her. His agony of remorse is almost ludicrous. In a letter soon after, recurring to it, he declares he will never again touch a gun.

After the visit to Raysac, he went back to Paris, (in November, 1831,) and occupied himself in writing for reviews and other periodicals, his mind being especially unsettled by his having become a strong partizan of that singular character, the Abbé Lammenais. Maurice was an assistant in his paper, '*L'Avenir*':—He believed firmly in the great destinies of Lammenais, and after much deliberation decided on joining a small conventual establishment at La Chênaie, in Brittany, presided over by this remarkable person, who for a time drew together some of the most intelligent Catholics in France.

With his father's consent, Maurice went then to La Chênaie early in 1833. No very clear or definite purpose, perhaps, guided him; but had the Abbé continued in full accordance with the Pope, Maurice would have probably gone on under his guidance, and

eventually been a priest himself; but it was soon seen that Lammenais did not carry with him the opinions of the Roman Catholic Church. One by one his pupils left him, the Pope disowned him, and the friends of Maurice, most unhappy at his position, earnestly recalled him. He left La Chênaie, but from this time his intentions of taking Holy Orders were quite broken off. He retained a strong regard for Lammenais, though without sharing his opinions; and he returned to Paris distressed and out of spirits, to make his way as well as he could as a literary man and a teacher of youth.

But this sketch should now lead us to *that* by which, more than anything else, we seem to *know* Eugénie de Guérin herself. Some time in 1833, or the beginning of 1834, she began, by her brother's wish, to keep a journal of her daily life for him. She wrote him indeed long letters, but he wished for more—a record of her most intimate thoughts, her poems, occupations; occasionally only to be transmitted to him. Much of this record is lost—the first part has not been discovered. It begins, as we have it, in November, 1834; is dedicated—

A mon bien aimé frère Maurice.

This journal is beautifully simple in thought and expression; sometimes a little trifling, perhaps, giving the idea of a mind which would have been much the better for more various occupation, but everywhere making the most of what it has. She is a born poetess—refined, graceful, observant of nature in all moods, sympathizing with the poor, constant and devout in her religious duties. It would not however be dealing fairly with the reader, were it not to be said

that much which we are obliged to call superstition respecting times and places, and much of faith in marvellous occurrences received on insufficient grounds, is to be found in this journal.

By nature Eugénie de Guérin had a cheerful heart; she played with her subjects in a graceful pretty manner; and though more extended instruction would doubtless have improved her powers, they are so pleasantly exercised that we cannot find fault. The inspirer is always Maurice.

‘My friend, (she writes,) if I lose sight of your pleasure or profit, I keep silent. Then I get my distaff, (she was a noted spinner,) and turn into a simple country girl, instead of a nineteenth-century lady. This is a pleasant amusing life, and very good for my better part. There is one side of my nature which allies itself particularly to the humbler classes, and makes them very agreeable to me. I never *did* dream of being rich or great; but often have I built myself in fancy a small house away from the town, well furnished with plain wooden furniture, shining utensils, a nice trellis-work at the entrance; then there should be poultry and so on—and I myself should live there, but *with whom* I cannot tell, for certainly I should not like to marry a peasant such as ours here, who are coarse, and beat their wives.’

Opening the journal at random, we come upon her employments at home, or in the cottages round them, her Sundays, &c. This is a specimen—it is November, and very cold.

Cloaks, sabots, umbrellas, all the appendages of winter, followed us this morning to Andillac, where we passed the evening, partly in the parsonage, partly in the church. I love this Sunday life—so active, so flowing, so varied. We see each

other in passing, we receive the curtseys of the women, and hear them talk a little about the fowls, the flock, the husband, the children. My great pleasure is in caressing these last and in seeing them hiding themselves behind their mothers' petticoats. They are afraid of the young ladies, as of everything strange. One of them said, 'Mother, don't go to the castle, there is a dark dungeon there.' Whence is it that chateaux in these times occasion such fear? Is it from the tradition of past horrors? I suppose so.

* * * * *

Everything she sees brings out the essential thoughts of her life.

Solitude induces me to write, because it makes me think. My soul communicates with itself. I ask what I have seen to-day,—what learnt, what loved; for every day there must be a *something*. This morning I saw a beautiful sky, the green chestnut trees, and heard the little birds sing. I listened to them under the great oak, near where our servant was cleaning out the basin (of the fountain.) These pretty songs and this cleansing of the fountain gave me some new thoughts: the birds delighted me, and when I saw the mud stirred up in the water which looked so pure before, I regretted that it should have been troubled; and then I pictured to myself our souls when something stirs them; the very purest soul must know when its depths are touched, that at the bottom there is a little slime.

Again—

All our birds sang this morning while I was saying my prayer. The accompaniment pleased me, though I felt a little distracted. I stopped to listen to them; then I took it up again, thinking that the birds and I were alike praising God, and that the little things sang perhaps better than I did. But the charm of prayer, the charm of conversing with God, they do not enjoy; one must have a soul to feel *that*.

In the early part of this journal, the beloved brother was at La Chênaie, journalising too, and *his* letters

and his journals are often most beautiful. No one ever described both scenery and character with greater flow and yet exactitude of language than Maurice. We pass from Le Cayla to Bretagne, scarcely knowing which interests us most, but always returning with a feeling of *rest* to Eugénie.

‘Oh brothers! brothers!’ she somewhere says, ‘we love you so much! If you knew it, you would see what a price we set upon your happiness—with what sacrifices we would secure it!’

Indefatigable in her love, her prayers, her watchfulness, greater, far greater trials were in store for her. We have said that Maurice had felt and yielded to the impression that he was not adapted to the religious life, that his strong domestic affections, his restless mind, would prevent his obtaining happiness in the priesthood, and he went to Paris, to seek for an opening in the literary world. Several of the eminent men and women of the day were exceedingly struck by his original mind. He wrote, indeed, much more than he exhibited; but what he made known was so beautiful, that even at three or four-and-twenty he was admired in high literary circles. However, the same fatal uncertainty pursued him, and kept him in a morbid state of mind.

After some experience of Paris literary life, sceptical ideas, very prevalent in some of the circles he frequented, gained upon him. He gave up outward attendance on religious ordinances, and for a time was, and frankly avowed himself to be so, quite unable to sympathize with his sister on these all-interesting, all-important subjects. Yet she was true.

‘I do not feel myself holy enough,’ she says, ‘to convert, nor strong enough to lead you; God alone

can do that; I pray to Him earnestly to do so, for my happiness is bound up in you.'

After many trials he obtained employment. It was very inadequate to his wants, still more to his powers, being merely a subordinate professorate in the Stanislas College, where he had been educated; but he was at least safely occupied, and they hoped for his increased happiness.

In January, 1838, he came once more to see them at Le Cayla; they found still occasion for solicitude.

'Maurice, my dear Maurice,' Eugénie wrote in her journal the morning after he had left them, 'oh, how much need I have of you and of my God! When we parted I went to the church to pray and weep at my ease. And if *you* do not pray, when you are sad, when your heart is breaking, how comfortless you will be! As for me, I feel that I require superhuman aid; I must have God for a friend when those I love are suffering.'

It must have been some time before the period of this visit to Le Cayla that Maurice had formed another attachment. It was to a young Creole lady, Caroline de Gervain. This was returned, and she came to visit at Le Cayla; but their future for a time was involved in uncertainty. She had fortune, and probably her friends opposed the connection, which was ardently desired by Eugénie, who loved her, and believed the union would be the best of blessings to her brother. At length all obstacles were removed. The happy sister saw a new career open before him, and every hope revived. She joined him at Paris, was introduced to his friends, dressed by fashionable milliners and taken to parties, and always seemed as perfectly at home, at ease, and as thorough a lady, as in the old

salon at Le Cayla: she wrote bright letters to her father, and for the first and only time in her life, she danced, the evening after the wedding. But there was a heavy presentiment on her mind, and Maurice soon fell into bad health again. Eugénie left Paris to visit a new and valued friend, the Baroness de Maistre, at Nevers. She went with an aching heart and sad foreboding, after having spent five months at Paris. The greatest of all comforts, however, she had; she was convinced that Maurice had come back to his early faith. Sure of his simple truthfulness, she never from this time entertained any of those distressing apprehensions which had so sorely tried her. Another blessing also she had; she found her new sister everything she could wish for—pious, earnest, truth-loving, devoted to Maurice. In short, life and health alone were wanting to the perfect development of his excellence. It would not be doing her justice to give the last scenes of his short life in any words but hers, though we have been compelled to abridge them in our translation. We should premise that his disorder being on the lungs, it was thought a return to the south might give him a chance, and he himself ardently desired to revisit Le Cayla.

His wife and his brother Erembert accompanied him on this painful journey, occupying, with needful rests, twenty days; Eugénie meeting them on the road at Tours.

It is most touching to follow their steps. She writes to Louise de Bayne twice; they halted a week at Tours; several other halts also took place on the road to Bordeaux, where they remained six days. 'The poor tender wife,' she says, 'she would give all the wealth of Bengal for the life of her husband. Her

devotion is boundless. Night and day, always there—rising often to wait upon him, writing every day to the Paris doctor his least variation.’

It was on the 8th of July, (she writes,) twenty days after leaving Paris, towards six o’clock in the evening, that we came in sight of Le Cayla, the much-desired place, the place of rest for our poor invalid. His thoughts had long turned thither, and nowhere else. I never saw in him such ardent longings, all the stronger as we drew near. One would have said he was in haste to get there in time to die. Was it a presentiment of the end? In his first transport at the sight of Le Cayla, he pressed Erembert’s hand, as he happened to be nearest to him. He pointed it out as a discovery—to all of us—to me, who never felt less of pleasure than at that moment! All was sad to me in that return, as well as to my father and sister, who had come to meet us a little way off. Painful meeting! My father was shocked, Marie wept, seeing Maurice. He was so altered, faint, and pale; scarce able to balance himself on horseback. It was frightful. The journey had killed him. But for the thought of arriving, which sustained him, I doubt whether he could have got through it. Eugénie tells another friend that she quite thought he would have died on the road—but on the contrary, the motion and air did him good. He embraced his father and sister without showing much emotion.

He seemed in a sort of ecstasy from the first sight of the Chateau. It seemed to have exhausted his sensibility,* for I never saw him so warmly affected by anything afterwards. However, he greeted the reapers, who were cutting the corn, affectionately, held out his hand to some, and to all the domestics, who got around him.

When we got him into the salon, ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘how pleasant it is to be here!’ and seating himself upon the sofa, he embraced my father, whom he had not been able to reach while on horseback. We were all thankful to look at him. There was still a family feeling of joy. His wife went out for some unpacking, I took her place near him, and kissing his

* He probably, though so weak, had performed the journey from Gaillac on horseback, which was the usual plan.

forehead, which I had not done for some time, 'Here we have you again, my friend! Here we will cure you!' said I.

'I hope so—I am at home.'

'Let your wife also look upon it as home; make her understand that she is one of the family, and must do like one of us.'

'No doubt—without doubt.'

I remember several other little things we said. Caroline came down, supper was announced, which Maurice found exquisite. He ate of all with appetite. 'Ah!' said he to Marie, 'how good your cookery is!' . . . We hoped much from the climate—from the native air—from the warm temperature of the south. The second day after our arrival it turned colder, the invalid felt it and had shiverings. The extremities being so cold, alarmed me. I saw that he was not getting the good we hoped; that it would not be a rapid amendment, since the attack returned; yet the physician reassured us. These doctors are often deceived or deceivers. We persuaded him not to go out of his room the next day, attributing his cold to some draught in the saloon. As he always did, he submitted, however distasteful it might be, to what we wished; but he soon grew tired of staying up-stairs, and as the weather was warm again, I myself proposed his coming down. 'O yes,' said he, 'I am so far from everything here. There is more life below; and then the terrace, I shall be able to walk there. Let us go down.' That terrace above all attracted him to the outward air, the sun, and the sight of that beautiful nature he loved so well. I believe it was on that day that he pulled up some weeds from about the pomegranate, and dug up some feet of marvel of Peru; also with his wife's help he stretched a piece of wire along the wall over a jasmine and vine. It seemed to amuse him. 'Thus every day I shall exercise my strength a little,' he said, when he came in. But he went out no more. Weakness overcame him; the least movement tired him. He never quitted his chair but from necessity, or to take a few steps at the prayer of his wife, who tried all she could to rouse him from his listlessness. She sang, she played, all often without effect; at least, I never perceived that it made any impression. He remained in the same attitude—his head leaning on the side of the *fauteuil*—his eyes closed.

Yet there were revivals—leaps, as it were, towards life. Once

he went to the piano and played an air—a poor air—which I have by heart. That piano is gone to Toulouse. I saw it go with grief, for Maurice had consecrated it. I should have liked to write upon it these words—‘Here a dying young man played his last air.’ Perhaps some hand passing over the keys would have been arrested and led to prayer. Dear departed soul! everywhere I long to draw assistance for him. These are the best offices Christians *can* render one to another. . . .

I wish also to tell you what comfort this dear brother has left us in his Christian sentiments. This does not date merely from those last days. He had kept his Easter at Paris. At the beginning of Lent he wrote to me, saying, ‘The Abbe Buquet has been to see me; to-morrow he will come again to talk with me—you understand, dear friend.’ Yes, I did understand it to be for his happiness, and he had done it for mine; not yielding from complaisance, but from *conviction*. He was incapable of simulating an act of faith. I saw him alone at Tours, in his room, reading the prayers for the Sunday’s Mass. . . . Every day at Le Cayla we read to him some books of piety. (She mentions several.) To that he wished to add something amusing, and we began ‘Old Mortality,’ having nothing new in our library. He ran over a volume with some appearance of interest, and then left it. He was soon weary. We could not find anything to amuse him.

* * * * *

I remember a few words he said to my father, who had been to Gaillac for medicines for him, and returned all in the mid-day heat. ‘You must indeed love your children dearly,’ said Maurice, holding out his hand. True, indeed, my father *did* love him well.

That night was a very bad one. I heard his wife speaking to him—rising often. As early as I could in the morning, I went in to see him, and his looks struck me. It was a fixed, rigid expression. ‘What does it mean?’ I inquired of the doctor.

Erernbert came—the father came—they consulted; and as the physician conceived that it was time to think of the last rites of the Church, it was settled that *he* should speak to the poor wife.

He took her aside accordingly. Soon I followed. I found her in tears. 'I know it,' she said. . . . 'My poor sister,' said I, putting my arm round her neck, 'this is a terrible moment; but we must think of him—we must prepare him for the Holy Sacraments. Have you strength for this, or do you wish that I should do it?' 'Yes, Eugénie, do it, do it yourself.' Sobs choked her utterance. So I went to the dying bed, and praying God to help me, I kissed him and spoke.

* * * * *

'We are going to have a Mass,' I said, 'and shall communicate: will not you join us? Christ visited the sick, we know.' 'Oh! I should like it—yes, I wish to join in your prayers.'

All was then prepared. The Curé came, and Maurice confessed devoutly and humbly. Then he asked whether he was thought much worse. He became desirous of receiving the final rites of the Church. One cannot help feeling that the sister, the guardian angel of his youth, was in her right place, in helping him on this last solemn occasion; and who but must sympathize in her feelings?

I took it (says she) as a privilege granted by God to my sisterly tenderness, that I was allowed to pay this dear brother the last services to the body and soul; that I prepared him for the last Sacraments, and gave him his last food—nourishment of *both* lives. It may seem nothing, it is nothing in fact, to anybody else; only I notice, and bless Providence for letting me do these offices for my dear Maurice before he left us. Sad but ineffable compensation for so many months of *passive* friendship. Was I wrong to wish to wait upon him? Who can tell? But I must go on with my tale and put aside my feelings, or I shall never end.

He received the sacred aliments with fervour and perfect self-possession; pressed the Curé's hand, kissed a Cross, which his wife presented to his lips, and almost immediately expired—eleven days

after arriving at Le Cayla—eight months after his marriage.

‘Brave and excellent woman,’ says Eugénie, speaking of Maurice’s widow; ‘her own hands arrayed him for his coffin, helped only by the Priest, and then on her knees she kissed him, and remained in prayer.’

The beloved brother was interred at Andillac. For a considerable time his tomb remained a simple grassy mound; but then his widow placed a white marble obelisk over it, surmounted by a cross. The inscription was as follows:—

ICI REPOSE MON AMI,
 QUI NE FUT MON ÉPOUX
 QUE HUIT MOIS. ADIEU !
 PIERRE GEORGE MAURICE
 DE GUÉRIN DU CAYLA,
 NE LE 4 AOUT 1810,
 MORT UN CAYLA
 LE 19 JUILLET 1839.

It is a curious circumstance, recorded by Eugénie, that a guard was at first required for the monument. The neighbouring peasantry took offence at it. They said that it contradicted the fact of the equality of all in death, and they made violent opposition, having gained some support from authority.

‘Poor sovereign people!’ observes Eugénie, ‘one must bear with them. In former times they would have bent before the cross which now (in our soi-disant *enlightened* times) they want to take away.’

After the death of Maurice, many will ask what

became of Eugénie? For months her spirit seems to have been broken, her grief intense; but in time the noble heart sprung up anew and took comfort. All the consolations which religion gives were hers, and duties both old and new filled up her nine remaining years. She intimates that her own wishes would have led her to join the Sisters of St. Joseph in Algiers, but that her father was her first object.

After the one great shock of her life, came a renewal of unexpected employment and absorbing interest. Maurice's works, fragmentary as they were, came before her, exciting her astonishment as well as admiration, for nearly all were new to her. At first she could hardly realize the fact of these invaluable possessions; but side by side with them a shadow fell upon her. Those who made them known to her were conversant with Maurice only in his city phase of life. They dwelt on his doubts—they exaggerated perhaps the amount of his scepticism. This deeply distressed his pious friends at Le Cayla and elsewhere, and they regarded it as a sacred duty to utter their own denial in so far as truly they could.

Perhaps—but we utter this opinion with diffidence—they pursued this anxious course too far. One honours and reveres the motive, but there seems to us a contradiction in the endeavour to remove an impression which many passages in the sister's journal convey. Let them enjoy, as they well may, the calm assurances and bright hopes which gathered round the last days of the beloved brother, and which, after all, were only overclouded for a time. Little, happily for themselves, did their secluded lives teach them of the trials of such a spirit as Maurice's, cast upon a world of temptation and difficulty.

Eugénie visited Paris again in 1841. She suffered much in her reminiscences of the former time ; but she had satisfaction in seeing the old friends of Maurice and his widow, though she was herself on a visit to an invalid friend at a distance from Madame Maurice de Guérin. ‘Caroline,’ she says, ‘is just the same. Her life is passed in prayers and good works ; one might call her a saint, and scarce anything else could guard her in the dangers and talk of the world ; so lonely as she is, so young, and so pretty.’

This young woman, we may now add, returned to India, married there a Mr. Vincent, an Englishman, who brought her to Bordeaux, where his business lay. There, in the summer of 1862, she died.

It is not uninteresting to learn what impression was made by Eugénie on the various circles into which she was introduced at Paris. One who knew her there has recorded his idea that ‘if it were not almost profane to use the word, he should say she was a decided *success* ; that her simple well-bred manners and appearance attracted attention, and that had she been so inclined she might even have *shone* in society. She herself had no dislike to social enjoyment. She had no awkwardness ; and while writing and talking with perfect freedom to Maurice’s literary friends, male and female, she kept up her own quiet dignity, and was exceedingly admired by them.

It must not for a moment be supposed that her friends were few. She had, as she says, ‘Colonies of Cousins ;’ and among them were some exceedingly precious to her. She had also her valuable though invalid friend at Nevers ; and she paid visits to her there and at Còques, a small chateau in Nevernais, overlooking the river Loire. Her friend was distin-

guished for musical and other talents, and deeply religious. And Eugénie found in her a most congenial spirit, such as she needed when her Louise had married, gone to Algiers, and there died. But there was this difference between the love begun in childhood and in maturity, that, as she expresses it, she had been linked to Louise by wreaths of flowers, to Marie le Maître by bands of crape over a tomb!

The Letters, which have been published more recently than the Journal, show that her whole life was full of cheerfulness, and that she was, as her father loved to call her, the sunshine of his house. Her most lively and interesting letters are written for his entertainment during her absences from home. There, in her kind sister she found every help. 'Marie, my Martha, who leaves me the part of repose—the good sister. I know no soul of womankind more devoted and self-forgetting.'

A sketch of her daily life is given by her sister.

'She used to rise,' says Mademoiselle Marie, 'at six o'clock in the morning, when not suffering particularly. After the toilette, she had the habit of using a prayer, mental or vocal; and when in a town, she never failed to go to early Mass. At Le Cayla, after prayer, she went to her father's room, sometimes to attend to his comforts, to serve his breakfast, perhaps, during which she read to him. At nine, she retired to her room, and went through the prayers of the Mass. If her father was well and did not want her, she read, wrote, or worked, which she was very fond of, (as gifted in her hands as in her mind,) or perhaps she superintended the *ménage*, which she directed with infinite taste and cleverness.

'At noon she went into her room again, and recited

the *Angelus* : then came dinner. That over, if weather permitted, she took a walk to amuse her father, or made a visit to a neighbouring hamlet, where there might be a sick person to see, or someone afflicted to be comforted. If she resumed her reading at her return, towards two o'clock, she took up her knitting and knitted while she read, not allowing even the shadow of idleness to pass over her. At three, she retired again, and usually read some book of devotion—the life, perhaps, of the saint of the day. She then, when this was over, wrote till about five o'clock, if her father did not want her. At five o'clock, she recited the Rosary and meditated till supper. At seven o'clock, she talked with the family, but still did not lay down her work. After supper, she went into the kitchen for family prayer with the servants, or to teach the Catechism to some ignorant poor child who had come in at the time of work in the vintage. The rest of the evening was given to work, and by ten she was in bed, having fixed on the subject for meditation on the morrow, that she might sleep upon a good thought.'

'I believe fully,' her sister adds, 'that she beheld death at hand ; but she did not speak of it, she would have dreaded distressing us. One day, however, these words escaped her, "You will not have me much longer." After having received the Holy Sacrament, she said to her sister, "Take this key and burn all the papers you can find—all is but vanity!"'

No, not all, noble spirit ! the traces of a faith stronger than death, of a love in which what was human was merged in the divine, are not most surely 'vanity.' In the persuasion that they are the deepest of realities, those who have been permitted to claim kindred with Eugénie de Guérin still hold her memory

as a priceless treasure ; and we, who see but these distant traces of what she was, delight to look upon her as the model of Christian sisters.

In the course of the summer of 1846, Eugénie, whose state of health occasioned great anxiety to her friends, was prevailed on to visit the Baths of the Pyrennees. She went to Cauterets, where she was joined by a very dear friend, Mademoiselle Antoinette de Boisset, usually a resident at l'Isle d'Alby. She seems to have enjoyed the wonderful view of nature in those grand aspects. She wrote home letters with great animation, but her friend tells us that the waters made her worse rather than better. No doubt the sad family inheritance, consumption, had then made much progress, though she forbade that any painful disclosures should be made to her family. Unknown to her, her friend informed the attendant physician of the fatal family disease, and he watched over her with the utmost anxiety. She is thought to have had little or no doubt herself about the termination, and she became more and more grave, but she spoke little of herself. She was always, indeed, timid, and rather silent, though when she did speak the originality and freshness of what she said showed her latent powers. As to personal appearance, we judge from the testimony of the same attached friend, that she was plain—so very thin, so very pale, always apparently an invalid ; but a bright smile, black eyes sparkling with intelligence, and lively occasional sallies, made one forget these disadvantages ; and her hands, though used to household toils, were especially beautiful and aristocratic. She returned home after that meeting at Cauterets, and her friend never again saw her ; but she still wrote on, and the very last letter is cheerful and grateful. In one immediately preceding she says :

‘It is tiresome enough to calculate one’s steps, and I can understand how one would glide on the ice and snow, if not strongly chained to the walls of one’s chamber—I was going to say one’s prison. Mine is a very pleasant one between my father and sister; but my two guardian angels are extremely vigilant, and I cannot get away from them, not even to see the sky, which for the last fortnight I have only beheld from the windows of my room. I have not been to Mass for three Sundays. Happy they who have the church close at hand! I should not be able to comfort myself in an estrangement so bad for one’s soul, if I did not know that God decrees health and means, (*literally healths and roads*), and places churches where He finds it best; and, after all, I take the proverb of some peasant saint, afar from his parish church, “*the further from the Church, but the nearer Heaven.*”’

The last published letter to this friend is dated 27th February, 1847. She lingered on more than a year longer, we know, to the month of May, 1848, when she died, aged 43.

Our readers will wish to know something of those whom Eugénie left behind. In about six months after her decease, her father followed her to the grave; and two years afterwards, Erembert, the elder brother, died also. He had married, and had several children, but all excepting one daughter, Caroline de Guérin, died young. After the father’s death, she came to live with her aunt, Marie, at Le Cayla, and our latest news is of her marriage. Mademoiselle Marie, therefore, remains the only Guérin, the tenant of the lonely chateau; her happiness is in the past and the future, delighting in the cordial interest which Eugénie’s works have awakened, and looking for the eternal day of happy reunion.

In the little churchyard of Andillac, in whose small poor church the Guérins worshipped, lie the whole

family excepting the mother. Three tombs, more recent, surround that of Maurice, and form as it were his guardians in death. One marks the place where M. Guérin, the father, reposes; another that of M. Erembert; the third covers the mortal remains of Eugénie. It is marked only by a cross of wood. At the intersection of the limbs of the cross is a circular medallion, enclosing a virgin's crown; and we read the simple words—

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN,

DECÉDÉE LE 31 MAI, 1848.

We hear that on the anniversaries of her death, fresh flowers are always strewed by the neighbouring people on her tomb.

THE END.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

more
were
where
of M.
ins of
. At
regular
ad the

fresh
people

?



32101 067487528